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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LATTER YEARS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura
E durerà quanto 'l moto, lontana.

DANTE.

21295

BY

JOHN BERNARD TROTTER, Esq.

LATE PRIVATE SECRETARY TO MR. FOX.

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE REGENT.

SIR,

IN dedicating to your Royal Highness a work which illustrates the private and public life, and describes the last moments, of the late RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX, *I feel a feeble degree of consolation, in turning from the mournful pages which close the volume, to the consideration that your Royal Highness will sympathize, with the author, in all those passages which delineate the constancy, and*

tenderness in friendship, which invariably marked Mr. Fox through life, as well as in those which faintly pourtray his love for his country, his zeal for public liberty, and his thirst for knowledge!

Your Royal Highness did not admit him to that distinguished share of your confidence and friendship, which soothed his moments of pain, without fully appreciating all his amiable and noble qualities!

Your Royal Highness will, I hope, indulgently pardon any warmth of expression, issuing from those feelings of enthusiasm and sensibility, which unavoidably grow out of the subject upon which I have treated, and which is still too affecting, even after a lapse of five years, to admit of the calm-

ness which is necessary to enable an author to submit himself to public criticism.

I am bound also to intreat your Royal Highness's pardon, for thus intruding upon your Royal Highness, while engaged in the midst of so many public cares, and afflicted by so much domestic sorrow!

Your Royal Highness will, however, I trust, impute my presumption to its just cause; to my Knowledge of your refined, and constant attention to a dying friend,—of your anxiety for his repose, in moments when the world are too apt to neglect the departing sufferer,—of that interesting sensibility, which endears you so much to those who are acquainted with you in the private circle,—and of your public virtues, which are

drawing upon you the love, admiration, and blessings of this great empire!

I am, Sir,

With every sentiment of duty,

Of profound respect,

And unfeigned gratitude,

Your Royal Highness's

Devoted and dutiful Servant,

JOHN BERNARD TROTTER.

Montalta, near Wicklow, August, 1811.

PREFACE.

IN laying before the Public a work, purporting to consist of Memoirs, or Biographical Sketches, of a considerable part of the Life of the late RIGHT HONOUR. BLE CHARLES JAMES FOX, I have no claim to approbation for a complete and entire work, as my acquaintance with that illustrious character did not commence till the evening of his days. Consequently, I have not attempted to give a full account of his actions or life: others may hereafter accomplish that task; mine is at present a less important and less extensive one.

I knew Mr. Fox, however, at a period when his glories began to brighten,—when a philosophical and noble determination had, for a considerable time, induced him to renounce the captivating allurements and amusements of fashionable life,—and when, resigning himself to rural pleasures, domestic retirement, and literary pursuits, he became a new man, or rather, more justly may I say, he returned to the solid enjoyment of a tranquil, yet refined, rural life, from which he had been awhile withdrawn, but had never been alienated.

The more we consider the nature of Mr. Fox's education, (which, according to modern views, might be deemed by many an excellent one, but had too much of incitement, and too little of discipline,) the more we must wonder at, and respect the firmness and self-correction which he evinced during the last half of his life. Educated by a father who early saw, and ad-

mired, the talents of his son, he was too soon brought forward into politics, and into a responsible situation. The great models of antiquity were not sufficiently considered; but the natural partiality of the late Lord Holland goes far in excuse for his error respecting the education of his accomplished son. He did only what thousands have done, and are doing, unfavourable as are such errors to the complete and advantageous developement of a great character. The mind, like the oak, does not, or cannot, attain full perfection, but by slow degrees. All premature shoots, until the leading roots have deeply and firmly seized upon the soil, are injurious; and exhaust, or enfeeble, the nascent tree. It must be granted, too, that a commercial and luxurious nation, however great, is less favourable to the production of so extraordinary a character as that of Mr. Fox, than one in which simplicity and disinterestedness would be the prevailing features.

The powerful weight of mercantile interests in the councils of the English people, is decidedly adverse to the germination, expansion, and glory of genius. In vain did the noblest and highest motives impel Mr. Fox to put forth his powers, to excite his country to what is wisest and most glorious,—to advise with prophetic force, and to argue with irresistible demonstration. He was not heard with interest, because there were wanting minds congenial to his arguments; he was neither applauded nor rewarded, because his auditors had no faculty by which to estimate his merits; and he returned home weary and disgusted. The views of mercenary politicians coincide rather with the declaiming arrogance of any man who has bartered the national welfare for mercantile support; who has strengthened his party by the artificial influence of commerce; and, having satisfied his thirst for domination, leaves his country involved, his party in difficulties, and

commerce itself languishing and exhausted, by the efforts which its avarice had tempted it to make, and which his incitements had contributed to extend.

There is a strong similarity, not only in the style of oratory, but in the fortunes of Demosthenes and Fox. The oratory of both was plain, but of mighty strength. Each appears to have thought more of his subject than his audience,—to have burst forth with demonstrative reasoning and facts,—and, trusting to the power of truth on the hearts of patriots, to have given the wisest councils in the strongest and most vigorous manner. Demosthenes had the great advantage of speaking to a large and independent popular assembly. Fox spoke to one of too aristocratic, as well as commercial a cast, to expect the same effects from his eloquence.

I have often admired the sweetness and

equanimity of his temper in returning from the unavailing war of words, in which he bore so super-eminent, but fruitless a part. Though fatigued with so many barren struggles, although he distinctly saw the ruin preparing by a rash and obstinate minister, for his country, no expression of bitterness ever escaped him in private life; the name of that minister was rarely, if at all, noticed by him, and never with acrimony. His determination, when he seceded from parliament, to retire much from public life, until the misguided people saw the errors into which they were plunging, certainly arose from this hopeless scene of useless debate, —a determination which I have never ceased to regret he did not scrupulously adhere to, as suitable to the grandeur of his character, his simplicity, and his indifference for power; at once beneficial to his health, and promising ultimate advantage to the state.

Having enjoyed his private friendship, and been admitted into his domestic circle, at this period, I may be asked what were his preparations for debate? I answer,—*None!*—I have often known him, when a debate was expected of importance, pursuing his usual studies, the day before, in poetry, history, botany, or natural history; his conversation was the same; his walks, and his inspection of his little farm, were unchanged: nor, as far as came within my observation, did he abstract himself from his family or ordinary society an hour, or a moment, for any preparation when great debates were impending.

His dispatches, which were compositions nothing inferior to his orations, and, I believe, quite *sui generis* in England, he mentally composed before they were committed to paper, when he wrote or dictated them with great facility. They, as well as his orations, were di

gested, I think, in a few moments of silent rapid reflection, and they then gave him no further anxiety: His memory was so exquisitely powerful, that it supplied him with every subject matter he required for study; and when other men were obliged to recur to books, he had only to apply to the sources of his mind, and proceed in his argument or composition.

Lord Holland, in his Preface to Mr. Fox's Historical Fragment, has dwelt rather too much upon his uncle's solicitude as to historical composition: Mr. Fox doubtless felt anxious to keep it distinct, as he ought, from oratorical delivery; but I am inclined to think, that historic matter flowed from him as his dispatches did, with facility and promptness. His manuscript of the Fragment, of which a good part is in his own hand-writing, has but very few corrections or alterations; and his great anxiety (and very justly) appears to me to have regarded

facts, rather than style. I differ from the noble Editor with extreme regret on this point, as I have found myself obliged to do in the following work on some others. Mr. Fox's singular modesty and sincerity may have led him to express distrust of himself; but his powers were too commanding to admit of hesitation or difficulty in any species of composition to which he directed them.

His letters are perfect in their kind, more agreeable (as they have nothing of his egotism) than those of Cicero, and more solid than those of Madame de Sevigné. Those which I have been able to present to the reader are models of English composition, as well as valuable depositories of the critical opinions of Mr. Fox upon the most excellent authors of ancient and modern times. I am tempted to think, from the elegance and conciseness of all his compositions, that his Historical Fragment was written under the disadvantage of his frame of mind, being some-

what affected by a tinge of melancholy, which produced in some parts a certain diffuseness, not otherwise likely to have taken place. Public affairs were so manifestly tending to a crisis when he wrote, and the minister had so much weakened and impaired the constitution, that Mr. Fox could not but *grieve*,—for his feelings were warm, and his mind of a truly patriotic cast: and it was extremely natural that, unsuspected by himself, something of this disposition of mind should be imparted to the work he had undertaken at that period. At such a time, and in that state of mind, travelling would have afforded better occupation to Mr. Fox than writing history; but from that he was precluded: he was shut out from the continent by the French war, and in having recourse to history, (still continuing his exertions in favour of liberty) he shewed the generous struggles of a noble mind to serve his country and posterity in the only way left open to him; and if a shade

of melancholy pervades it, the source from whence it certainly sprung (for he was easy in circumstances, and truly happy in domestic life) is the most honourable and venerable sentiment which can exist in the human breast,—grief for a wronged and unhappily misguided country!

In one grand point all his compositions, his letters, dispatches, historical work, and orations, beautifully harmonize.——I mean in genuine Christian love for mankind, as fellow creatures and friends. This will be found the uniform impulse through Mr. Fox's glorious life. In the work I offer to my readers, imperfect as it is, that great principle will appear to be clearly developed.

It is singular, or at least worthy of remark, that, although Mr. Fox knew nothing, or very little of geometry, no man spoke or wrote with more precision; his demonstrations were always

mathematically correct and conclusive, and his language was very exact, and free from all redundancy. That noble science indubitably aids and improves the powers of reasoning, and is of immense utility in life; yet Mr. Fox derived no assistance from it. There can, however, be little doubt that his progress in it would have been rapid, and that his logical faculty would have been strengthened by it. About five or six years before his death, he expressed much regret to me at his ignorance of mathematics, and seemed then inclined to turn his attention to those sciences, and in particular to astronomy. It is very probable, that as he appeared to testify a strong inclination for mathematics, he would have applied to them, if he had continued in retirement.

His return to politics prevented this design, and suspended his History. The words of the noble Editor of the Fragment are very remarkable, as to Mr. Fox foregoing his original intention of retiring for a time from public life. "The remon-

strances, however, of those friends, for whose judgment he had the greatest deference, ultimately prevailed." Here is a proof, from the authority of Lord Holland, how reluctant Mr. Fox was to abandon his intention. I know that the basis of his determination was a solid and grand one; that occasionally at his breakfast-table we had a little discussion on this point, and that Mrs. Fox and myself uniformly joined in recommending retirement until the people felt properly upon public affairs. I am sorry to be compelled to say, that the friends who "ultimately prevailed," calculated very ill upon political matters, and did not sufficiently estimate the towering and grand character of Mr. Fox.

Lord Holland also says, in his preface, "The circumstances which led him once more to take an active part in public discussions, are foreign to the purposes of this preface."—Yet, either these cir-

stances should have been explained, or not at all touched upon. I know, that the circumstance which Mr. Fox had made indispensable in his original determination, had not occurred. A partial change of ministry had nothing to do with that general sensation of the people which Mr. Fox had looked to as the proper moment for his coming forward with benefit to his Sovereign and his country.

There is an idea which will, perhaps, very much elucidate the point, and make things plainer than the circumlocution of Lord Holland. The party wanted a *leader!*—It is very obvious to me, that to this very want may be attributed the solicitations which "ultimately prevailed" against Mr. Fox's better and undistorted judgment. I am happy to testify, that Mrs. Fox constantly endeavoured, as far as I had opportunity of observing, to fortify and confirm Mr. Fox in his wise and noble resolution; and persevered, even in

despite of the warmth of party, which sometimes blamed her for detaining him in retirement.

It is, however, with considerable pain I have been led to condemn Lord Holland's forbearance and silence on this very interesting point, (certainly far more so than Mr. Fox's private opinion as to the minutiæ of style;) but there is something so august in his character, and my opportunities of knowing its value were such rare ones, that I bend to the necessity of stating historic truth, as far as I can, even though forced to differ with the noble Lord, WHO INHERITS HIS NAME AND VIRTUES.

Before I conclude this introductory Preface to the work I have undertaken, I feel it necessary to advert to the concluding pages of the noble Editor just mentioned. I would willingly suppress all private opinion, where I can do so with justice to my subject; but the inverse mode of

reasoning to that adopted by his Lordship, appears to me to be the most just. Are the present race to go to the grave without further knowledge of Mr. Fox than that conveyed in the Preface to the Fragment? Lord Holland says,

"Those who admired Mr. Fox in public, and those who loved him in private, must naturally feel desirous that some memorial should be preserved of the great and good qualities of his head and heart."

Ought not this to be conclusive with all that great man's admirers and friends? His Lordship justly complains of false accounts, and that very circumstance points out the necessity of something genuine and authentic: every one will not judge so clearly as Lord Holland; because they do not know so much of Mr. Fox as he and his other intimate friends. The Preface says, "the objections to such an undertaking at present

are obvious, and, after much reflection, they have appeared to those connected with him *insuperable*."

It never appeared to me that the task could be executed by any of Mr. Fox's own family with propriety; but as ONE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD'S SINCERE AND DEVOTED FRIENDS, I never entered into any compact to abstain from giving the public any information I could upon the most interesting subject that can occupy the attention of all liberal and patriotic characters, of every lover of the human race, of science, of virtue, and of their country. I cannot compromise the interests of truth, and the venerable fame of him who is now no more! His is truly the

"Clarum et venerabile Nomen,"

which to me shines as with the light of beacon, to guide me through the maze of conflicting and complicated parties. Never shall I think of sparing the delicacy of politicians, when

the resplendent luminary from whom they borrowed their lights is concerned;—no shadow,—no spot, shall remain upon his orb, if the honest touch of truth can remove it. If the good of an empire, and the wishes of millions for information, if the honour and name of Fox are concerned; I cannot stop to consider of wounding "the feelings of individuals." I shall suppress no truth, no circumstance. I stand before my country, not daring to be false, and I offer to the shade of Fox the imperfect, but genuine and unbiassed homage of a faithful tribute to his memory.

I cannot presume to think that the following volume gives an adequate idea of the character of Mr. Fox. The early part of his life must at present remain a *desideratum* among his admirers. It is on its close only that I have, I hope, been peculiarly enabled to throw a full and satisfactory degree of light. In early youth, I understand

Mr. Fox was distinguished by extraordinary application to study. He was abroad for a short time at the early age of fourteen, to which may be attributed, probably, that fluency, perfect understanding, and good pronunciation of French, which most eminently marked him, amongst his countrymen, and even Frenchmen, at Paris. His knowledge of Italian was nearly as great, and probably to be attributed to the same cause. If I were to sketch the divisions of his life, I would form them into THREE PARTS :—His YOUTH, warm and impetuous, but full of extraordinary promise. His MIDDLE AGE, energetic and patriotic. His LATTER DAYS, commencing from the French revolution, simple, grand, and sublime.

The splendour of the last period presents a picture of magnanimity and wisdom of stupendous dimensions, and the most powerful effect. I have described his domestic life in this period. I have given to the world, his travels,—a little of

his public life,—and the closing scene not unworthy of the past life of Fox!

My readers will render justice to his memory, and excuse the faults and errors of this performance, in considering the difficulties which have attended the undertaking; the scarcity of written documents to consult, and the painful recollections which have often suspended the work, and rendered its progress almost intolerable.—I have, however, acquitted myself without any vain presumption, or expectation of applause, but with anxious and trembling solicitude, lest I may not have done justice to the grand and affecting subject.

It is with no ordinary feelings of respect and diffidence that I intrude upon an intelligent public. I leave to their indulgent consideration the following effort to give them an outline of the latter part of the life of Mr. Fox, relying upon the words of the noble Editor of the Historical

Fragment, that " those who admired Mr. Fox in public, and those who loved him in private, must naturally feel desirous that some memorial should be preserved of the great and good qualities of his head and heart."

*** *Should this work meet with the favourable reception which the partiality of friends has led the author to expect, he meditates the plan of a work on* THE ENTIRE PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. FOX; *and with that view invites the communication of facts and original materials to the care of* SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, *No. 5, Buckingham-gate, London.*

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MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

CHAPTER I.

IN recurring to the happy days when St. Anne's Hill possessed its BENEVOLENT and ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER, a gloom pervades my mind, which neither time, nor change of scene, has been able wholly to dissipate.

Let me, however, suppress my feelings, and commence with the period of the year 1802, when Mr. Fox left his beloved spot, to visit the new, brilliant, and extraordinary scenes then opening in France. If it will not be deemed superfluous, (and can any thing be superfluous relating to that great man?) I shall introduce to my reader an outline of the domestic life of Mr. Fox, in that

dignified retirement in which he had found true happiness, and in which those admirable talents, so capable of guiding and saving a nation, were devoted to the rational purpose of acquiring knowledge, and enlarging a mind, already so powerful and capacious.

The Vulgar, whose prejudices it is difficult to efface, and who are more prone to depreciate than to make allowance for great characters, have long imagined, and even still continue to think, that Mr. Fox was a mere dissipated man of pleasure. This idea had been industriously cherished and propagated by a party, whose interested views were promoted, by keeping, from the councils of the nation, a man so eminently their superior. The unprincipled desires of selfish ambition had kept him out of stations for which nature had most eminently qualified him. Destined, as he appeared, of becoming the founder of a political school in England—capable of raising her in the opinion of other nations, it was his ill fate to be opposed by a minister incapable of appreciating his merit, and unwilling to recommend it to the approbation

of his sovereign; though himself unfit to be premier, and indeed inadequate to fill any considerable department of the state.

The calumny thus attached to Mr. Fox, and the selfish monopoly of power which excluded him from the cabinet, have been productive of those enormous evils to the English nation which now threaten her very existence. Mr. Pitt, under the controul of an extensive and liberal genius, like that of Mr. Fox, might have been a useful minister of finance; but, in attempting to regulate the concerns of the world, his vigour was creative of destruction, and his imperious spirit, so unworthy a true statesman, was prejudicial to liberty abroad, and dangerous to it at home. The financial dictator of Downing-street was unfit to cope with the consummate military and diplomatic characters that had newly risen upon the Continent; and, it is probable that even his father, Lord Chatham, a man great through the weakness of France, would have been foiled in such a contest; certainly not with so much disgrace, but, perhaps, with equal injury

to the country. The most mischievously fatal error which a statesman can be guilty of, is to use coercive severity in direct opposition to the bent of human nature. The re-action produced, countervails all common plans; and the supremacy over clerks, secretaries, and members of parliament, affords dangerous data on which to ground expectation, when foreign nations are the subjects of proposed management. An enlarged, and an arrogant mind, are essentially different as to their views, and the comprehensiveness of their operations. To superficial or selfish observers their plans may seem, for a while, similar; but those of the latter are productive of discomfiture, and fertile in disgrace.

I have, however, no desire in stigmatizing one of these personages to elevate the other! Both rest in the grave:—but I should deem it derogatory to Mr. Fox's memory, if I paid any posthumous compliments to the character and talents of a minister, of whom the best that can be said is, that he failed through ignorance, and ruined his country through mistake. Facts are decisively

against him, and the historian who describes them will find, that he misunderstood the law of nations, and that for temporary purposes, and limited objects, he violated the great principles of society, and attempted to produce results which historical reasoning, the nature of man, and the voice of religion, forbad him to expect. There is no political associate of that mistaken minister, possessing any independent qualities of mind, who, if he now dispassionately reconsider the affairs of the last twenty years, but will be forced to avow his own delusion, and acknowledge that the irreparable mischiefs of a pernicious, and obstinately-pursued system, more congenial to vulgar prejudices, than agreeable to grand state maxims, have brought on a change of political relations, on the continent, directly militating against the pretensions of Great Britain as a primary nation.

The passions of the vulgar made and kept Mr. Pitt minister; but the vulgar themselves are daily receiving convincing proofs how little value they have got for their

money, and that they are likely to obtain still less for the little which has been left to them. The factitious honors of that dangerous elevation of man, called PLACE—generated a forced applause of that minister, after the death of Mr. Fox, which was to me extremely disgusting. There could be no approximation between the characters of a genuine and benevolent statesman, and an arrogant and unfortunate minister, whose boasted merit any ingenious banker, or skilful accomptant, might easily have rivalled. It would have been better, much better, to have told the abused people of England, the extent of their misfortunes, and to have denounced the guilty author of them. The incense paid to the manes of Mr. Pitt derogate from the value of Mr. Fox; and, for my part, I cannot admire the comparative approbation offered by the latter's colleagues in office, or by that celebrated poet, whose charming lays ravish our applause in modern times, but whom the various accomplishments, as a scholar, a genius, an excellent criticin poetry, of Charles James Fox, should long ago have converted,

so as to have prevented him from committing the absurdity of placing, in the same temple, pictures so grossly ill-matched, or of arranging in a cabinet a jewel of inestimable value beside the glaring, but light and perishable composition which assumed its semblance.

When I first had the happiness of knowing Mr. Fox, he had retired, in a great measure, from public life, and was inclining towards the evening of his days. A serene and cloudless magnanimity, respecting the pursuit of power, raised him to an enviable felicity. His habits were very domestic, and his taste for literature peculiarly strong, as well as peculiarly elegant. His love for a country life, and all its simple and never-fatiguing charms, was great. His temper disposed him to enjoy, and never to repine. Had his great powers been employed for the benefit of mankind, in literary composition, and researches after knowledge, (instead of being exhausted in useless debates, when the issue of the contest was always anticipated, and when prejudice and interest gave to a declaiming minister a

superiority, which Reason, poured forth with all the energy and variety of a Demosthenes, could never obtain,) the world, and Europe in particular, would have reaped advantages which his country blindly rejected; and that great mind, which made little impression upon a disciplined oligarchical senate, would more efficaciously have operated upon the philosophers, the statesmen, and the patriots of Europe.

At that time of life when other men become more devoted to the pursuits of ambition, or to the mean and universal passion, avarice; and when their characters accordingly become rigid, and unproductive of new sentiments, Mr. Fox had all the sensibility and freshness of youth, with the energetic glow of manhood in its prime. Knowledge of the world had not at all hardened or disgusted him. He knew men, and he pitied rather than condemned them. It was singular to behold such a character in England, whose national propensity favours philosophic reasoning rather than the sensibility of genius. When I first beheld St. Anne's

Hill, the impression was the most agreeable I had ever received. Every thing recalled to my mind the stories of Greece and Rome. I saw a man of a noble family, eminent for his genius and talents---an orator of unrivalled powers---the friend of liberty---the encourager of the fine arts—the classical scholar—I saw him retired to the lovely rural spot he had chosen, and said within me, " This is a character of antiquity; here is genuine greatness." I entered his modest mansion, and found the picture of a youthful mind realized.

St. Anne's Hill is delightfully situated; it commands a rich and extensive prospect, the house is embowered in trees, resting on the side of a hill: its grounds declining gracefully to a road, which bounds them at bottom. Some fine trees are grouped round the house, and three remarkably beautiful ones stand on the lawn; while a profusion of shrubs are distributed throughout with taste and judgment. Here Mr. Fox was the tranquil and happy possessor of about thirty acres of land, and the inmate of a

small but pleasant mansion. The simplicity and benignity of his manners speaking the integrity and grandeur of his character, soon dispelled those feelings of awe which one naturally experiences on approaching what is very exalted.

I speak of the year 1798, when coercion had become the systematic means of compressing the public mind, but which, by many, was believed to be an artful mode of strengthening ministerial power by that goading vigor, which drives men to warmth and violence, in expressing their feelings in favour of the law and constitution. The vindication of that system stands to this day wholly upon assertion. The unhappy country to which I have the honor and misfortune to belong, was then suffering under this reign of terror. An enthusiastic party aimed at a visionary republic. The example of republican France had heated their imaginations, and led their understandings astray. A wise statesman, by proper concession to all, and a just restoration of rights to Catholics, might have disarmed the nascent con-

spiracy, and arrayed Ireland, far more powerfully than in 1782, in favour of Great Britain; but the same narrowness of mind, and poverty of genius, which coerced at home, under the joint ministry of Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt, tyrannized in Ireland, under the direction of unprincipled men, in whose eyes a nation's happiness was trifling compared with the gratification of their inordinate ambition. Having at this period formed no very decided opinions on politics, and in particular upon Irish affairs, I approached the great statesman, (who in retirement mourned over those miseries which he clearly foresaw, but could not prevent,) with sentiments of admiration and respect, which progressively increased, till that melancholy hour when, several years afterwards, I saw him breathe his last.

When I first visited St. Anne's Hill, the summer was yet young, and all the freshness of nature was upon that beautiful spot: its sloping glades were unparched by autumnal suns—the flowers and shrubs were redolent with sweets, and the full choir of birds,

which burst from every tree and shady recess, filled the heart with gladness, and with that reviving sentiment of pleasure which at that period is felt by minds of sensibility. The rich expanse of cultivated country; the meadows, corn, woods, and villages, till the sight caught the far distant smoke of London; the graceful Thames, winding below that hill, which was the interesting residence of England's greatest character, gave a magical, but not delusive, effect to all I saw. This picture of serenity and rural happiness, when the rash and imperious councils of the English Cabinet were every where producing discord, and laying the foundation of French aggrandizement, was sufficiently striking to impress the imagination in a most powerful manner; and the long series of calamities which followed—blood, devastation, and torture, in Ireland;—suspension of constitution in England;—overthrow of ancient continental kingdoms,—and the unchecked and fearfully augmenting power of regenerated France, subsequently gave to the feelings of that moment a prophetic stamp, which has been confirmed to a degree

that is astonishing, even to those who, in the commencement of his crusade, dreaded the effects, and foretold many of the consequences, of Mr. Pitt's measures.

This period of retirement, abstracting the anguish he must have felt for the miseries of the world, was, I am satisfied, the happiest period of Mr. Fox's life. Assuredly the only proper part for a truly great man, if he cannot advantageously influence the councils of his country, is, in complete retirement to devote himself to the cultivation of his mental powers, and to wait for that sentiment of conviction arising in the people, which ultimately, under a free constitution, becomes irresistible. It was upon this principle Mr. Fox acted, and would, I am persuaded, have continued to act, had not the powerful ties of friendship, which bound his susceptible heart, drawn him again into the fatal vortex of politics. In what degree it is to be regretted, that this inestimable man should ultimately, by his return to parliamentary warfare, and final accession to power, along with Lord Grenville, have injured his health, and some-

what diminished the lustre of his reputation, the future historian will mark with care—his friends with deep but fruitless sorrow,—and the public, through a long course of calamity opening before them,—will hereafter *unavailingly acknowledge!*

CHAPTER II.

THE domestic life of Mr. Fox was equally regular and agreeable. In summer he rose between six and seven; in winter before eight. The assiduous care, and excellent management, of Mrs. Fox, rendered his rural mansion the abode of peace, elegance, and order, and had long procured her the gratitude and esteem of those private friends, whose visits to Mr. Fox, in his retirement at St. Anne's Hill, made them witnesses of this amiable woman's exemplary and endearing conduct. I confess I carried with me some of the vulgar prejudices respecting this great man! How completely was I undeceived! After breakfast, which took place between eight and nine in summer, and at a little after nine in winter, he usually read some Italian author with Mrs. Fox, and then spent the time

preceding dinner at his literary studies, in which the Greek poets bore a principal part.

A frugal, but plentiful dinner took place at three, or half past two, in summer, and at four in winter; and a few glasses of wine were followed by coffee. The evening was dedicated to walking and conversation till tea-time, when reading aloud, in history, commenced, and continued till near ten. A light supper of fruit, pastry, or something very trifling, finished the day; and at half past ten the family were gone to rest; and the next and succeeding dawn ushered in the same order and elegance, and found the same content, the same happiness, and the same virtuous and useful life.

> "A life so sacred, such serene repose
> Seemed Heaven itself."

Alas! those scenes are for ever closed; that heart which throbbed with every fine feeling is cold;—those private virtues which made St. Anne's Hill so delightful, those public ones, which might have benefited mankind, are lost. It is with pain and reluctance I go on; but the dictates of friendship and

truth ought to be obeyed. One small record, unmixed with, and uncontrolled by, party motives, shall afford to posterity, if it survive, some means, though imperfect, of appreciating the private character of the most illustrious, but often the most calumniated, of public men in the eighteenth century. *No monument yet marks a nation's gratitude towards him;* and the all-prevailing ascendency of the system which Lord Bute, Lord North, and Mr. William Pitt, successively defended and propagated, has stifled every parliamentary expression of respect and veneration, for the memory of CHARLES JAMES FOX; whilst a successful skirmish, or a dubious battle, unites all parties in conferring honours and rewards! Nor do I think it is one moment to be admitted, that so unfortunate a politician, as his parliamentary rival, could have been Mr. Fox's coadjutor in office: their *principles* were diametrically opposite: the one was a practical lover of arbitrary power, and in his own person exercised it too long for the glory of his sovereign, or the happiness of his people. The other was a sincere friend to a limited monarchy, the

only species of government recognized by the British constitution, was a benevolent statesman of the first order, and was an undaunted advocate for liberty, whether civil rights, or freedom of conscience were concerned. Ministries formed of repugnant and conflicting materials cannot be permanent or efficient. Every department ought to be filled by men of whom the statesmen, who undertakes to conduct the affairs of a nation has the selection, and on whose principles, as well as talents, he can rely. The disorder which otherwise takes place from the counteraction of the inferior servants of government is of the worst kind, paralysing every grand measure of the head of the ministry, and even controlling his intentions.

The great genius of Mr. Fox, to have been efficient, should have reigned supreme in the management of public affairs. Mr. Pitt, under the wholesome restraints, and instructed by the enlightened mind of that great man, might have conducted a subordinate department with benefit to his country; but as to co-operation with him, on any system of

co-ordinate power, the plan must have been detrimental to the public service, as long as it was attempted, and certainly would have been degrading to Mr. Fox. The more I have considered, the more am I persuaded, that his own conception of retirement was the true rule of conduct to follow; and being one of the most disinterested of men, and having no impatience to attain power, it would have been as easy as wise in him to have adhered to it.

At the period to which I allude, he was beginning to turn his attention to an historical work, and our readings after tea were directed to the furtherance of this grand and useful object. Happy were those evenings, when the instruction of the historian—the pointed remarks of the statesman—and all the ease and happiness of domestic society were united. The occasional visits of men of talents and high character sometimes pleasingly interrupted the evening's employment; but I have never seen Mr. Fox more perfectly happy than when we were quite alone. He

was so utterly divested of a wish to shine, or of any appetite for flattery, that he in no manner required, what is called, company, to enliven or animate him. A lover of nature, and consequently an enemy to art, he held, I think, above every quality, sincerity and unaffectedness; and, being also of a character singularly domestic and amiable, he found in his little circle all he wished and wanted. To his other attainments he had added a very considerable knowledge of Botany; and, without making it a primary object, enjoyed every pursuit connected with Agriculture, in a high degree.

About the end of the year 1799, Mr. Fox met with an accident of a most alarming nature. He was very fond of shooting, and as he was following that amusement one day in the neighbourhood of Chertsey, in company with Mr. William Porter, of that town, his gun burst in his hand. The explosion having shattered it much, he wrapped it up, and returned to St. Anne's. As no surgeon in the country would undertake so delicate a charge upon his own

responsibility, Mr. Fox was advised to go instantly to town. An early dinner was provided, the chaise ordered, and, accompanied by Mrs. Fox, he very shortly set out for London. Mr. Porter told me that he manifested no impatience or apprehension, though the anguish he suffered must have been excessive; all the anxiety he testified was lest Mrs. Fox should be agitated and alarmed. On his way to town he composed the following verses, which display a tenderness of disposition, and an exquisiteness of feeling, rarely met with (unhappily for the world) in those statesmen who rule mankind.

" How can I at aught repine,
While my dearest Liz is mine?
Can I feel or pain or woe,
While my Lizzy loves me so?
Where's the sorrow, that thy smile
Knows not sweetly to beguile?
Sense of pain, and danger flies
From the looks of those dear eyes:
Looks of kindness, looks of love,
That lift my mortal thoughts above.
While I view that heavenly face,
While I feel that dear embrace,

While I hear that soothing voice,
Tho' maimed or crippled, life's my choice:
Without them, all the fates can give
Has nought would make me wish to live.
No, could they foil the power of time,
And restore youth's boasted prime,
Add to boot, fame, power, and wealth,
Undisturb'd and certain health;
Without thee, 'twou'd nought avail,
The source of every joy would fail;
But lov'd by thee, by thee caress'd,
In pain and sickness I am blest."

Though many estimable, and subsequently very elevated characters, visited at St. Anne's Hill, I never liked it so well, as when we were quite alone. There was a perfect originality of character in Mr. Fox, that made his society always new, and always preferable to that of most other men. Professional cant, and party ideas in general, give a monotony to the minds of distinguished members of society. Accustomed to view things constantly in one way, and not seeking for new ideas, but rather occupied in advancing or defending their old ones, their conversation does not create new sensations, and frequently wearies rather than delights. Mr.

Fox himself was so little obtrusive in this respect, that I recollect feeling a good deal of embarrassment at first, on observing how frequently he was inclined to silence, waiting for others to begin a conversation. I soon discovered, however, that he was pleased at its originating with another; and, so great was his benevolence, as well as unbounded his capacity, that whatever was started, in the smallest degree interesting, useful, or natural, received illustration and indulgent investigation from him. How well do I recollect the mornings when he came down to breakfast—how benignant and cheerful—how pleased with every thing—how free from worldly passions, and worldly views he was! Nor were Mrs. Fox's captivating manners conducive in a faint manner to the harmonizing of every thing around: the watchful and refined attention she paid to her guests anticipated every thing they could desire, and charmed away every feeling of embarrassment, which diffidence, in the presence of so exalted a character, might be apt to occasion.

At breakfast, the newspaper was read, commonly by Mr. Fox, as well as the letters which had arrived; for such was the noble confidence of his mind, that he concealed nothing from his domestic circle, unless it were the faults, or the secrets of his friends. At such times, when the political topics of the day were naturally introduced by the paper, I never could observe the least acrimony or anger against that party which so sedulously, and indeed successfully, had laboured to exclude him from the management of affairs, by misrepresentations of his motives, rather than by refutations of his arguments.

In private conversation, I think, he was rather averse to political discussion, generally preferring subjects connected with natural history, in any of its branches; but, above all, dwelling with delight on classical and poetical subjects. It is not to be supposed, however, that, where the interests and happiness of millions were concerned, he preserved a cold silence. He rather abstained from hopeless and useless complaining, than

withheld his mite of compassion and sympathy for those who suffered under a pernicious system. As my acquaintance commenced with Mr. Fox towards the evening of his days, and at the period when a rebellion in Ireland was followed, by what has been fallaciously styled a Union, I had the opportunity of observing his great humanity, and his freedom from prejudice, in regard to that country. In this respect he ever seemed to me to stand alone, among English politicians, many of whom are liberal enough in their own way, but all of whom agree in a love of dominion, and in a certain degree of contempt respecting the Irish, which, one day or other, will, I fear, generate events fatal to the repose of both islands. There is no nation in Europe, perhaps, more contracted in their way of thinking, or less fit to establish a conciliating government, than the English. Had the benevolent and enlarged mind of Mr. Fox directed their councils, during the twenty years preceding his death, this narrow system would not have prevailed, but Ireland might have been really united, by the firm bonds of gratitude and

interest to Great Britain. The state of things arising in Europe, required the most enlightened and improved policy in English statesmen. The coercive energy of the new military government in France was alone to be counterpoised, and met, on the part of these islands, by a still more vigorous spirit, produced by the conscious possession of civil rights, and a renovated constitution.

To enter the lists with the great military chieftain of the French, without similarity of means or situation, proved a want of knowledge of England's genuine strength, and the blindness of envy, rather than the foresight of wisdom. Mr. Pitt treated Ireland like a conquered country, and chose to build upon the hollow submission of slaves, rather than strengthen himself by the support of freemen. I can truly testify, that in the shocking times of 1798, and during the degrading scene which crowned them, Mr. Fox yearned over Irish misfortunes with a truly paternal heart.

A peculiar attribute of his character was,

an inclination to encourage and raise up neglected merit, and to pour balm into the wounds of misery. What a quality would this have been in an English statesman, operating for the benefit and redemption of Ireland? I distinctly recollect the horror excited in him, on hearing of the burning of cottages and their furniture by the military, and the pain he felt on reading the accounts of the actions between the insurgents and the army.—How well I remember the valuable cautions he gave me, when the acuteness of my feelings for a suffering country, prompted hasty and momentary expressions of anguish. His opinion, which is given in one of the letters annexed to this volume, when the Union was agitated in Ireland, will be found solid and important; I do not take upon me to assert, that it went so far as to imply the re-admission of catholics to the parliament of their country, but I believe it must be taken to have gone that length; because, reform in Ireland, without relieving the great majority, and fully admitting them to participation of civil rights, must be deemed illusive and partial, and consequently, uncongenial to such

a mind as that of Mr. Fox. The grand principle he relied on in this case, namely, that the aristocracy, without the support of the people, are nothing, has been, since his lamented death, strongly elucidated and demonstrated in England, as it was also in Ireland at the period of the Union. Nor is it a less important truth, that the people, separated from the aristocracy, (or to make it clearer) from all those characters whom genius, education, and cultivation of mind, have elevated, must be feeble, or at best, hurried on by impotent violence, and that both parties must ultimately fall under too great a controul of the crown.

In turning with my reader to foreign scenes, these truths will be further developed; but in general I shall prefer a simple exposition of facts, to drawing conclusions, or pronouncing opinions; and I must intreat my readers to consider me as not presuming to advance ideas and sentiments of my own as those of Mr. Fox. In the latter case I shall always specify what was his; in the former, I shall use the right of an independent mind

to exercise its own powers, taking on myself all responsibility and blame, where either may be incurred.

The peace, or rather the truce, of Amiens, in 1802, very naturally excited in Mr. Fox a desire to visit the continent. His historical work had advanced a good way, but as he approached the reign of James the 2nd. he felt a want of materials, which he understood could alone be supplied in Paris, and he determined to go there. That work has since appeared, and the public have formed their opinion upon it. I do not hesitate to say, that it would have been desirable that he had gone further back, or chosen a larger period, and one unconnected even by analogy with modern politics. An involuntary association of ideas and feelings, tending to form a comparative view of epochs and circumstances, may have had an influence, unsuspected by the author, and have led to his dwelling, as it has appeared to some, with prolixity upon peculiar passages in the unhappy reigns of Charles and James.

The goodness of his heart, and the grandeur of his mind—the just medium of his opinions between the crown and democracy, and his warm love of true and rational liberty, are, however, indelibly recorded in a work, which perhaps came out too soon after his death to be justly appreciated; and, as it promoted the views of none of the parties of the day, it is to be considered a Classic, whose wholesome tendency, and purity of principle, will benefit posterity, rather than amend the present generation.

I was wandering among the beauties of North Wales, when a letter from Mr. Fox reached me, stating his intention of going to France, in furtherance of his historical work, and adding, that I could be of use in copying for him in Paris. The sublime scenery of the interior of North Wales, the peaceful mansions of a contented and happy people, the innumerable beauties of nature, stamped by the hand of a divine Creator, and scattered profusely around me, had harmonized my mind, and prepared it for reflection and observation. The friendly eye

which had penetrated these recesses, and the hand which had beckoned me to leave these calm and rural haunts, to behold a new and brilliant order of things in the powerful kingdom of France, were recognized by me as heralds of friendship and beneficence; but his active benevolence manifested on this occasion filled me with grateful surprize.

Reader! such a character was Mr. Fox! To raise up the neglected, and to aid those whom scanty means might keep pining at home, or languishing in obscurity, was his bright characteristic. The practical homage paid to the Deity by this great and Christian character, was to cheer the afflicted, and elevate the oppressed.

Still I left Wales with regret, for I had experienced that happiness is not to be found in crowds, and that the glare of Grandeur dazzles, but neither warms nor enlivens; sincerity is a humble flower, which rarely flourishes near it, and without that I had learnt to prefer retirement to all the bustle and pomp of Courts.

To visit the brilliant scenes opening before me in the society of such an exalted, (because benevolent and humane) as well as so great a man, as Mr. Fox, afforded, however, a very animating prospect. Hesitation would have been folly; and I hastened, (after crossing the channel to Ireland for a short time) to join the beloved inhabitants of St. Anne's Hill, and to offer there my gratitude and duty for this new act of unremitting friendship. At this moment, though all is cheerful and lovely around me, in my native and honoured country, and although I feel no want of what renders life comfortable, to those who can be happy amidst the never-fading delights of nature, and the simple but solid enjoyments which retirement and the country yield, yet I recur with pain to those times, when St. Anne's Hill possessed its illustrious master, and the remembrance of them saddens all the charming scenes around me.

When I arrived at St. Anne's Hill, I found the family nearly ready for the journey. Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. (now Lord) St. John, and myself, formed the intended party; and on

the morning of the 29th of July, 1802, we set out in a travelling coach for France.

The delightful country, through which we passed, was in great beauty, and England, which under its government well administered, would have been the bulwark of liberty, and the asylum of the unfortunate, seemed to me never more deserving the appellation of the Garden of the world. We passed through a great part of that most favored portion of it, Kent, and rested one night at Lord Thanet's. Every thing that politeness and hospitality could prepare awaited us at this superb mansion. To me, however, there is always something *triste* in the large domains and palaces of great men in the country; there is a void, a want of happy and independent human beings, which deprives the most beautiful and sublime scenery of its charm; and the solitude created, being very different from that where all is free and unbounded, as on mountains, in glens or vallies, or on the sea-shore, produces languor, and gives an idea of confinement and inaction, instead of that repose of nature so grateful to contem-

plative minds. On the following morning, the delightful aspect of Kent, so verdant, and adorned with such neat and excellent enclosures, with its varying grounds of unrivalled beauty, and its hop plantations, emulating the appearance of vineyards, enchanted us all. The view above Hythe struck Mr. Fox particularly, and with great reason, for seldom does one behold a more fascinating picture than it presents. It made so strong an impression on him, that from France he afterwards wrote to a friend following him, to call his attention to a scene, which had so much delighted him.

On our arrival at Dover, crowds were assembled to behold the celebrated person, whose oratory and political exertions had so long and so powerfully been exercised, in favour of a misguided people. They followed him to the shore, and testified a strong interest respecting him. The gale which wafted us over was pleasant and favorable, and the white cliffs of Dover, and the sandy beach and banks of the coast of France, were strikingly contrasted at the same time. Mr. Fox

enjoyed the scene much. I had, indeed, observed on our leaving St. Anne's, a freshness and juvenility in his mind, which had raised him still higher in my opinion. He might have been taken for a person newly entering into the scenes of life, so cheerful, so pleased, and so very much alive as he was to the most minute objects in nature. At times, however, the grandeur and extent of his genius shewed itself. There was perfect dignity, too, in his manner, united to the greatest simplicity. During our whole subsequent tour, he preserved this kind of demeanour and manners—adding to it a solicitude that every one with him should be happy, should enjoy, and not lose any thing interesting, beautiful, or curious.

CHAPTER III.

AS the Packet passed through the glittering waves with a brisk and easy motion, my mind was suspended as it were between various sensations and ideas. We had left the proud coast of Albion to visit the regenerated kingdom of France. The long enjoyed power of the Bourbons had vanished before the irresistible course of events. We were about to exchange our imaginations and opinions for certain ideas; we were to judge for ourselves; and, disencumbering our minds of the false impression unavoidably made on those distant from the theatre of a great revolution, we were to be enabled to form a just opinion of effects, and to examine and analyse causes, in the political or moral sphere of men, or, as I may now express it, of

Imperial France. The awful consideration of the torrents of blood which had been shed—the comparison between such horrors, and the tranquil calm which England had enjoyed—the recollection of Empires overthrown, and of the immutability of civil and religious rights—the doubt whether the miseries of a revolution were compensated by a beneficial change in government—the confused conjecture what the future peace relations between the two nations would be, and a lively curiosity to behold Paris, the seat of a new government, and its novel order of things, pressed on the imagination, and hurried us in anxious anticipation towards the shore. The character of the warrior and statesman, who had been placed, by the force of his own genius, fortuitous circumstances, and the wishes of a harassed people, in the seat of supreme power, was also in itself a strong stimulus to our curiosity.'

'There is a natural desire in all men to view a celebrated person whose exploits have crowned him with glory. One wishes to examine his form and countenance, to

hear the voice, and observe the manner of such a man; and as we eagerly search amongst the remnants of antiquities, for any outline, medal, bust, or other demonstration of the features or appearance of a great genius, so we have a craving wish to contemplate a living character standing high in the temple of Fame. It is a just and natural feeling and is, as it were, a tribute to one of our own species, endowed with eminent and extraordinary qualities, which we cannot withhold, unless envy blinds, and malice hardens us.

I do not say that such were Mr. Fox's feelings respecting Buonaparte. Raised himself, as I think, upon a greater eminence, he could not, as I did, look with the same astonishment at the stupendous character of that great man; but he could not be devoid of a desire, common to us all, of seeing and hearing one of the most eminent persons of the age. He to whom the histories of Greece and Rome were so familiar, looked with a philosophic eye upon his exaltation, and considered it as a natural and unavoidable consequence of the military cast assumed by the French

nation, and of the preponderance of its armies. I imagine, however, that there must be a certain sort of sympathy between men of unbounded genius, who, though their pursuits have been different, and their countries at times adverse and hostile, pay to one another the mutual homage of complacent respect and deference. As these various ideas passed through my mind, the vessel glided along,—

——— ἀμφὶ δὲ Κῦμα
Στείρῃ πορφύρεον μέγα θ' ἴαχε, πηρὸς ὑπ' ἰσης·

and, after a passage of about three hours, we entered the harbour of Calais. The quay was crowded with spectators, anxious to see the great ornament of England, her most powerful orator, and her almost prophetic statesman. We landed amidst the crowd, and passed to the well known Inn at Calais, then extremely well kept by Quillac. I found myself in a new world; the language, the physiognomy, the manners, all different from those of the country I had left; and I could not but perceive a superiority in the latter respect to a considerable degree. The muni-

cipal officers of Calais very speedily waited on Mr. Fox, paying him every attention, and expressing a wish to entertain him, which he politely declined, on account of his desire to proceed the following morning, without delay.

An incident occurred at Calais, which, as it excited much remark, and roused a good deal of censure at the time, I shall advert to more at length than would otherwise be necessary. It happened that Mr. Arthur O'Connor had arrived at the inn at which we stopped very shortly before. He waited on Mr. Fox, was received by him with that urbanity and openness which distinguished him, and was invited to dinner by him, which invitation he accepted of. I had never seen this gentleman before. It is well known that, after a long confinement at Fort George, he, and some other Irish gentlemen, agreed with the Irish government to expatriate themselves for life. Mr. O'Connor was now on his way to Paris accordingly; when chance brought him to Quillac's Inn, at the same time with Mr. Fox. His manners were extremely pleasing; and, without entering into

any discussion of Irish politics, in the unhappy times in Ireland preceding and following the year 1798, I may risk the assertion, that, as an Irish gentleman, and an unfortunate exile, (for all who are compelled to leave their country are unfortunate,) he was entitled to politeness, humanity, and even commiseration.—Perfectly unconnected with government, and travelling as any other English gentleman of noble birth, Mr. Fox found no difficulty in receiving this gentleman, (whom he had known before he was so deeply implicated in Irish politics,) with a friendly and consoling welcome. Mr. O'Connor dined with us: and I, for one, was much pleased with his deportment and appearance, though I could not become, all at once, a convert to his arguments, to prove that his party had not attempted, or desired, to rouse the physical strength of his country to effect a change in Ireland.

We all went to the theatre in the evening, which, if painted and cleaned, would have appeared agreeable enough. We afterwards saw Mr. O'Connor (who remained some time at Calais after us), two or three times

at Paris. I should not have dwelt upon this little incident in the commencement of the tour, but as prejudice in some, and malignity in others, magnified it into a most improper communication with a traitorous or rebellious subject, at the time it occurred; and as the character of Mr. Fox must always be of consequence to the public, I have judged it incumbent on me to state the facts in their simplicity and truth, as an antidote to the calumny.

It would have been quite unsuitable to the grandeur and purity of Mr. Fox's character, to have taken any little precautions for avoiding what might give a handle to party malice. Certainly, he would not have *sought* Mr. O'Connor, under those delicate circumstances; but when, in the warmth of the moment, he came to Mr. Fox's apartments, it would have evinced a consciousness of liability to blame, or a timidity of mind, to have shrunk from the visit, or received it with hauteur and coldness. Mr. Fox felt none of these weaknesses; and, in affording the rights of hospitality to an unhappy Irish gentleman, did, perhaps, on no occasion, more strongly

demonstrate that real magnanimity which rests on inward rectitude, and despises the clamour of unthinking, ignorant, or interested men. Perhaps it would have been desirable that the circumstance had not occurred; but it remained alone for Mr. Fox to consult the genuine dignity and benevolence of his character, and to act as he did.

A recent speech of a celebrated Baronet, has recalled to my mind what we heard either at Calais, or some other French town, relative to Sir Francis Burdett. It was reported to us that Sir Francis, on landing at Calais, had been designated, (with a design to compliment him) as the friend of Charles Fox, but that he had turned round, and instantly corrected the expression by saying, "No," that he was "*l'ami du peuple.*" The baronet in a late speech has said, "he is not the friend of Cæsar or of Pompey, but the friend of the people." I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Francis at St. Anne's Hill, before he had attained any of his subsequent celebrity. I then thought him pleasing, though tinged with vanity, which, perhaps,

in the society of Mr. Fox, was more peculiarly conspicuous, because the powerful lustre of his great, yet unassuming character, rendered the tinsel glare of any superficial pretensions strikingly obvious. At this period, and I allude to the Middlesex Election which made so much noise in 1802, Sir Francis was not unwilling to benefit by the great and glorious name of Fox: It was of considerable service to him in his Middlesex Elections; and I own that when I heard this "disclaimer" at Calais, I was not led to entertain a more elevated idea of Sir Francis Burdett's character, than I had originally conceived. There was certainly not much judgment; not a proper feeling of Mr. Fox's estimation on the continent; and not a due sense of that great man's protection and kindness on public occasions, manifested in such a reply of Sir Francis Burdett. Fox, the champion of the rights of bleeding and oppressed America, of suffering Ireland, of the manacled and despairing slave,—the advocate of religious and civil liberty,—the opposer, for thirty years, of corrupt and arbitrary ministers,—the

statesman whom all foreign courts respected, and foreign nations loved,—was not Fox, an honourable and dignified friend, worthy of being assigned to Sir Francis Burdett;—did it become him therefore to disclaim the title in order to assume the far less solid glory of "*l'ami du peuple?*" I would consider the approbation and friendship of so illustrious a person as Charles James Fox as far more valuable than the evanescent applause of a heated multitude. To be the friend of Fox and of the English people were, besides, not incompatible or inconsistent. They put under my plate at the public dinner at Lisle, a ticket inscribed, "l'ami du Lord Fox," which I have ever since retained, as an honourable, and to me ever melancholy memorial. I should have been sorry had I even possessed all the fortune, and all the consequence of Sir Francis Burdett, to have thrown away my ticket with coldness, or to have returned it to the good people of Lisle with the remark, that I required one inscribed "*l'ami du peuple.*" The words of Sir Francis, at Calais, may appear to some too trivial for record. I do not think so. I was then of

opinion, and am still, that they strongly marked his character; that a love of popular admiration pervades his mind, and blinds his judgment; and that nothing could more plainly indicate the bias of his mind than his reply at Calais. If I had had doubts of his having made it, his late words would remove them. "It was said in ancient times, that Cæsar had a friend, and Pompey had friends, but that the public had no friends; I shall never be of the party of Cæsar, nor of Pompey."

This denial of party, when he is at the head of a very active one, is another proof of that inordinate love of applause which has carried the respectable and amiable baronet into the impropriety of appearing to disavow a friend, or of putting his own party in the place of the English nation. Excessive flattery is bad for the people themselves; and, when applied in this manner by Sir Francis Burdett, is apt to lead them into an arrogant and monstrous estimation of their own value, to the prejudice of many patriotic and noble characters; who, though

they may be the friends of Cæsar, or of Pompey, (and how many illustrious and patriotic Romans ranged under the banners of each ?) may still be the enemies of the people; although they do still on public occasions, flatter their vanity, and receive, in return, peals and bursts of applause.

The town of Calais is a considerable one, containing from nine to eleven thousand inhabitants; it resembles an English town so much, that it reminded me of the period when it was annexed to England. The present change, however, is very great. Those dismembered parts of this kingdom, once attached to England, all re-united, and a great and astonishing accession of territory superadded—no longer that dangerous military genius existing in the English monarchs, which so often led them to successful invasion of their neighbours: their naval glory conducing rather to the acquisition of colonies, than to the subjugation of kingdoms; and their statesmen cultivating the interests, and bending to the views of commerce, instead of keeping the English, a martial, lofty, and independent

race of men, as they were in their ancient and better days: these were features of the times very obviously presenting themselves to a young traveller's contemplation, upon his entrance into Calais. The moat and fortifications, once used against the inhabitants of the country, are become useless; and, as we passed through the gates on the morning of the 1st of August, the day after we had landed, I felt satisfaction that the inhabitants of France were relieved from vexation, and those of England from a burthensome and superfluous expense.

The country around Calais being destitute of interest and beauty, until we arrive on the borders of Flanders, there was at first, little to call forth observation, upon entering France. To me, however, as every thing was new, even this scene was entertaining—the dress of the peasantry being of various, and of the finest colours, such as crimson, pink, sky blue, and light green, struck me as adding greatly to their picturesque effect; and I believe the painter's eye would, in every scene of rural beauty, require the warm and

finer colours occasionally to intervene, to make that perfect harmony which delights and satisfies the eye in colouring.

St. Omer's is a large, and I thought, a melancholy-looking town. There is one very handsome, though injured, church, and several others, as well as convents, or rather ruined buildings, formerly convents. It seemed to be thinly peopled and dull. As this town had often afforded education to Irish young men, destined for that ecclesiastical situation which had long been, with more than Gothic proscription, denounced and persecuted in the native country of these unfortunate men, I suppressed a sigh, as we passed through, at the fate of my countrymen, so well deserving, yet so long debarred, of happiness. I hoped for enlightened times operating in their favour; and I breathed the melancholy prayer, that if their misfortunes were to endure yet longer, I might close the last of my days among them; and, if possible, alleviate their miseries, by giving such counsel and consolation as limited powers would allow, and

by participating in those sorrows whose cause had not been removed. Mr. Fox, the best pillar of the English constitution, in the genuine sense of the word, and the best friend to Ireland, whose genius and philanthropy gave grounds for hoping better things, was advancing in years. It was not even probable, then, that he would ever be minister in England. My melancholy foreboding did not anticipate his premature dissolution; but something told me, that Ireland was to suffer yet as much as she had done in those illiberal days, when her youth were driven to seek that education abroad which she had formerly herself afforded to foreigners; to the sons of nobles and kings, and to lovers of literature from every clime.

CHAPTER IV.

ON entering that part of modern France, so well known by the appellation of the Netherlands, the glorious scene of human prosperity, and of rural happiness and plenty, which opened before our delighted eyes, was a true feast to the mind. Flanders had long enjoyed a liberal portion of rational liberty: its independence, sanctioned and guaranteed by so many imperial sovereigns, had, until the reign of the visionary despot, Joseph II. given it all the just fruits of liberty, peace, abundance, and security. Our way to Cassel lay through a most rich, finely-cultivated, and beautiful tract of land. No longer fields, as in the garden-like country of England, but plains of golden harvest stretched around. As we approached St. Omer's,

the difference between two very distinct races of men grew perceptible; and after passing it, the gradation from French to Flemish was quickly lost in the latter. A larger bodily form, a manifest deficiency in grace, less intellect, but more plain sense—the dress inelegant and cumbrous, marked the Flemings. As yet I had seen but little of the French; but already their gracefulness, politeness, and the general elegance of their forms, had prepossessed me in their favour. There was an antique homeliness, however, in the Flemings, extremely respectable, and not destitute of interest. The traces of their ancient independence were legible every where. Their very stature, and the size of their cattle and domestic animals, seemed, under the fostering and protecting hand of liberty, to have amplified, and nature, no longer stinted, to have pushed to their just dimensions, the forms of rational and animal beings. My heart expanded at the consciousness that some of my fellow-creatures had been, and were yet, comparatively speaking, happy and unmolested by the galling hand of arbitrary power. The noble scene of universal plenty and con-

tent, which presented itself, produced a thousand pleasing sensations. I entered, in imagination, their dwellings, which, as we passed along, appeared, with very few exceptions, neat, good, and comfortable. The people looked happy. I could fancy the comfort and pleasure of the domestic circle; the good wife and affectionate mother, the ornament and blessing of her family, the happy father and husband, and the pleased and well brought up youths surrounding them.

I regretted much that we passed so rapidly through this fine country; but Mr. Fox was pressed for time, and without deducting too much for what he had appropriated to give to Paris, we could not delay. The impression made on my mind, however, was very strong; and I imbibed, as I passed on, the great practical lesson, that good government, which implies sufficient liberty to man, is best evinced by its results; and that a happy, flourishing, and independent yeomanry, without the grating extremes of an arrogant, and superabounding aristocracy, or of am iserable

and starving peasantry, is the most gratifying sight for a lover of his fellow-creatures, of social order in its true sense, and for a believer in that sacred religion which enjoins mercy, charity, and moderation—a lesson as imperious and requiring to be followed by the government and crowned heads, as by the people. As we passed along, I observed that Mr. Fox had lately made himself master of the theory and practice of Agriculture, more than I had been aware of, and his observations were equally pertinent and strong upon those subjects. His mind was, perhaps, never in greater vigour. He was relieved from the eternal and ineffectual clamour of political warfare: equally at his ease, abroad as at home, and conversant with most foreign modern languages, this great man was now soaring forth on the continent, in the meridian of his glory, where his genius, and his public virtues, were well understood and much respected. The small society he carried with him sufficed to make him happy, and his happiness was increased by having contributed to theirs. We brought in

the coach with us some of Fielding's novels, and I was the common reader.

As we advanced in the Netherlands, smoking was observed to be more prevalent, and the effect to me at least, was far more ludicrous than picturesque, on beholding boys, of fourteen or fifteen, with cocked hats, sitting under trees smoking. A number of pretty and new country houses, *a la mode Angloise*, appeared rising up here and there. Still, until we got nearer Cassel, a good deal of French manner was perceptible. As it was Sunday we saw great numbers of the people, who appeared to enjoy themselves very much, and divided into small happy parties amidst the hay, on the road side, at their doors, or in their gardens. I observed with pleasure, how fond all were of flowers, persons of every age wearing them in their breast, or in their hats or caps. Sunday was not rigorously observed, after prayers were over for the day, as we saw some people working, driving carts, &c. I had observed that the church at Calais was thinly attended; but at

a small village on the road side, we saw great numbers of well-dressed people coming out of Church. As Religion had suffered so rude a shock in France, and its dependent territories, I was gratified in finding that, at least amongst the happy and flourishing scenes of Flanders, respect for religious worship had maintained its ground, and that this orderly people had not swerved from one of the first and greatest supports of social order and human happiness. The legislator who rashly attempts to undermine this prop of society, deserves but the name of Innovator; he endeavours to take, from a simple and happy race, that source of consolation which he cannot replace, and he labours to make them precisely what he would desire to avoid, turbulent, unprincipled, and factious:—he throws from his hands, one of the surest means of preserving order and regularity, and, having stripped the vessel of her helm, hopes that she will be otherwise guided or governed.

The Flemings have always been attached to the Roman Catholic Religion, their faith bordering on superstition; but if

we may judge by effects, we might pronounce, that that Religion has been as favourable, in a moral and religious view, to their happiness and well doing, as their Agriculture and their independence have been to their temporal and worldly prosperity. As we approached Cassel we were much astonished, (and still more when we began the ascent) at the extraordinary and almost boundless extent of view which expanded around us. The situation of Cassel is quite *unique*. It is seated on a hill, or rather small mountain, commanding one of the finest agricultural countries in the world. Towns, cities, villages, rivers, and that vast champaign of cultivated land, spreading in every direction, surprised and delighted us in no common degree. Mr. Fox was much and highly gratified at this grand panorama of nature, and enjoyed it, as he did every other thing, as much as the youngest of the party. Our way had lain through a rich and admirably-cultivated country, abounding with wheat, barley, flax, hemp, peas, &c. &c.

The elevation of Cassel very happily and peculiarly terminated our first day's

journey. Cassel is an old irregular town, but the commanding view, from every point, well compensates for the fatigue of the ascent, and the want of beauty in the town. The succeeding morning presented a sight very diverting, as it was that of a fête, or fair. The town was filled with the good Flemings, whose grotesque figures, and cumbrous dress, offered a thousand living pictures, worthy of the pencil of Teniers. I was much pleased with them, for it is always more advantageous, and instructive, to study originals than copies. The Church bore some marks of revolutionary fury. It was full of decent people, honest, good citizens, and pious Catholics. Their sincerity in devotion was obvious, and highly to be respected. I shall not easily forget the expression of horror in the countenance of a female (I believe of some religious order) when I was observing the marks of shot upon the front of the church. She was meanly dressed,—but of an interesting figure,—she did not speak, but her eyes first raised to heaven with a sort of indignant appeal, were then cast on the church,—she then passed on.

This pious female's horror doubtless was well founded. The excesses of a licentious military are in no case more to be reprobated than in the outraging the house of God, or the mansions of the dead. The general who permits it, saps the foundation of discipline and government; and he who encourages it, tends directly to dissolve the bonds of society, as well as affront the laws of God. When I have reflected upon the anguish of this poor *religieuse*, I have become more and more confirmed in the idea, that to wound the religious feelings and prejudices of human beings, is one of the worst species of cruelty to our fellow creatures. I would not disturb the simple Indian in his homage to the Deity, or injure the humble temple he raised to his honor, on any consideration. In sacred matters the mind of man spurns at contumely, with a degree of bitterness which springs from an inherent sense of his independence in such things, and a consciousness that no human power can prescribe, still less insult, Religion, her worship, and her laws.

The Flemings seemed to me always so much in earnest in religion, that I liked them

much. I saw here a convent entirely dismantled, and its garden destroyed: convents having been all abolished without exception. How far a modification, instead of the violent, and in most instances cruel plan of total destruction would have been preferable, I shall not discuss. Certainly, a sudden overthrow of ancient establishments occasions, in all cases, much misery, and in religious ones, peculiar sorrows. Those who have long lived secluded, feel unwillingness and pain in returning to the bustle of common life: their habits have all formed themselves to a contemplative one; their avocations are entirely different from those of others; and their devotion to the service of God, has rendered the common pursuits of the world insipid, if not unpalatable. Females, in such a case, of noble or genteel families, and those of a devout and sublime cast of mind, are peculiar objects of compassion.

As it was the fair day, we saw, previous to our departure, a great number of people assembled in the market-place. The cattle, particularly the cows, were very fine, and the horses of a great size; but the pigs were most

miserable in appearance and condition—a fact which very ill agreed with the excellent farming we had witnessed. In the fair, hats, shoes, a great profusion of ready-made clothes, earthen-ware, shawls, muslins, cottons, buckles, baskets, coarse linen, and woollen stockings, were exhibited for sale. The Inn at Cassel afforded every thing very good, though there was not much elegance in the house or furniture.

The descent, on leaving Cassel, was equally beautiful and extraordinary with the ascent; and we continued, on our way to Lisle, to pass through a finely-cultivated country, whose rich crops of wheat, oats, &c. waved in full luxuriance before us; amongst which I observed one of the poppies, which had a beautiful effect. We this day commenced our readings. I began Joseph Andrews; the day, however, had become extremely hot, and made this less pleasant than otherwise. Mr. Fox was much amused by our book: and though we all subsequently agreed as to the vulgarity, a little too prevalent in Fielding's novels, yet his faithful and admirable paintings from human nature afforded us great

pleasure. The introduction of such an author upon our journey, when the monotony of a road, or part of the country, would otherwise have fatigued, was very agreeable. For my part, I enjoyed Mr. Fox's lively remarks on Fielding a great deal; and, as I never made obsequiousness to his opinions a part of my conduct, I dissented from him occasionally with perfect freedom; and so happy was his disposition, so entirely exempt from any kind of impatience, or assumption of superiority, that he relished conversation the more, and seemed better satisfied on finding that independence of opinion in his own small circle, which, in a narrow or larger sphere of life, gives the best zest to society.

At these times his conversation was playful, and natural in a high degree: and, as in all other things, the most minute touch of nature never escaped him. As Mrs. Fox's good-nature never allowed me to have an uneasy moment, and as she disdained to give superfluous trouble, we rattled along in a very pleasant manner, going through Billeul, an ugly town, and some other country towns, and, with the help of Joseph Andrews, found

not a weary moment. In most of these towns I observed the tree of liberty planted and growing. This memorial of the fury of late events recalled many unpleasant ideas. It stood as evidence of the weakness, and of the miseries of man, and shewed that when he aims at theoretic perfection, and legislates with the phrenzy of an innovator, his efforts for the melioration of his condition must all be futile. In most places the tree of liberty, though undisturbed, looked sickly; and as I cast a glance on its fading leaves, I could not but think of the sublime apostrophe made by liberty in her last agonies, by one of the very brightest of France's ornaments, in her revolutionary days, Madame Roland. Yet the excesses into which the French were driven, are not less entitled to pity than to blame: and I have often thought that those guilty and profligate governments, which have since affected to derive strength from this deplorable manifestation of the people's rage and extravagance, ought rather to have imbibed a salutary lesson, and have felt that the tremendous castigation which thus falls upon a government, is sooner or later the inevitable result of its own blind

misconduct: but men in power are seldom endowed with feelings liberal enough to do justice to the middle and lower classes of men, or they are too hypocritical to admit the truth. The exasperation of the multitude seldom exceeds the boundaries of law and order, till they feel convinced, that their complaints are unavailing; and the pressure of taxation co-operating, they rush forward, and if they do not justly correct their rulers, they at least afford a warning to posterity, that moderation best secures a government, and that corruption cannot withstand popular despair. Yet the faded tree of liberty filled me with sorrow. I sighed over the inevitable result of the revolution in France, arising from the preponderance of bad men and turbulent factions. The tree is faded, thought I, but the rights of man will endure for ever.. Dynasties may be erected, Generals become monarchs, the people be depressed, but liberty is enthroned in the heart of man, is the boon of his Creator, and the cloudless jewel of life. Liberty will revive, and when the despot sleeps beneath his pompous monument, will

bestow on millions precious gifts. As we approached Lisle, I shut Joseph Andrews, and a new scene opened before us.

CHAPTER V.

ON entering Lisle, a difference was very manifest between it and the towns and country we had lately passed. Every thing here was French. The people, the dresses, and manners were no longer Flemish. The town is large and handsome, though somewhat decayed, and the carved stone fronts of most of the houses in the great square have a very rich effect. It is said to have contained before the revolution 76,000 inhabitants, now, however, but 53,000. There were 3000 troops in it. I saw about twelve or fifteen exceeding good hackney coaches, but not one gentleman's carriage; and this is the more remarkable, because there were formerly not less than three hundred of the *noblesse* in it. This was one of the first striking effects of a revolution, which had cost so much blood. In the year 1802, that revolution having performed the various

changes in its eccentric course, approached its term. A new dynasty was then silently raising its head, and preparing, upon the improved and regenerate state, to erect one of the most imposing political superstructures that has ever appeared. The nobility in Lisle had disappeared, and, doubtless, when that order becomes so ridiculous and numerous as it had become under the latter Bourbons, it calls for reform and change; but the destruction of the privileged orders requires in time that it be replaced by some others.

Every possible attention was paid to Mr. Fox at Lisle; the municipal officers waited upon, and the inhabitants, and officers quartered there, vied with each other in politeness. He was invited on the day succeeding his arrival, to a publick dinner, given by the town, and, I believe, the garrison united, and consequently we remained a day longer than we had intended. On the morning of this day we saw the library and collection of pictures, neither of which are very remarkable: as also the Central School, at which are taught Drawing, Natural History, Mathematics, Physics, History, and Che-

mistry. These schools, which have national support, I understand are not popular, and none but the poorest people send their children to them. In matters of education it is often found, that where the government interferes, the intended object is not attained. The pride and the prejudices of the people act against them; and unless in the higher departments of education, where the system is good and under the immediate encouragement of the head of the government, instruction is deemed rather of an eleemosynary nature, and the dispensing it, as well as the general management, is apt to be converted into a job.

A pleasant incident occurred on the morning of our second day at Lisle. The waiter threw open the door of our apartment, announcing Lieutenant-general O'Mara. A large and fine figure of a man, in full regimentals, entered, and introduced himself to Mr. Fox. He was an Irishman, or rather of Irish extraction, having been born in France, and having served in the French armies since his earliest youth. He had naturally desired to see Mr. Fox, and hoped,

through his good offices, to be allowed a short time of leave to behold what he considered his native land. Reader, imagine that strength of feeling, that sympathy and yearning for one's country, which this brave officer felt!! He spoke a little English, and, what is singular, with an Irish [illegible]; and this was a peculiarity which, as I [illegible] assured, he showed in common with many other persons of Irish extraction, who had been born in, and had never been out of, France. Mr. Fox, with his usual complacency, remarked to the general, that I was his *compatriote*, when he instantly addressed a few words of the Irish or Celtic language to me. I was sorry I could not reply to him in the same. The general expressed the strongest desire to behold Ireland; he felt for it, as if all his friends were there, as if he recollected them, and wished to *re-visit* them. He was agreeable, and had that warmth and openness which distinguish the Irish so much in their manners, and which, accompanied by education, and softened by travelling, make Irish gentlemen inferior to none others in society. Mr. and

Mrs. Fox were much pleased and entertained by the general's visit, and I felt a peculiar sentiment of respect for this brave man, who, bred up in the midst of the most polished nation on the continent, and long used to the bustle of arms, yet remembered with veneration and affection the land of his ancestors, the Island whose name and story was still held in respect upon the continent of Europe.

At dinner time we repaired to a handsome building erected for public uses, and I now, for the first time, felt myself in French society. Every thing was pleasing, and certainly the inhabitants of Lisle appeared to me in a very advantageous point of view in giving this entertainment to Mr. Fox. There was an independent and voluntary air through the whole of it. After some conversation in the apartments below, we ascended to a large room, where a very elegant and plentiful dinner was tastefully arranged. I found myself placed beside my worthy *compatriot*, the general, who did not fail, in plying me with bumpers of various and excellent wines, to prove his kindness and his claim to the hospitable character of countryman.

After dinner the toasts were given with discharges of cannon, and were all of a conciliatory, pacific complexion. "Peace between the two great nations of Europe," was given, and there was evident throughout a wish to compliment the English, and a desire to mark an oblivion of all hostility between the two rival countries. It was a delightful moment! Every angry passion banished—the miseries the two nations had endured in a long period of vexatious and unnecessary war, were ascribed to ill councils of ministers, and to the heats and fury of the day—a reconciliation between two great families in society effected—the members of both, anxious to embrace and willing to forget—this, crowned by the inhabitants of one of the most celebrated towns on the continent giving a free, public, and affectionate mark of reverence and regard for the great statesman of England, the friend of peace, and advocate of the rights of mankind, was a happy and truly delicious hour. Such things seldom occur; but when they do, existence seems to acquire double value; or rather we then feel that happiness intended by the Creator,

but which is so perversely marred by the schemes of unfeeling politicians. The hilarity evinced by the inhabitants and military on this occasion, was in no degree affected. The relief which peace had brought, seemed to be strongly felt by every one; and the opportunity afforded by Mr. Fox's presence in that town, was hailed as a gracious and good omen for a long course of enjoyment of all those endearing and mutual good offices, between two great nations, which peace ensures, and which war had so long impeded.

In the evening a play was given in compliment to their guest, by the company at dinner. The hour of its commencement was the moment of our rising from the dinner-table. All then was animating. A French gentleman, taking me by the arm, conducted me to the theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Fox were already there. Free admission was given, of course, to all Mr. Fox's friends, and every *thing* was conducted in the most pleasing manner, and with the most marked and refined attention to their illustrious guest. When we had returned to our hotel,

the military band gave a most charming serenade.

The night was very fine, the musick very good, and the whole day had been so pleasurable and gratifying, that this additional and elegant compliment formed a conclusion very suitable to it. Mr. Fox received all these marks of deference and politeness, with that simple and unaffected manner usual to him, but by no means with insensibility. An ignorant spectator might have imagined that he was cold in his manner of receiving the flattering attentions of those who admired his character, but this was occasioned by the innate modesty of his nature, as I had more than once an opportunity of observing that he unwillingly ascribed to himself any of that merit of an extraordinary kind, which drew forth the admiration of others. This great man had no craving desire for popular applause, no hungering after praise; and I believe, if he found any thing distressing on public occasions, it was the demonstration of approbation, which an admiring audience bestowed upon him. Feeling, however, for

him all those sentiments of gratitude and attachment, which his character and great and amiable qualities inspired, I retired for the night, pleased, and charmed with the conduct of the inhabitants of Lisle; and not without some reflections upon the blindness of Englishmen, who too late were beginning to recognise the singular merit of Charles James Fox.

The next morning we set out on our way to Ghent; the country was still more superb, if I may use a French term, than that surrounding Cassel. A scene so rich was a continual source of wonder to us; all the land yielding immense crops; all the people appearing happy; and now seeming to labour beyond moderation.—The houses all good, comfortable, and well furnished. It was difficult to abstain a moment from looking upon this noble picture of plenty and happiness. Joseph Andrews was, however, resumed, and as the heat and dust became unpleasant, we occasionally let down the blinds, and our time glided pleasantly on. As we approached Ghent the appearance of the

country improved, and became still more beautiful: small farms, well enclosed, very pretty country-houses, and a good deal of wood in the midst of the golden harvest I have described, rendered the approach to Ghent quite delightful. We entered Ghent. It is a large and magnificent town. The houses are lofty and venerable, as well from the grandeur of their appearance, as from their antiquity. At the Inn where we stopped every thing was in this character. The spirit of departed greatness seemed to stalk through every room; every thing, too, looked larger than things in modern use. In a parlour on the ground floor, I observed a harpsichord, of huge size, with large clawed gilt feet and legs—the windows and doors were all of great dimensions, and the scenery was well adapted for that wild, yet captivating species of romance writing which, from Mrs. Radcliffe's pen, produced so much effect. In Ghent, too, Charles the fifth, that extraordinary character, uniting so many extremes in itself, was born and often resided. This gave very additional interest to this grand, though desolate town. There is a sort of

picturesque of the mind created, or at least aided by the imagination, which is amazingly heightened and vivified, by the remembrance of a great departed character; but if, in addition to the qualities ordinarily exciting admiration, an incident or trait of character, in unison with all the scenery presenting itself to the senses, is recollected, and if all the impressions be of the melancholy cast in a peculiar degree, nothing is wanting to make the effect complete. Who does not recollect the last sad scenes of Charles's life? Who can view without commiseration the weakness, and deplorable end of a monarch, whose arms and negotiations had pervaded and affected three quarters of the Globe? His abdication of the throne, however, never inspired me with respect. Disgusted, and satiated with power, Charles resigned what he had ceased to enjoy, and regretted the loss of what he fancied he had despised. He ensured no extension of happiness to his people, but consigned them to his son with indifference for their welfare, and with all the pride of a great proprietor, who, in the transfer he makes of his possessions, feels a

display of his own power. Irresponsible. Still Charles has claims upon our sympathy, —he was unfortunate—his health [illegible] come wretched—in the society of his son he had no pleasure—his views were thwarted by his brother—and he found himself at length in the decline of life with few or no friends—neglected, unhappy, and alone in a mercenary world. His religion, tinctured by the gloomy ideas of a wounded mind, did not afford him the consolation he had fondly expected. His great mistake was in supposing that he could be happy without occupation, or that the calm pursuits of secluded life could be enjoyed by a mind constituted and fashioned like his. [illegible]

Had Charles reserved these parts of Flanders and Ghent to himself, and employed his time in the active improvements of agriculture and manufacture, he would have been less miserable; but unfortunately, his health, already much broken, was rendered worse by the moist and changeable climate of these countries. Perhaps, even such occupation would have been insipid to a restless mind,

and in every situation the conclusion of Charles's life would have taught us how vain is the idea, that happiness is enjoyed by those who possess supreme power, and all its attendant perplexities. The intrusion of these reflections may, perhaps, be more readily pardoned, when it is considered of how different a character was the truly great man with whom I was then travelling. Mr. Fox, of transcendent abilities, and of a far superior tone of mind to Charles the 5th, possessed all those qualities which fitted him to enjoy a rural and philosophical life. Filled with no insatiable desire to dictate to others, but well appreciating the emptiness of rank and power, he rested alone, with full satisfaction, on the enjoyments of friendship, of literature, and of the country. Thus, what made other great men miserable, made him happy. Retirement was his season of joy. The lovely volume of nature, and its best transcript, true piety, were then his solace, and never-failing sources of delight. Charles in his monastery, and Fox at St. Anne's Hill, were contrasts of the most striking nature. The one solitary, gloomy,

and trifling, almost nauseating the existence conferred by his Creator, and chagrined at neglect which he ought to have expected and despised: the other the most affectionate of men, happy in his domestic circle, even improving his great capacity, by converse with every thing of departed genius—anxious for the welfare of his country, and of the world—thankful for every blessing of life, contented with a little—delighting in, and truly enjoying rural life—and totally unruffled by the ingratitude or neglect of man, whose opinions he disdained to consider worth a moment's thought. In fact, it is retirement which is the test of a truly great mind; and I may venture to assert, that none can deny that Mr. Fox bore it, and enjoyed it, in a manner nothing inferior to the highest characters of antiquity; and I can certainly testify, that no man could have less impatience for busy life, no man was more entirely or unaffectedly happy at home.

The *place d'armes* in Ghent is handsome: the Cathedral is grand, and ornamented to profusion; though, as its best pictures had been taken away by the French, there was a

great deficiency in some parts of it. The Abbey of St. Peter, a *ci-devant* church, was converted into a school of painting: we saw many pictures there, but no good ones. We visited at Ghent a very interesting and excellent establishment—the residence of the Beguines. These are religious females, about six hundred in number, who live very happily and respectably, and do every charitable office they can in the town. Their residence consists of a sort of square, and in its centre they have a very neat and handsome small church. Each Beguine has two neat apartments, and in general they live separately. I have seldom seen any thing more pleasing than this select religious establishment. The women were drest with great plainness and neatness; they seemed cheerful, obliging, and respectable to a great degree; were of the middle class, and in most of their apartments birds, flowers, and works of a tasteful kind were seen. I think that in Protestant countries there is a strong and unjust prejudice against such societies. What bond is so good to regulate, to unite, and to harmonize, as the Christian religion? and if

individuals choose to live a retired and tranquil life, suitable to their taste and character, —called for by past misfortunes, or rendered necessary for economical purposes, what unprejudiced person can refuse them respect and esteem? I was very much gratified at beholding so many amiable and happy females, whose countenances spoke tranquillity and benevolence, and whose little mansions were the abodes of peace, comfort, and decency. At GHENT the municipal officers waited on Mr. Fox, with every demonstration of respect.

On his remarking to the Prefect, that the farms near Ghent looked rich and beautiful, he observed, that the soil was not naturally good, "*tout est fait,*" said he, "*par l'industrie, and la patience de l'homme,*" for he added that almost all the soil was literally carried to these farms. This was certainly not only a proof of industry, but also of that great attention to agriculture which has so long, and justly, distinguished Flanders.

Ghent itself is a grand and affecting

monument of the great prosperity of this once independent, and most respectable people. This ancient capital of the Netherlands having lost its manufactures, has fallen into melancholy decay; but it manifests what a great agricultural country, with a due proportion of internal manufactures, may do, independent, or nearly independent, of foreign trade. I contemplated this respectable remain of Flemish grandeur with reverence and pity. I reviewed the long line of honest and patriotic characters who had once resided in it, and whose dust now slept within its walls; men, who from the time of the Romans, under Charlemagne, under the houses of Burgundy and Austria, had maintained the dignity of man, and his rights, both civil and religious: who had not been ambitious of conquest, but, satisfied with liberty, and solid comfort, had promoted the cultivation of a fertile and noble country, and derived their own wealth and happiness chiefly from that legitimate source of prosperity; who had lived contented with solid good, and despised external shew and empty fame; who had yielded just obedience to government, but resisted, steadily and courageous-

ly, all innovation and oppression. We paid to the manes of these patriots the sincere and warm homage of a heart attached to liberty, and little inclined to worship thrones, or languish in servile dependence upon ministers! Ghent, in the year 1802, was reviving in a small degree, and may recover some portion of its former grandeur; but, as it no longer possesses the constitution under which it, and the surrounding country, flourished for ages, a full restoration of its prosperity can never be expected, and, perhaps, the great progress of other countries in agriculture and manufactures, would forbid its ever attaining so great opulence in modern times.

Leaving Ghent on the day after our arrival there, we travelled through a continuation of the same rich and noble country as we had before seen. Every thing was in unison; farms, houses, cattle, harvest, a respectable and well-clad race of people, and no miserable mansion, no wretched family to distress the feelings, or shock the eye!

We found this day very hot; and as we were obliged to draw the blinds, Joseph Andrews

was resumed, and, in the course of our day's journey, finished. Towards evening we came in view of ANTWERP. Entering a flat and uninteresting country, we now bade farewel to that glorious scene which had so much and so long enchanted; where agriculture had showered down all her gifts, seconded by nature, and the long-enjoyed independence of the country. We had passed through the finest part of Flanders, in the time of harvest, and had, of course, seen it to the greatest advantage. The luxuriance and abundance were astonishing; immense fields of wheat, barley, and oats; tracts of potatoes, flax, hemp, beans, peas, and coleseed: some hops, fine clover, buck wheat, and madder, formed the principal crops, all good, and perfectly clean. In some parts good hedges, and a good deal of timber, were to be observed. Above all, and it cannot be too much dwelt upon, when it is considered of what it was the result, a numerous and happy population! And all this fine country acquired by France: this vast acquisition of strength to her Empire, conferred on her by the blunders, and the blind fury of the allied powers. No consequence of the fatal sys-

tem of threatening the very existence of France, as a nation, among many lamentable ones, has been more injurious than that of the annexation of the Netherlands to that power. The fertility of the soil, and excellence of its agriculture; the value of an orderly, domestic people as good subjects; the convenience of its situation, as well as the diminution of power, in the state which had so long governed it; all contributed to make this acquisition the most desirable to France, and far preferable to distant conquests of treble the territory. The secretary of the Portuguese minister informed us, too, that the country along the Rhine about Coblentz was nothing inferior, in riches, population, and agriculture, to that which we had seen.

It is not very surprizing that France, thus early strengthened and enriched, made so formidable a figure against the allies; subsequently, too, she fought upon their territories, thus growing richer and more warlike in every battle, whilst they carried on war at an immense expense, without any definable or tangible object. Since we left Cassel, we found the weather extremely hot; but as it was very advantageous for the harvest of the

good and industrious Flemings, we did not repine : in general the climate resembles that of England.

The evening fell fast, and night approached as we arrived on the banks of the Scheld, opposite Antwerp. The moon had risen, and as the river is nearly a mile broad here, the town formed a fine appearance on the opposite shore. Our passage was very pleasing. The lofty buildings and spires of Antwerp seemed to rise from the waters. The waters trembled as they lightly swelled beneath the placid moon. I got to the head of the boat, and gave myself up to a crowd of thoughts. The great city we were approaching had undergone the several vicissitudes of fortune, and, depending totally upon external commerce, had sunk under its loss. I shall see another great town, thought I ! another memorial of the fallacy of human grandeur ! I shall see the remains of human industry and power ! ||| The boat stole across the river, and at nine o'clock we landed. The gates were shut, and we found a slight difficulty in getting admittance,

which was soon obviated. The next morning, much as I had admired the respectable and grand appearance of Ghent, I was filled with astonishment at the superb streets and houses which offered themselves to my eyes; both were in just proportion to each other—the streets wide and very long, and the houses having, in the best parts of the town, the aspect of palaces. The folding doors and large windows, the lofty and antique air of these mansions, and the regularity of this great and once most populous city, were very imposing to English eyes.

Antwerp was, however, as well as Ghent, a striking exhibition of fallen grandeur. The streets were silent, and grass grew in many parts: the busy stir of man was wanting to animate this immense collection of buildings: no roll of carriages manifested the opulence and luxury of the inhabitants, the sound of the human voice was little heard, and those animals attendant on man were not seen. The women, wearing long pieces of black stuff, thrown round their shoulders as a scarf, made a singular appearance, and Mr. Fox noticed it to me as

such, and intimated that it had always been the dress: it has a disagreeable effect; but the custom has its origin, doubtless, from a long period back. As the Scheld, however, was just opened, there were some symptoms of reviving commerce, and Antwerp has, most probably, ere now, assumed a lively appearance; although it will require a long time to restore the population, and give energy to the whole mass of this deserted but magnificent city. The municipal officers waited on Mr. Fox, and we passed the day very agreeably in seeing every thing deserving of attention at Antwerp; but these are too well known to require full enumeration. The Cathedral is very fine. We saw three good collections of pictures, and the academy of paintings. The French carried away Reuben's best pictures from hence, but two very fine ones have been returned. We did not see the citadel, which we understood was in a good state. The idea of building ships and restoring the French marine, at Antwerp, though in its infancy when we rested there, was, however, strong and prevalent.

If my readers can pardon the introduction of trifles, and my classical ones imagine the delight I felt at reading passages of the Æneid of Virgil with Mr. Fox, they will excuse my mention of another little course of reading on this short tour, on account of the valued name of him, unhappily for the world, no more. I had begun the Æneid at St. Anne's Hill previous to our setting out, and had advanced a good way in it before we set off. I continued my reading as opportunity allowed, and Mr. Fox never received greater pleasure than when I ventured to point out passages which pleased me. Of Virgil's Æneid he was a true admirer; and the tincture of melancholy which he thought ran through his work, was by no means displeasing to him. At Antwerp we finished the 8th book of the Æneid. Of all the passages relating to Evander and his son, Mr. Fox was very fond. The affectionate appeal to Heaven of the anxious father we read together with mutual interest.

At vos, ô superi et divûm tu maxime rector
Jupiter, Arcadii quæso miserescite regis,
Et patrias audite preces : si numina vestra

Incolumen Pallanta mihi, si fata reservant,
Si visurus eum vivo, et venturus in unum ;
Vitam oro : patiar quemvis durare laborem.
Sin aliquem infandum casum, fortuna, minaris ;
Nunc ô, nunc liceat, crudelem abrumpere vitam,
Dum curæ ambiguæ, dum spes incerta futuri,
Dum te, care puer, mea sera et sola voluptas,
Complexu teneo : gravior ne nuntius aures
Vulneret."

This passage, and the fine ending of the 8th book, charmed some of our moments at Antwerp ; where, as we staid an entire day, and it was extremely hot, I got through the 9th book of the Æneid also, having the same kind and enlightened commentator to refer to. The inimitable episodes of Nisus and Euryalus gave us great and renewed pleasure. The melancholy lamentation of the mother of Euryalus I have before me, marked as it was read at Antwerp.

" Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio ? tune illa senectæ
Sera meæ requies potuisti linquere solam,
Crudelis ? nec te, sub tanta, pericula missum,
Affari extremum miseræ data copia matri ?
Heu terrâ ignotâ canibus data præda Latinis
Alitibusque jaces ! nec te tua funera mater
Produxi, pressive oculos, aut vulnera lavi,
Veste tegens ; tibi quam noctes festina diesque
Urgebam, et telâ curas solabar aniles !

Quò sequar? aut quæ nunc artus avulsaque membra
Et funus lacerum tellus habet? hoc mihi de te,
Nate, refers? hoc sum terrâque marique secuta?
Figite me, si qua est pietas: in me omnia tela
Conjicite, ô Rutuli! me primam absumite ferro.
Aut tu, magne pater divûm, miserere, tuoque
Invisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo:
Quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere vitam."

The tenderness of Mr. Fox's heart manifested itself by his always dwelling, in poetry, with peculiar pleasure upon domestic and affecting traits of character, when happily pourtrayed by the author. The choice I had made of the Æneid proved most gratifying to myself, and was agreeable to Mr. Fox. Perhaps, when the malevolent and ignorant supposed this great man preparing to pay his court to the first Consul of France, he was then, with genuine feeling, examining some beauty in the Æneid, and adding to its lustre by his own remarks. One cannot forget such things, where such a man was an actor. Antwerp remains impressed on my memory; but it is Antwerp with Mr. Fox in it, dilating with warmth upon the amiable and engaging character of Evander, enjoying Virgil with all the warmth of a young ingenuous mind.

and not disdaining to listen to the opinions, and to enter indulgently into the feelings of one, every way his inferior, and far removed in regard both to age and rank.

My readers will, in the concluding pages of this work, observe, that this classical taste and fondness for the tender parts of the Æneid, endured to the closing moments of Mr. Fox's life. In all this kind of devotion to poetry in him, there was not a glimpse of vanity perceptible, although his memory and discrimination had made him master of all the best of the ancient and modern poets, so as to be superior to most men in conversing upon, and examining their merits; yet he would sometimes appear to be instructed, and listen with satisfaction to remarks of little value! The subject he liked at all times, and if it were not treated with much ability or knowledge, still he respected the wish in another to understand, and discover the beauties of those charming poets, whose works afford so rich a source of amusement and improvement to mankind. Where there was but a latent gem of taste,

Mr. Fox loved to encourage and to foster it, by example and approbation, into growth and expansion. The heart-rending tale of Nisus and Euryalus, obliterated, in no disagreeable manner, the reflections I had been making upon the past and present state of Antwerp. In pointing out to Mr. Fox the abandonment of the mother of Euryalus to despair, I was quite gratified to find that he admired the passage as I did; and I was not at all ashamed of the tears which fell for the fate of Euryalus, and my forgetfulness of the great and pompous city in the middle of which I then was.

I could not, however, bid adieu to Antwerp, without regretting that this beautiful city had so long suffered from the policy of commercial greediness. If I may be allowed to designate Ghent as the inland capital, and Antwerp as the maritime one of the old Netherlands, one can never testify sufficient admiration at these stupendous erections of a respectable and independent people, or sufficient regret at their degradation and decay: neither possess, now, much more than a quarter of their ancient population; and, as

independent cities, they are never destined to rise again. Such are the vicissitudes of states, and small ones more especially are liable to great and improbable changes.

As we descended the stair-case of our lofty, and princely inn, I closed the Æneid, and we proceeded on our journey towards Holland. We now travelled through a flat and disagreeable country: the golden plains of Austrian Flanders no longer waved before us; and as we advanced, the way became less and less pleasing. Every thing was now quickly growing Dutch; the dress of the people, the dull flatness of the country, announced a great change. It was curious, nevertheless, to hear, as we did, from our postillions, that we were still, though a considerable way beyond Antwerp, in the *territory of France!*

This enormous extension of territory could not fail to surprize, because, however well things are understood upon paper, if we are inclined to diminish an evil, or to deny its existence, we delude our minds into an oblivion of circumstances and facts, and often proceed, by new errors, to wipe away

the stinging remembrance of former ones. But France stretching beyond Antwerp—the independence of Holland become a vain and illusory idea,—was melancholy knowledge forced upon one with ocular demonstration, and proof, presented to English eyes, of the extent and existence of an evil, now irreparable, and which no ministerial declamation can palliate or cure. Mr. Fox himself could not refrain from a smile, and his look was not a little expressive, when, beyond Antwerp, we were told it was still France. However he might regret the vast increase of French territory, his conscience was, at least, free from all weight: he had in no manner been accessary in goading on France to madness, and in inflaming her with the retaliating spirit of conquest. His simple and early, though much-condemned proposal of acknowledging the French republic, if acceded to, in the British Parliament, would most probably have prevented not only the annexation of Belgium to France, but have secured the integrity and independence of Holland, saved other states which have since fallen, and confined France to her ancient

boundaries, instead of her becoming a great military empire, consolidating itself every year of war, and still threatening Europe, whether that war continues or peace interposes.

Mr. Fox would have allowed that political effervescence which agitated France time to evaporate, and, paying due respect to the feelings of a great nation, would wisely have abstained from exasperating them at the critical moment of its regeneration.

We entered Dutch Brabant on leaving the French territory. The roads became heavy and sandy, and the country quite uninteresting. We now had recourse to Tom Jones, and I read a great deal of that excellent work aloud on our way to Breda. Mr. Fox enjoyed it very much. Few works, indeed, have more original merit; and although there may be coarseness and indelicacy in some parts, which Fielding's cast of genius is rather too much inclined to, yet his faithful painting from nature always gives new and increasing pleasure. Certainly, we were much indebted to him during our fatiguing journey through the sands on the

way to Breda, where, at night, we were extremely glad to arrive, as the day's journey had been much less agreeable than any since we had left Calais. We rested at a remarkably comfortable and good inn, where a neat supper, and some well-made pancakes refreshed our happy little party. Breda is a handsome town: the gardens attached to the chateau of the Prince of Orange are pretty; the ramparts and fortifications are in perfect repair. The church is large and plain, but contains a fine monument of Count Englebert, by Michael Angelo. The Count is represented as having died of a consumption, and that fatal disorder is admirably, and but too faithfully, delineated by a great master's hand. It is a *chef d'œuvre* in its way; but as such a work could only excite anguish and pain in the breasts of relatives, and horror in ordinary spectators, I cannot applaud the idea, although this direful spectacle extorted from me much admiration for its execution. The church itself looked cold and cheerless, and had neither pictures nor ornaments of any kind. This of itself denoted a different religion

from that of the Flemings. The Calvinist being the prevailing one in Holland, we were here first apprised of the variation at Breda, from the Roman Catholic worship of the Flemings. Without pronouncing upon the long-contested points between the ancient Catholic, and the modern or reformed religion, I cannot help expressing the idea, that ornament, and the fine productions of the pencil, have a pleasing and natural effect, in places of worship, where human beings adore their Creator. It is a tribute of respect and affection to the Deity, raises the mind, and frequently recals it to sacred things. The church at Breda was large, but looked so naked and melancholy, that I was glad when we left it; especially as the noble Michael Angelo's sculpture imparted ideas of the most dismal nature.

Breda is remarkable as the residence of the English exiled monarch Charles II. I viewed it with no respect on that account. Charles is one of the instances of men whom adversity may render cunning, but not moderate and good. He avoided the harsh

extremes of his father, and the foolish bigotry of his brother, but his principles were worse than those of either. His agreeable, and it has been said, captivating, manners, rendered him a more dangerous enemy to the rights of the people. The amiable and accomplished gentleman was thought incapable of deep designs, and his love of pleasure led him to be imagined the gay friend of cheerfulness and conviviality in society, and averse to cruelty and severity. His reign was, however, more dangerous to Liberty, as well as to Morals, than that of any other since the Constitution had assumed shape and consistency. He attacked both by sap, and the mine, and had he lived twenty years longer, the English nation would have found it difficult to elude his arts, and preserve their long-disputed liberties. The deserted gardens of the Prince of Orange (ci-devant Stadtholder) gave me another lesson on the fallacy and unsteadiness of human grandeur. The Stadtholder, in residing in England, had abandoned his high station, which a truly great man would have preserved, or fallen, gloriously resisting the in-

cursions of the French. Leaving Breda, we soon entered Holland, having crossed some small rivers, and the Maese, a fine and broad one. Gorchum is a pretty little Dutch town, and from thence to Vienne hemp was much cultivated. Having passed the Lech, a beautiful river, we began to approach Utrecht.

The appearance of Holland, that creation of liberty, industry, and commerce, though a flat country, and quite destitute of the picturesque, is, however, most pleasing to any person of reflection and benevolence. Destitute of almost every natural advantage, the art and courage of man have nearly obviated every difficulty, and supplied every want. An humble and contented air was spread through the cottages and farms; neatness and comfort reigned in them; tranquillity is the characteristic of a Dutchman's residence, and his enjoyment, if not great, is unalloyed.

I cannot quite accede to the poet's description of Holland.

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" Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And Industry begets a love of gain;
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty is barter'd here!"

Commerce, when carried to excess, like most other pursuits of man, becomes pernicious, and productive of ill consequences; particular instances, too, of avaricious and unfeeling characters engaged in it, may lead to an unfavourable opinion of commerce itself; but if any one were disposed to deny its amazingly beneficial effects he has but to look at Holland to be convinced that he is wrong. Without it, the Dutch could not have achieved or maintained their independence: they did not possess fertile land, similar to their neighbours, nor was their population great. Industry and naval pre-eminence were the only pillars upon which they could rest securely, and commerce supplied them.

As we began to approach the city of

Utretcht by a noble canal, a new scene began to present itself. On every side country-houses, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, not inferior to those delightful ones which for so many miles ornament the banks of the Thames, adorned this canal. I was pleasingly surprized to behold so much rural elegance in these Dutch villas. Very pretty summer-houses, belonging to each, were placed on the edge of the canal; and these were the favorite places for the families to enjoy themselves in their sedate way. Smoking, cards, and a moderate share of refreshment and drink, gave them all they seemed to desire. We heard no music. The clear and almost unruffled water of the canal seemed fearful to disturb the general calm. Beautiful and lofty trees ornamented many places, yet few birds were heard or seen. It almost appeared a tranquillity bordering upon stagnation; and yet it was a rich and very charming scene. I would willingly have considered these retreats as the rewards of long and patient industry, the prize of toil for independence, or the asylum of naval heroes enjoying repose after a life of warfare and

peril; but the changed condition of Holland unpleasingly obtruded itself upon my mind; and imagination, yielding to reality, was forced to view these noble villas as the habitations of a subjugated race of men—rich, perhaps, but no longer free—independent as merchants, but as citizens, slaves!

Utrecht is a very handsome, large town, and the entrance by the canal very noble. We found it extremely hot in the boat, which is the only objection to this easy and agreeable mode of travelling at this time of year. Tom Jones was not forgotten; and, indeed, a book is peculiarly requisite in such a voyage, and in such scenery: there is so much monotony in both, that in a warm day, the drowsy God would assert his rights in a very irresistible manner, were it not for a lively and entertaining work. To Tom Jones we were accordingly very grateful; and I was quite willing to have the bloody noses and vulgar broils introduced, as a relief to the surrounding torpor. The heat became so great, however, that we were very glad to arrive at the inn in Utretcht. The

approach to this town is very noble; the surrounding villas, the great beauty of the canal, whose waters are as clear as the purest river, and the air of riches and population, make it worthy of every praise. I recollect at Utrecht that as Mr. Fox was not quite satisfied about the direction of one of the principal streets, he and I examined the way, although it was late, and he was oppressed by the heat of the weather, and, after much fatigue in walking, we ascertained the termination of the street which had started the doubt.

What is trivial would in most cases be better omitted; but at that time I was much struck with the desire evinced by Mr. Fox, which was of acquiring accurate knowledge, strongly proved at the expence of a long walk, and in weather which was inconveniently oppressive. At all times I observed in him the same anxiety to ascertain, and, though in general his observations and knowledge made him much at his ease upon all subjects, yet if he *doubted*, he never relaxed in his enquiries, till he had

satisfied himself. He manifested more pleasure in our journey through the Netherlands than in Holland. In the former the agriculture, the country, and the people, pleased him highly: in the latter, his curiosity was more gratified than his taste.

We left Utrecht next morning, after seeing some superb gardens, ornamented with a profusion of grottos, busts, statues, and shell work, and pursued our way by water to Amsterdam. As we went by water, and the day was extremely hot, we found much inconvenience from the weather. Our book was resumed, and the natural descriptions of Fielding again enlivened our moments. In the whole way from Utrecht to Amsterdam, country houses, and gardens, displayed their beauties on each side; and the neighbourhood of a great capital was manifested by the number of villas becoming greater, and by an air of animation and bustle appearing every where. The canal, too, began to widen very much: different small canals poured in on every side; the water grew quite alive with boats, and the spires,

and lofty buildings of Amsterdam, terminating the view along the canal, formed a grand appearance. I never beheld a more pleasing scene: every boat was managed with dexterity; the various produce of the farm was on its way to market; many females were in the boats, giving that charm to the scene which always heightens, and without which every landscape is dull.

Every symptom appeared of a great and industrious population; and from what we saw as we approached this great hive of human industry, we were prepared to expect an extraordinary spectacle upon our arrival: nor were we disappointed. Amsterdam is a noble and populous city, and pre-eminent, I believe, above all others, for the general diffusion of employment, and the total absence of misery or want. Here is the triumph of man, I could scarcely avoid exclaiming!—and of independent man!—of men once styled, by a proud and unfeeling court, beggars! Liberty pursued to these marshes, raised her standard amidst the waters, and, defying the tyrant who threatened her

from the shores of Spain, gave safety to a wretched people, and the noble city of Amsterdam for their capital.

I could not have imagined a more perfect scene of human occupation and comfort; the equality of station, and the competency enjoyed by all, afforded that true idea of social perfection which theorists have written and talked so much of; but which few countries have realized in modern times. The distinctions of an aristocratic noblesse, and a miserable populace, did not offend the eye. The youth who studies, and the man who thinks, possess defective notions regarding states, and forms of government, until they travel. The republics of Greece and Rome are well known in history, but their glories and their defects are no more to be discerned by the eye of the vigilant observer. The ruins of architecture speak their past magnificence, and books tell us of their excellencies: but the living volume is no longer open to our perusal! Their grandeur is the dream of past days, and liberty has fled from those her once-favourite haunts. Holland still exhibits the

features, and happy effects, of rational republicanism. It will take a long time to obliterate them. The form and movement imparted to society, so congenial to the dispositions of the inhabitants, will long endure. A wise government, which does not shock their prejudices, or change their habits and municipal regulations, may extract from them essential services.

When we visited Holland, in 1802, French dominion was very visible, owing to the introduction of a French military force every where; but though the Dutch grumbled and repined, their industry was not impeded, and no partial encouragement, or depression of sex or classes, created any of that most intolerable of servitudes, the submission of a large portion of society to a few, who administered foreign power to their own countrymen! It would be quite superfluous in me to mention the magnificent pile of the Stadt-house, and several fine collections of pictures which we saw at Amsterdam. The Bank is well known, as having long enjoyed the most unbounded and well-merited con-

fidence. Where the treasures once deposited there have fled, is not exactly to be ascertained; but, like those of other Banks, I believe they no longer exist. For a long time that admirable institution increased the powers of the Dutch Republic, and added to the respect paid to it by other nations. Other times, and other modes of finance and government, have succeeded; but the good old times of confidence, founded upon the accumulation of solid treasures, and a frugal and cautious expenditure of public money, have departed from this commercial republic.

As the heat was excessive, and the number of canals in Amsterdam are disagreeable in the middle of summer, we stopt but one night in that city. Its population is estimated at 250,000. A pleasant drive along the road to Haarlem, was very acceptable after the heat we had endured. We had intended passing into North Holland, where we were informed the primitive dress and manners of the old inhabitants were still preserved: but as Mr. Fox desired to reach Paris without more delay, we did not make the excursion.

I had now travelled through the Netherlands to Amsterdam, with Mr. Fox, and during the whole period had never perceived a shadow of irritation or gloom upon his temper. Our journey had been every way delightful. The variety of scenery through which we had passed, the mixture of reading and conversation, and the gratification of travelling with such a character as Mr. Fox, produced a state of mind not easily conceivable in a young man, who, for the first time, had been abroad. Best and most benevolent of men!—do I trace these pages, and do thy cold remains sleep in the dust!—I may travel, but never can the charm of thy conversation, the playfulness and originality of thy remarks, thy happy temper and benign disposition, make me forget objects around, for the most fascinating purposes of contemplating the various excellencies of such a character as thine! The world, however gay; fresh novelties, however striking; could never please as they once did! Where could I find thy friendly remarks, where that tender and noble heart, which made every step agreeable, and almost compelled me to forget

the grand elevation of thy character; the great inferiority of my own!

The Netherlands present all the glories of agriculture to the pleased traveller, (if he be a man of sensibility, the most gratifying of all prospects,)—an industrious, agricultural, and contented people, all enjoying comfort, and peacefully following their labours.—Holland will offer to the astonished eye an industrious and immense population, animating a flat and productive country; and, by their wonderful industry and perseverance, conquering the land from the all-powerful sea, preserving their acquisition, and in spite of ambitious neighbours and oppressive taxation, still undestroyed,—and, though loaded and depressed, still respectable, populous, and active.

But those eyes which, when I travelled through these countries were opened with such vivid pleasure to contemplate human prosperity and happiness, no longer beam with life!—These countries can never delight me as they once did. Were I to journey through them again, friendship would assert

all its rights; I should seek every where for him I had lost—I should call upon his name —and carrying with me a mournful and wounded spirit, I should find no consolation in the grandeur of cities—no relief from the beauties of nature, or the wonderful works of industrious man!

Our journey to Haarlem was extremely pleasant along the road which ran by the banks of the canal. Dutch travelling is very agreeable for summer, and the horses went at a good pace. Midway, between Amsterdam and Haarlem, we passed a very narrow neck of land, having the Haarlem Meer on the left, and the Z', ow on the right, and drove along the banks of another canal, till we arrived at Haarlem. This is a large and handsome town, and, as all the Dutch towns are, is neat, comfortable, well built, and well paved. They are all clean, and there is nothing of an unpleasant nature in any to be seen. The church is very large, and the famous organ is worthy of every traveller's attention. The number of stops is great, and their power . and tone, quite astonishing.

At Haarlem was born and lived Laurentius Coştar, the supposed inventor of printing. We were informed that specimens of his interesting and noble discovery were preserved in the town-house ; but upon enquiry we found that the person in whose charge they were was absent. Mr. Fox manifested very great anxiety to see these specimens of an infant art which had conferred such signal benefit on mankind ! We waited a considerable time, walked about, sent repeatedly, and were as often disappointed. Mr. Fox very unwillingly (and I had not seen him more interested upon the whole journey) stepped into the boat, which waited to convey us to Leyden. I went myself with reluctance. I conceived that homage was due from us to this divine invention, and that the subjects of a free constitution were required, above all others, to reverence and respect those elementary materials of the great art, the parent of liberty in modern times, and diffuser of all those works of genius and amusement, which civilize society, and add so much to domestic pleasures. I regretted, as the boat moved on, that we had

not remained longer. I now regret it more, as I shall never look upon these precious relics in the presence of him whose manly efforts, in favour of liberty, were seconded and diffused so powerfully by that art in its perfection, which Costar had either invented or had in its infancy improved and advanced!

Having set out thus disappointed, we glided on, through a flat and poor-looking country, on our way to Leyden. I perceived, as we passed on, that the cows were all black, or black and white, in Holland, without exception; the horses good and handsome; but the pigs of a most miserable appearance. Of sheep we saw few, and those we did were indifferent. The use of wooden shoes is very prevalent. There is certainly nothing of elegance in the general appearance of the Dutch; but among the women there is much neatness. The young girls are very fair, and of a very engaging appearance: they are even handsome when quite young, but soon lose the light and charming air of youth, and their beauty degenerates into insipid fairness. Nevertheless, in a moral and phy-

sical view, there is an air of tranquillity and complacency, through the whole landscape, of a very pleasing nature. The great family of the Nation, appears united and affectionate. Parents are kind and gentle to their children, and no where did I observe severity used to them. The men or boys nurse the children, too, almost as much as the women. The excesses of passion, the loud broil, or the horrors of intoxication, do not disgrace the picture. The Dutch family quietly enjoy that regular and calm happiness, which their ancestors have bequeathed to them. Order, that first blessing of society, reigns throughout. If they do not possess all the more elegant or exquisite pleasures of refined life, they have none of its pains or anguish. Holland is not the country for a poet, or for a person fond of sublime or picturesque scenery: a mind of sensibility would here languish for want of excitement, and for objects of admiration; but rational, moderate-minded men, may pass a very easy and satisfactory life. The duration of ease and exemption from any thing unpleasant, would, perhaps, compensate for the absence of greater joys.

At all events, Holland is a happy asylum for age. It suits that period of life in an eminent degree; and did the climate favour its feebleness or ailments, equally as its placid manners, and limited pursuits, Holland would be a most desirable spot in which to rock "the cradle of declining age."

In another point of view, it is a highly instructive scene—a lesson for Nations who are oppressed, and a guide to statesmen. It demonstrates that the people, not the soil, constitute the wealth of Nations. It has been proved in Holland, and the evidence is yet before us, that a number of brave men, determined to be free, can *create* a country for themselves. The sweets of independence impart vigour to the mind. Home unmolested by tyrants, was a spot which, even in the marshes of Holland, became endeared to its possessor. Freemen daily improved it--fenced, cultivated, and adorned it, until this little paradise bloomed on their labours, and gave them pleasure and happiness, as it before had yielded them safety. A colony of men, of vigorous and independent minds, can, there-

fore, at any time, and in any place, constitute a free and happy state; if they be unanimously determined to obtain independence, or to die. The Belgians colonized the marshes of Holland; they fought with invincible courage; and they laboured with equal industry. A haughty court could not justly calculate to what degree such men could carry resistance. It estimated them as common men, without grand and sublime incentives, and it was baffled and deceived. The vicinity of powerful neighbours, the disadvantages of nature, and the smallness of their numbers, did not daunt them. What stronger example can be afforded of the truth of the position just laid down? and who is there that would not prefer dying in the marshes of such a country, rather than languish under despotism, and feebly prolong the existence of a slave?

The country approaching to Leyden is flat and poor-looking land: as we advanced nothing interesting appeared, and Tom Jones became again our source of amusement. The animation of this capital work never

flags: we were always more and more amused by it. Every one had read it before, but every one enjoyed it more than formerly. I do not know but the reading such a work, in the midst of sedateness and still-life, gave it a greater zest. We closed it reluctantly on entering Leyden. This is a large and handsome town, though apparently decaying: it is intersected with canals, and the Rhine runs through it. The front of the Town-house is of a noble appearance. The library is large and good, and contains, among others, a fine portrait of Erasmus.

As we turned our steps towards the Hague, our tour through Holland drew towards a termination. The approach to that justly-celebrated town is distinguished by numerous and handsome villas, ornamenting the banks of the canal. As we entered the Hague, the moon lighted us on our way, and the quiet waters of the canal murmured as we glided gently along. We had now arrived at the once-celebrated seat of government in Holland. Often had it been the

focus of negotiations, where the greatest characters had been assembled, and the voice of the United States then ranked with that of kingdoms and empires. The illustrious house of Orange, (illustrious as long as they felt and fought for their country like patriots and brave men) long had held here its merited pre-eminence.

The Hague was also rendered interesting by the long residence of Sir William Temple. That able statesman has, perhaps, been exceeded by few in the walks of public or private life. Unable to stem the tide of baseness in the profligate reign of Charles the IId. he retired very early from public life, carrying with him the esteem of a sovereign, who venerated the man whose councils he had not virtue enough to follow, the approbation of the English nation, the respect of foreign nations, and the regard of the Hollanders. Early withdrawing from public life, he devoted his time to literature, his gardens, and his family; and left behind him an example for statesmen, rarely followed, but ever to be admired. The morning suc-

ceeding our arrival at the Hague gave us an agreeable surprize. That village, as it is called, but much rather that beautiful town, strikes the traveller's eye, in Holland, in a most agreeable manner. It is elegant and airy, although in a flat country; the trees, the houses, and canals, have all a light effect, and one sees evident marks of this place having been the residence of people of rank, taste, and elegance. A noble wood, of fine beech and oak trees, skirts the town. It is here of peculiar beauty, nature being little controlled, or moulded in any part of it, and the trees being of good size, very much heightens and enhances its beauties. Wood is the only thing in Holland which interposes itself to relieve the universal monotony of level ground, canals, and towns. The drive through it to the Maison de Bois is very charming. That palace, which belonged to the House of Orange, is not remarkable for beauty or situation. It was in very good order, and contained some good pictures. The plainness and moderation of this palace, formerly inhabited by the head of the government,

suited the character of the Nation. The brother of the French Emperor had not then possessed it. It was silent and dull. We left it to drive through the wood, which, with its natural charms, repaid us for the ennui of traversing through empty state apartments.

Mr. Fox was very much pleased with the Hague, and with this wood, which received admiration from us all. We looked at Monsieur Fagel's palace, near it, which is pretty, though a little out of order, and we drove to Scheveling, on the sea shore. Great numbers of large boats were arriving, and the picture was a lively and original one. The Dutch seamen, with their huge boots, seemed formed to live in, as well as upon, the Sea; and when they got into the water, to get out their fish, and pull in their boats, they appeared in their proper element. It is a long, sandy beach at Scheveling. Here the Stadtholder embarked when he fled. I believe Holland suffered nothing from his abdication: but when I stood on the shore, I could not refrain from despising the man who flies when his country is in danger, unless it be that he

has governed it ill, and fears the just resentment of his countrymen; in which case I should have been glad to have assisted him into his boat. I have no compassion for suffering royalty where its own crimes and misdemeanors bring exile or flight upon its head. Least of all should I have it for the person, who governed the Dutch ill: a people so orderly, so moral, and regular; whose domestic life is an example for government, and, if followed, must ensure success, very little deserved to be mal-treated by any sort of mal-administration, whether touching affairs at home or abroad. I cannot conceive that a good man could have occasion to fly from such a nation; if a bad one felt that it was expedient and necessary to depart, there seemed an acquittance between both parties, and the head of government to obtain a reasonable measure of lenity. We saw one picture, however, at the Hague, which, as it must fill any person with horror who views it, must derogate a good deal from my praises of Dutch moderation and calmness—I allude to the massacre of the De Witts.

The death of these excellent men, and

true patriots, is but too faithfully depicted in a small picture at the Maison de Bois. It excited great disgust in Mr. Fox, and with great reason; nor can I now allow myself to particularize a subject which yet gives me pain. Without justifying the mistaken fury of the populace on this melancholy occasion, one can only say, that if such tremendous excess can be at all palliated, it is where a brave and free people have reason to apprehend an insidious attack upon their liberties. Amongst a thousand instances, this is one which deserves notice, of Mr. Fox's admirable force of mind, equally reprobating the direful rage of the populace, as the vindictive cruelty of a tyrant. It was quite distressing to him to speak upon the catastrophe of the De Witts. His countenance was full of horror at sight of the memorable picture, and the soul of the sorrowing patriot spoke melancholy things, in his countenance, at the moment. There was, in truth, nothing more remarkable in this great man, than an extreme tenderness of nature, which powerfully impelled him to abhor, and to avoid, every thing cruel and sangui-

nary; whilst there was also a decision and grandeur of mind in him, prompting the boldest resolves, and most instantaneous modes of action. Mr. Fox's disposition taught him to govern at home with parental mildness, and always to conciliate and encourage, rather than terrify; his genius led him to chuse the grandest measures, in foreign politics, and to make war short, by making it decided. How can one forbear adverting to the senseless clamour, and malignant calumnies, which for a long time, at home, depicted such a character as an incendiary, and a lover of tumult and insurrection? How active was the system, early established in this reign, to represent Mr. Fox as a needy revolutionist, who would smile at the overthrow of the throne, and look with indifference upon torrents of blood. How lamentable that the upholders of that system achieved their purpose, and accomplished their mercenary end at the expense of a great and deluded nation! How much more likely, that they would have equalled the fury of the Hollanders against the De Witts, if their spoils had been inva-

ded, than that the mild spirit of Fox would have sanctioned insubordination, or looked with unconcern upon blood and massacre. We spent a most happy day at the Hague. The weather was fine, and not too hot; the wood was quite captivating to us, and the drive to Scheveling, between rows of fine trees, very agreeable. Certainly, there was nothing lively at the Hague; and, as the seat of government, it was changed: indeed, all was devoid of interest on that point; and I apprehend that future travellers must, as I did, recur to history, and appeal to their own imaginations, when passing through Holland hereafter, to give it interest to their minds; for it appears to have sunk under a domination too powerful, and too contiguous, to escape from. The want of political objects, I was able very agreeably to supply, by continuing my reading of the Æneid. In this Mr. Fox joined with undiminished pleasure, and here we read the 10th book: he marked, and repeated with much feeling, more than once, the passage,

"———— Pallas, Evander in ipsis
Omnia sunt oculis," &c. &c.

I rather think that the characters of Evander and Pallas were his favourite ones, (although I must include that of Dido.) Whoever reads with attention the 8th book of the Æneid, I mean the attention of a man of feeling, not the cold examination of a poring scholar, will allow that his partiality was very justly bestowed. Nothing can be more happily conceived, or more beautifully described, than the entrance of Æneas into the Tyber. The simplicity and dignity of Evander's character, with great reason, attracted Mr. Fox's attention; his manner of reply,

"Tum sic pauca refert: Ut te, fortissime Teucrûm,
Accipio agnoscoque libens!" &c. &c.

His hospitality, so generous and easy, his peculiar frankness and exemption from all disguise, naturally pleased him.

There is nothing more elegant than the complimentary invitation of Evander to Æneas, where he alludes to Hercules; nothing more worthy a great mind.

"Aude, hospes, contemnere opes: et te quoque dignum
Finge deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis."

The description of Evander rising in the morning is beautiful; and throughout his exalted and unaffected character is the same —how natural the description,

"Evandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitat alma,
Et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus:
Consurgit senior," &c. &c.

But it is as a father that he is above all things admirable: after informing Æneas of the Allies he may obtain, his continuation,

"Hunc tibi prætereà spes et solatia nostri
Pallanta adjungam, sub te tolerare magistro
Militiam et grave Martis opus, tua cernere facta
Adsuescat, primis et te miretur ab annis,"

is so full of the father, and the old warrior, that nothing can be better: his parting prayer I have quoted; and his heart must be formed of iron materials, who does not imagine to himself the old man carried fainting into his mansion, destined never more to behold this beloved and only son—who does not give a sigh for the sufferings of this venerable man.

Pallas himself is very interesting. In the 10th book, Virgil, with one of those small,

but fine touches of nature, represents him close to Æneas, on board the ship.

Hîc magnus sedet Æneas, secumque volutat
Eventus belli varios; Pallasque sinistro
Affixus lateri jam quærit sidera, opacæ
Noctis iter; jam quæ passus terrâque marique."

His shame and anger when his Arcadians retreat, and his burning valour, place him in a very natural and engaging point of view.

" Quò fugitis, Socii? per vos et fortia facta,
Per ducis Evandri nomen, devictaque bella,
Spemque meam, patriæ quæ nunc subit æmula laudi,
Fidite ne pedibus: ferro rumpenda per hostes
Est via, quà globus ille verum densissimus urget."

The lamentation of the Arcadians bearing Pallas on a shield, is melancholy to an extraordinary degree.

" O dolor, atque decus magnum rediture parenti!
Hæc te prima dies bello dedit, hæc eadem aufert;
Cum tamen ingentes Rutulorum linquis acervos."

It is then that the poet bursts forth in the passage Mr. Fox so much admired,

"——— Pallas, Evander, in ipsis
Omnia sunt oculis; mensæ, quas advena primas
Tunc adiit, dextræque datæ."

Nor, I believe, is there any more happy instances than this of the exercise of the divine art, which, presenting us with a suc-

cession of living pictures, suddenly recals the past, and raises up before us the images we had almost forgotten, with more than pristine freshness. All the hospitality; the candour, and the affection of Evander, are brought forward—his plighted faith, his unbounded confidence in Æneas—and then Pallas lifeless—his only comfort in age.

Were there no other, this passage might well immortalize Virgil as a poet of genuine feeling and taste.

The conclusion of the 10th book, the death of Lausus, and the resistance and fall of Mezentius, Mr. Fox did not fail very much to admire. If I may venture to express any very decided opinion, I incline to think that the concluding part of the 10th book is nothing inferior to any part of the Æneid. The author has introduced, without the least repetition, the characters of another father, and another son, after the death of Pallas, the last hope of Evander. The battle episode of Mezentius and Lausus is of the highest interest. I do not know if a modern poet of much celebrity studied the part of Mezen-

tius at the river, but I think it incomparably superior to the modern hero's description. I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of transcribing it; and if I appear tedious or impertinent, let it be recollected *with whom* I read it; and let me be forgiven this humble and grateful remembrance of happy hours no more, and this little tribute, not to the Statesman, but to the scholar and poet.

" Interea genitor Tyberini ad fluminis undam
Vulnera siccabat lymphis, corpusque levabat
Arboris acclinis trunco: Procul ærea ramis
Dependet galea, et prato gravia arma quiescunt
Stant lecti circum juvenes: ipse æger, anhelans
Colla fovet, fusus propexam in pectore barbam.
Multa super Lauso rogitat, multumque remittit
Qui revocent, mæstique ferant mandata parentis.
At Lausum socii exanimem super arma ferebant
Flentes, ingentem, atque ingenti vulnere victum.
Agnovit longe gemitum præsaga mali mens.
Canitiem multo deformat pulvere, et ambas
Ad cælum tendit palmas, et corpore inhæret."

In making the death of a tyrant so very unhappy, Virgil has shewn himself an enemy to oppression, and worthy the name of Roman. His regret for injuring his son, heightens his consciousness of having deserved the hatred of his subjects.

" Idem ego, nate, tuum maculavi crimine nomen,
Pulsus ob invidiam solio sceptrisque paternis.
Debueram patriæ pœnas, odiisque meorum:
Omnes per mortes animam sontem ipse dedissem."

Afraid, too, of wanting burial, he asks it from his conqueror.

" Corpus humo patiare tegi: scio acerba meorum
Circumstare odia: hunc, (oro) defende furorem."

How deplorable this end; and yet how justly merited.—The stories of Evander and Pallas, of Mezentius and Lausus, are almost equally affecting at their termination, though different in their nature. Mr. Fox remarked to me on our journey through Flanders, that there was a tincture of melancholy in the mind of Virgil, which shews itself in all his works. We prepared to leave the Hague with reluctance. It had pleased us all. I never remember Mr. Fox more happy, more serene, than at the Hague. Whether the beauty of the place, association of ideas, the pleasantness of the weather, or the addition of Virgil, contributed most, it is hard to say, but each contributed: and this great man did not feel among the least of his gratifications, that we were all happy and

entertained also. We set out for Delft by the canal. The same country, and the same objects, as Holland in general presents, were again before us. Delft, a good and large town, intervened, and we continued our way. The 11th book of the Æneid beguiled the time, till entering Rotterdam, we were struck with admiration at its beauty. This is the handsomest town, perhaps, in Holland; it is intersected by grand and long canals: large ships and stately trees are dispersed in every part, and Rotterdam looks quite the capital of wealthy and select merchants. There is not the universal occupation of Amsterdam, its great population, or extent; but there is enough of business to animate, and there is an air of commercial grandeur every where. The statue of Erasmus, that great scholar and good man, in bronze, is very good. The Bomkis, a quay extending above half a mile along the Maese, adorned by noble houses, and fine trees, however, is the grand ornament of Rotterdam. On our entrance, we saw Admiral Story's house on one of the quays: the boatman spoke of him with marked reprobation, but said De Winter "was a brave man and good patriot."

CHAPTER VI.

AS we crossed the Maese, the view of Rotterdam, its shipping, trees, &c. gradually became more beautiful. It was a fine termination of our short and rapid tour through Holland; and, entering Brabant, we reached Bergen-op-Zoom in the evening. Bergen-op-Zoom is well known as one of the strongest fortified places in Europe. I walked early in the morning upon the ramparts, from whence the view is very extensive. It stretches far around, and I took my last farewel of Holland from thence. The lines of fortification, scarps and counterscarps, bastions, and half-moons, of Bergen-op-Zoom, afforded a barren pleasure, compared to the contemplation of such a country. I considered it with respect. It is the work of their

hands; they sought security and peace, and they obtained them. A long and tranquil period has repaid all their toils.

Towns have grown up. Their land has been made to produce. Commerce has enriched them. They have been a long time happy, and yet enjoy much of the fruits of the labours of their ancestors. *Here* is a work in which vast expense, time, and labour, has been expended; if it can no longer contribute to guard an industrious and virtuous people, how dull and unmeaning an object it is.

Holland must long continue a striking monument of the patience and fortitude of man. Military works are at best but of a partial and temporary nature. Citadels and fortresses moulder, are destroyed, or become useless.

Laws, customs, and manners, endure for ages, when once established, and defy the hand of power. Religion sanctions all and binds the work. These alone are

lasting works. These have modelled Holland, and may one day lead her once more to assert her independence, and again to stand as a Nation.

Leaving Bergen-op-Zoom, we reached Antwerp on our return, and rested one night there. Our tour to Holland was now finished, and we had surveyed two neighbouring, yet very distinct countries, Flanders and Holland. The people of each having one common origin, had become, through circumstances and situation, very different. The Dutch, having imbibed the doctrines of the new or reformed religion, inclined, as those professing such change usually did, to a new form of government. They established a republic in their marshes, and disclaimed all allegiance to the superior state. Commerce was necessary for them; their situation compelled them to it, and their interest drew them to addict themselves to it. They grew wealthy, as well as independent, and their character became selfish and surly. Commercial pride is, perhaps, the most odious and tyrannical of any other. Commercial avidity

becomes so blinded, that it endangers a state in which it unhappily gains too great preponderance. Holland acquired too much wealth, and from that moment lost its strength. A base devotion to gain stifles every germ of bravery, genius, and independence.

The young are corrupted by it before they can reason; and every succeeding generation grows more degenerate. Hence, the people are bartered to the government for advantageous jobs and contracts, the government grows extravagant and exhausts the wealth of the nation which it gets hold of, in vain and presumptuous plans, and forms expensive and dangerous connections, solid wealth disappears, and commerce itself, having by its excess ruined the state, languishes, and falls into distress. It is remarkable that the people of Flanders followed a very different course in every thing; and, favoured in a high and eminent degree by the soil, applied themselves to agriculture, as the staple business and grand occupation of their lives.

All the habits of agriculture are so much better than those of commerce, that the nation solely, or principally, addicted to it, will be more solidly prosperous and happy than any other. Agriculture does not encourage the spirit of dominion common to rich commercial states; and is, consequently, less involved in war and expense than they are. Agriculture, too, promotes and cherishes a sense of independence in the members of an agricultural nation. The farmer who has moderate wants, and sees constantly around him his little territory, and a number of contented and happy beings, does not feel disposed to truckle to others, or give up his liberty for the gratifications of pride, vanity, and selfishness. In religion a people having agricultural, rather than commercial habits of life, are more stedfast, and less prone to change: they are used to that of their forefathers, respect it, and attend to its worship, as a necessary part of rural happiness, as well as devotion to the Deity. Flanders certainly proves, that a long and undisturbed duration of internal comfort and rational independence, is better secured by the people who make agricultural pursuits

their great object, than by any other. In defence, too, of their country, such a people are sure to be courageous and firm; and if they have not the same spirit of enterprize which a commercial one has, they compensate for it by more estimable qualities.

I heard, on our return through Antwerp, that the commander there wished to employ the old burgomasters in municipal offices, but they would not accept such places: so that the love of independence still survived the glory and grandeur of the city. This was a faint, but not uninteresting, trace of what Belgium once was, and deserving of respect, when we consider that the whole country was occupied by the French.

We now pursued our way, taking the road to Brussels, through Malines. The latter is a large old town; and here a great number of ecclesiastics were seen, more than I had perceived by far since our arrival on the Continent.

I will close my remarks on Flanders in general, by stating that the churches were every where numerously attended: that the people, though not pleased with the French government, were not strongly averse to it, and rather looked upon its rule as innovation than oppression. It was not that they preferred the Austrian, but, rather, that they were put out of their way, and habits of thinking, by it. As we stopped at some little village, I sat down upon a bench beside an old farmer, and asked him, how he liked Buonaparte. His answer was, "*il n'est pas noble*," and a look of some dissatisfaction. In short, if France respects the privileges and prejudices of the Flemings, and does not load them with excessive taxation, she may long hold them under her dominion, and derive vast strength from their support. Holland, too, though likely to suffer more from the cramping of her commerce in war, may preserve much of her independence, though her merchants may clamour loudly, and represent her as ruined.

On leaving Mechlin, or Malines, our way

led through a rich and beautiful country; and when we approached Brussels, every thing appeared rich and magnificent. A great part of our journey was made along a canal, having good trees and fine chateaus on each side.

Brussels had been the seat of the Austrian government. There had Austrian pride, and vice-regal grandeur, long resided. The worthy Flemings had borne the "insolence of office," and had long endured the haughtiness of this government,—satisfied with solid independence and an undisturbed life. The recollection of Alva could not be grateful, but that was a passing horror which had not entailed future and distant miseries, but had rather served the people's cause by its enormity and savageness; inciting resistance, justifying it, and weakening the name and authority of the crown from its ill-judged violence. Dalton, too, was not to be forgotten; but he, also, the unfeeling instrument of a peevish despot, had not long enjoyed power, and his cruelty had alienated the Flemings without depressing or degrading them.

The pompous parade of German stateliness had vanished from Brussels; but were we to find it, therefore, a desert? I hoped not; we found nothing melancholy; on the contrary, Brussels looked gay and pleasant. It is situated on the side of a hil, and the upper part, or town, is remarkably handsome: we had seen nothing having so elegant an air. The place and the park, are remarkably superb and noble; the view from the ramparts overlooks a very fine country. The hotel at Brussels was airy, and fitted up in a beautiful manner: as it was a day of fête and rejoicing, the people were dressed, and the streets full of gaiety. And for what was the fête; and for what this rejoicing? says my reader. It was to signalize the event of Buonaparte's having been declared consul for life:—we now began to think of France.

Here I closed the Æneid, finishing the 12th book after our arrival in Brussels. I cannot bid it farewel, without dwelling with a fond (I trust, pardonable,) and lingering recollection upon its perusal: these were moments, hallowed by friend-

ship, and blest by the blendid effusions of genius. I could converse upon the merits of the Trojan hero, and have my doubts satisfied, or my remarks sanctioned by one of the first scholars of his country. I might venture to risk my thoughts. Mr. Fox was so great a lover of poetry, that even the discussions I started pleased him. My indignation against Æneas for his desertion of Dido, and the coldness of his conduct on that and other occasions, diverted him. He did not, by any means, defend, in these respects, Virgil's hero, but he so pointed out the beauties of the author, and with so much justice and liberality, allowed him his full merit, even compared with Homer, that I felt unbounded gratification in our readings. On looking again into the Æneid, I am nothing surprised at his admiration of the parts relating to Evander. I think, too, that Æneas is made, by Virgil, to rise much superior to Achilles, in that respect, where they may be both compared—their grief and revenge for the loss of a slain friend. Æneas recollects the hospitality, the generous friendship of the Arcadian king.

"———Pallas, Evander, omnia in ipsis,
Oculis;"

and is distracted at the death of his son: his fancy knows no bounds; he spares no person, and seems to think he can never sufficiently retaliate upon the enemy. The old king is ever before his eyes; he is maddened at the idea of his kind behaviour meeting such a requital; he sees him weeping, mournful, and alone. Achilles, as depicted by Homer, has a good deal of selfish character; the death of Patroclus was a sensible loss to himself, which, as a friend, we do not wonder that he heavily laments; but, compared to the feeling which Æneas almost sinks under, I think that of Achilles appears boyish, and headstrong rage—the desire to revenge his own wrongs, and to punish, in a barbarous manner, the author of them. On the contrary, it is Evander which fills the mind of Æneas; it is the loss of his ally and friend he grieves for; he upbraids himself for having occasioned it: when he sees the pale countenance of Pallas,

" Non hæc Evandro de te promissa parenti
Discedens dederam; cum me complexus euntem
Mitteret in magnum imperium, metuensque moneret
Acres esse viros, cum durâ prœlia gente.
Et nunc ille quidem, spe multum captus inani,
Fors et vota facit, cumulatque altaria donis:
Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cælestibus ullis
Debentem, vano mœsti comitamur honore.
Infelix, nati funus crudele videbis!
Hi nostri reditus, exspectatique triumphi!
Hæc mea magna fides!" &c.

Achilles says to Thetis,

" Αλλα τι μοι των ηδος, επει φιλος ωλεθ' εταιρος
Πατροκλος τον εγω περι παντων τιον εταιρων
Ισον εμη κεφαλη τον απωλεσα."

In his reply he does not allude to the parents of Patroclus; saying, merely,

" ——— ο μεν μαλα τηλοθι πατρης
Εφθιτ'"

Which is the usual and constant reflection among the ancients on the death of a friend and countryman. I must allow that the grief manifested by Achilles, on hearing of the death of Patroclus, was of the deepest

or rather most violent kind. Homer, that sublime and incomparable representer of Nature, on that occasion, certainly gives a most exquisite and strong picture of grief.

" ——τον δ'αχεος νεφελη εκαλυψε μελαινα
Αμφοτερησι δε χερσιν ελων κοπιν αιθαλοεσσιν
Χενατο κ'ακ κεφαλης χαριεν δ'ησχυν προσωπον
Νεκταρεω δε χιτωνι μελαιν' αμφιζανε τεφρη
Αυτος δεν κοιπσι μεγας μεγαλωστι ταιυθεις
Κειτο φιλησι δε χερσι κομην πσχυνε δαιζων."

Yet it falls short of the effect produced upon Æneas, which is so dignified, as well as pathetic: a thousand grateful and affectionate ideas spring into his mind.—He flies to succour his friends, but feels more for the misery of Evander, than for the success of the day.

How beautiful, too, is all the passage describing the setting out of the corpse of Pallas; and how affecting the grief of Æneas on that occasion: when Pallas is raised upon the bier, how sweetly described.

" Hic juvenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt:
Qualem virgineo memessum pollice florem,
Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi:

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, nec dum sua forma recessit;
Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat."

Æneas brings out every thing to mark respect and gratitude to the deceased hero, and his father; and the poet adds:

" Postquam omnis longe comitum processerat ordo;
Substitit Æneas, gemituque hæc addidit alto:
Nos alias hinc ad lacrimas eadem horrida belli
Fata vocant:—salve æternum mihi, maxime Palla,
Æternumque vale: nec plura effatus, ad altos
Tendebat muros, gressumque in castra ferebat."

There is more dignity in the grief of Æneas throughout, than in that of Achilles; at the same time we must allow for the difference of the characters, and of the circumstances attending.

I observe in the book I have before me, the part marked where Evander meets the dead body of his son. We finished the 11th book at the Hague, and, on recurring to the Æneid, I feel fresh reason for admiring Mr. Fox's partiality for every passage relating to the Arcadian King. No mind of sen-

sibility can fail of sympathizing with Evander, on this last melancholy occasion. When the mournful sounds of the Trojan and Arcadian attendants reached his ears, Evander cannot be restrained.

" At non Evandrum potis est vis ulla tenere :
Sed venit in medios : fererto Pallanta reposto
Procubuit super, atque hæret lacrymansque gemensque,
Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est."

The following lamentation of Evander is very particularly marked : the last words, I think, yet reverberate in my ears.

" Non hæc, ô Palla ! dederas promissa parenti,
Cautius ut sævo velles te credere Marti.
Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset.
Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta ! et nulli exaudita deorum
Vota precesque meæ ! tuque, ô sanctissima conjux,
Felix morte tua, neque in hunc servata dolorem !
Contra ego vivendo vici mea fata, superstes
Restarem ut genitor. Troum socia arma secutum
Obruerent Rutuli telis ! animam ipse dedissem ;
Atque hæc pompa domum me, non Pallanta, referret !
Nec vos arguerim, Teucri, nec fœdera, nec, quas
Junximus hospitio dextras : sors ista senectæ
Debita erat nostræ."

And the concluding line and a half is also marked as the "*sors ista,*"

"——————— Non vitæ gaudia quæro,
Nec fas; sed nato manes perferre sub imos."

Were I to indulge in superstitious feelings, I might conjecture that these melancholy passages pleased Mr. Fox more peculiarly from a presentiment that his own decease was not far distant: but I should not feel authorised to advance this supposition, for he never was more serene and cheerful. I do not know, however, but that I might state, that there was a tincture of melancholy on his, as in Virgil's mind, at least of great tenderness, which made him dwell on such passages as I have quoted with equal feeling, and a sort of refined delight. I was accustomed, when I read the Æneid on this tour, to communicate my ideas to him as I proceeded; and he always joined, with the liveliest interest, in re-considering and remarking upon the thousand beauties of the charming author whom we studied, in this cursory, but very pleasing manner. I have

no hesitation in saying, that Mr. Fox received more pleasure from this kind of friendly examination of an author he loved so much, than he would have done from all the homage crowds of flatterers and admirers could pay, from the dazzling attentions of royalty, or from the splendour and fascination of a brilliant levee. His own virtues were so eminently domestic, that all those sources of rational pleasure, which the poet opens to us, were prized by him far above those common and vulgar delights which splendid rank or power, or mere wealth, bestow. Often had I marked this disposition at St. Anne's Hill; and now, when every thing flattering and agreeable opened in view, when he was about to mix amongst the first and most exalted characters of Europe; drawn to Paris by curiosity, business, or pleasure, when he expected to meet the first warrior, and undoubtedly, the most extraordinary man of the age; I saw him calmly, and, indeed, with unfeigned satisfaction, devoting part of his time to Virgil, enlightening me by his remarks, and, in his admiration of the Roman poet, forgetting

politics, the continent we travelled on, and all the warfare and ambition of man. His mind soared so highly above selfish ideas, that, whilst others, through vanity, or through mercenary motives, anxiously, and with pitiable avidity, looked for changes of ministry, and all the sweets of pomp and place, this excellent man enjoyed Virgil with all the warmth of glowing youth; and, truly rich in the possession of a mind, whose internal resources were inexhaustible and independent, he smiled upon the cares of crowned heads, and the toils of their ministers and courtiers.

At Brussels, having finished the Æneid, our readings in Latin ceased, and we now began to perceive our approximation to the capital. Mr. Fox had letters from his friends, urging him to hasten his journey; and having completed his Flemish and Dutch tour, had nothing farther to detain him. As no man felt the calls of friendship more strongly, he became himself desirous of proceeding without delay. Attached warmly to his family, he had also another inducement,—

Lord Holland and his family were at Paris, and were anxiously looking for him, as he lived with his nephew as a brother and friend, and the disparity of years was lost in mutual affection.

Lord Holland, without that grandeur of character which distinguished his uncle—without that bold and enthusiastic devotion to liberty and her sacred rights, which inspired him—without that disdain of the trammels of political party, which made Mr. Fox always independent, though sometimes conceding—was still highly worthy of his exalted relative's warmest affection and esteem. His candour, mildness, and liberality, every where insured him friends; and as his tone of mind in many respects resembled his uncle's, there existed the utmost cordiality, and the sincerest friendship between them.

Added to these inducementss there were others. The establishment of Buonaparte in the Consulship for life was disclosing a new state of things. The constitution changing

from a republic to that of a government for life in one person, caused every one to think, that before long men would revert back, if not to the ancient, at least to something resembling the ancient monarchy. Of course we were desirous of beholding this commencement of the new government; and, without making any decision whether the people were right in bestowing, or Buonaparte in accepting, supreme power for life, we wished very much to be witnesses of a novel state of things; novel in a country, too, where every thing had been so for the last ten years.

I much wished myself to get to Paris, not from any inordinate desire to see the celebrated person whose name and exploits had filled Europe so long a time, (for had I felt such a desire, it would have been diminished a good deal by his assumption of permanent power) but from natural anxiety to view that city, the scene of so many revolutionary horrors—the established arbitress of taste and elegance—and the depository of all that was exquisite and valuable of antiquity, and

modern productions of art. Mrs. Fox, also, very naturally began to feel warmly desirous of getting to this centre of every thing interesting and elegant; and as Mr. Fox studied the gratification of all her wishes, every thing concurred to make the remainder of our journey rapid.

We did not omit, however, seeing every thing at Brussels. *L'Ecole central,* (in the old palace) is upon a very grand scale: there is attached to it a botanical garden—a collection of paintings—a school for drawing and for mathematics—for experimental physics, chemistry, &c. &c.—Here we also saw near two hundred very fine orange-trees; they had belonged to the Austrian government, to Archdukes, or Archduchesses, never more destined to command at Brussels. There were, as we heard, many houses in and about Brussels to let. Living is very reasonable here, not more than the quarter of what it is in England. I can suppose no situation more desirable for a person of moderate fortune: the upper part of the town is remarkably handsome and airy: the houses

round the part which stands high, have a delightful appearance and charming prospect, as the country all around is rich and beautiful, well enclosed, and much dressed and ornamented with trees, having a forest on one side. The church had, under the revolutionary mania, suffered some strange dedication, according to the prevailing mode of renouncing revelation, and flying from every rational and established mode of faith. I saw the inscription, but do not exactly recollect it. It was, at this time, about to be restored to its ancient ministers, and its venerable worship, and the inscription was, doubtless, soon effaced. The theatre we found large, but dirty, and the actors not very good. The most pleasing sight, however, was the *Alée verte*, illuminated. This is a very fine avenue, a mile, I think, long, with double rows of trees on each side. It was beautifully lighted up, and filled with a great number of people, chiefly Flemings. Their strange, grotesque, and clumsy appearance, was very diverting. They walked about as if willing to exhibit their uncooth forms to curious spectators; and enjoyed, in a consi-

siderable degree, their promenade. A strong military guard paraded up and down, which to me added nothing to the *agrément* of the evening: as, however, it was very fine, the company numerous and orderly, and the whole quite a new and really grand sight, our little party enjoyed it much.

The good Flemings would doubtless have liked it better, had it not been to celebrate a new order of things; but as they had little to regret under the Austrian domination of latter years, they did not feel much pain on this festive occasion; although the order that those neglecting to illuminate in town should be delivered to the municipal officers, could not have impressed them with a very complacent opinion of the new government. The duties laid on here and at Antwerp were said to be equally high.

Here we heard of Monsieur Chauvelin, who was said to live a retired private life in Burgundy. The remembrance of this gentleman in 1802, brought with it many important considerations. Had Lord Gren-

ville possessed the conciliating manners and enlarged views of Mr. Fox; had the minister for foreign affairs in England, or the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was minister for *all* affairs, been capable of rationally weighing the events of futurity with intuitive judgment, and of viewing, with the benignant eye of a true statesman, the effervescence and agitations of a long oppressed nation; nay, had the ministers of the day, in 1793, possessed the hearts of Englishmen of the old school, they would have venerated the struggle for liberty, made by a sister nation, which had been long ridiculed and despised for its subservience to a *grand monarque*, and they would repectfully have said, every nation is free to choose her own government—our's has asserted this right at all times when necessary. Let the French nation decide for itself. You, M. Chauvelin, accredited as the minister of France, shall be acknowledged as the representative of a great nation; if she be free, we respect her more and more; but upon her internal commotions, or her form of government, monarchical or re-

publican, we say not a word. Had such been lord Grenville's language, on the momentous day when he ignominiously dismissed M. Chauvelin, what seas of blood would have been spared to France and all Europe.

Monsieur Chauvelin, in his retirement, has nothing to reproach himself with; can Lord Grenville, at Dropmore, calmly reconsider past occurrences between him and that gentleman, and not feel anguish and remorse at rashness, whereby the relations between England and France were rudely snapped asunder, and a long, almost interminable, contest has been entailed upon the two nations? I do not recollect Mr. Fox saying a word about M. Chauvelin while at Brussels. I could not but think of past events, when I heard his name there, in 1802;—and now, in 1811, I think a great deal more upon a sober, and if I may call it, an historical view, of M. Chauvelin's affair.

At Brussels lived the ex-director Barras. As this person had acted so conspicuous a part in the republic, I should have been glad

to have seen him; but as our time was short, and all our thoughts now turned to Paris, we had no opportunity of meeting him. To him Buonaparte owed his introduction, and elevation in the republic: through him he obtained his command in Italy, which covered him with so much glory; and at that critical moment, when the fate of the directory was in suspense, the abdication of Barras, and his testimony in favour of general Buonaparte, greatly conduced to assist his views. Mr. Fox, however, manifested no wish to see this ex-director.

Staying one day at Brussels, we dined in the country, at the house of Mr. Walkyis, a merchant of high respectability,—his house commanding one of the finest views I ever beheld. A most amiable and hospitable family, and an elegant entertainment, awaited us here. It seemed to me a revival of those days, when Flanders was independent, and the ally of English monarchs. When Edward the 1st was the guest and friend of her citizens, and gratefully acknowledged the efficacy of their assistance. There was an air of liberality and freedom in the society,

at this charming mansion of Mr. Walkyis, extremely respectable, and the opulence and taste, every where prevalent, was not less striking. Mr. and Mrs. Fox enjoyed the day much, and we left the house in the evening, with great regret. No person could maintain the dignified character of a wealthy and enlightened merchant better than Mr. Walkyis. His fortune had suffered something in the Flemish disturbances, but this had nothing altered the hospitality of his nature, or the ease of his manners. The loss he bore as a philosopher, and his remaining fortune he enjoyed, and continued to enjoy, in a manner worthy of praise. Mr. Fox was here, and I believe somewhat on this latter account, peculiarly attentive and affable: his manner seemed to say, if you have been deprived of some of your wealth, do not imagine that your friends will respect you less. Indeed, this great man, who in general might be deemed simple and retiring in his manner in society, until drawn forth, omitted no occasion, when the feelings of others were concerned, and when they might be deemed particularly

susceptible of coldness or neglect, of coming forward, in a marked manner, to evince respect to, and to cheer, by a sort of irresistible kindness of demeanour and conversation, those whom he thought at all depressed, or in any way affected by misfortune.

We left Brussels on the 17th of August, and found the day extremely hot: we recurred again to Tom Jones, and forgot the little inconveniences of the journey. We were now drawing to the end of our tour, and had been much indebted to the genius of Fielding for amusement and instruction. We had accompanied Tom Jones through the stages of his youth and manhood, where, if exceptionable parts were to be found, we had also found much to approve and admire. The hero, though faulty, was not hardened; and if necessity drove him to some meannesses, he felt his debasement, and despised his own conduct! Such a character, though not precisely to be held up for imitation, is, however, more instructive than the heroes of romance, the faultless or too exalted knight, who does not seem of our

species; as Tom Jones is also, with all his indiscretions on his head, far preferable to those much more dangerous personages in modern novels, whose voluptuous authors seem to conceive that libertine immorality, clothed in eloquent language, are sure to gain approbation and support.

Mr. Fox was fond of novels; but not of any of this latter class. Their verbiage, and want of fidelity to nature, were sure to disgust him. I have read to him, at times, a great many, but none of this description. In the Arabian Nights Entertainments he delighted much, (and who would not?), for there was to be found a faithful and inimitable picture of Oriental manners and customs, as well as much ingenuity, fancy, and knowledge of human nature: but in the pages of sensuality, expanding itself in various shapes in the modern novel, he found no pleasure; and the irreligious passages gave him still less, as no man treated the sacred subject of religion with greater respect and forbearance than he did. We were now journeying, with Tom Jones as our compa-

nion, through a fertile country, and dined at Mons, a large old town, containing nothing interesting.

In this day's journey we passed the celebrated field of Gemappe. The ground is mostly flat, excepting a small sloping hill, extending a considerable way. It was here Dumouriez's glory reached its acme: here was decided the fate of the Netherlands, and it may be said, the fate of France and of Europe. General Dumouriez shewed extraordinary spirit and activity on this celebrated field, having thrown off, as we were told, both his coat and waistcoat, and fought in that manner in the battle. At that period France was struggling amidst great difficulties. The battle of Gemappe gave her a noble country, and raised her military reputation so high, that, as the spirits of the nation became elevated, the purpose of the coalesced powers grew doubtful: from thence there was abundant proof, in the extraordinary energy displayed by the French army, and their commander, on this occasion, that the attempt to control the internal regulation

of France was likely to recoil upon the different crowned heads embarking in it. General Dumouriez, unfortunately for himself, did not continue in this career of glory; he, too, like the ministers and statesmen of the day, miscalculated upon the state of things in France, and imagined that a government which had totally forfeited the confidence of the people, could be restored to strength and life.

Royalty had lost its former attractions; and, unless Louis XVI. had left a son of uncommon promise, as to talent and disposition, capable of re-uniting in himself the hopes of the nation, and exempt from the influence of a mother, who had courted the hatred and contempt of the people, there was little probability of its restoration in the line of the Bourbons. The slender hopes of the young prince were rendered smaller by General Dumouriez's subsequent defection, and by the equivocal conduct pursued by the allied powers.

We passed through a fine country the

whole of the day's journey, and arrived in the evening at Valenciennes, an old-fashioned and dull-looking town. As this place had surrendered to the Duke of York, it was another memorandum of the errors of the allies: it was taken possession of in the name of the Emperor of Germany, and thus that very disposition for conquest imputed to the French, was manifested by the allies. I perceived very little disposition in Mr. Fox to be interested in the military events attending the revolution: whether his disposition was averse to those deeds of blood, dignified in history by a false and mischievous glare of thoughtless applause, or that, (as I incline to imagine) he mourned secretly over all those calamities which he had ineffectually raised his voice to prevent, he said little on such points. The agriculture of the country, passages of Tom Jones, natural history, the poets, and all those pleasant little occurrences which diversify the scene, and entertain those who travel with a desire to be pleased, as well as informed, occupied him. We were now shortly to enter into the splendour and bustle of Paris.

It was with some regret I felt this, though certainly one must be very insensible, when nearly touching the goal, not to feel an almost breathless expectation at the thought of seeing so celebrated a city. My regret arose from considering that that complete and perfect enjoyment of the society of Mr. Fox, which made our tour so happy, was about to end. Sincere friendship has little need of the amusement of the world to make the hours pass swiftly; it rests satisfied with the enjoyments it can always supply, and is ever jealous of those crowds which interrupt, but cannot add to its satisfaction. In the latter part of our little tour I had experienced this truth most powerfully. Mr. Fox had throughout appeared so happy and cheerful, that our small society wanted nothing of the charm of a new and brilliant court to increase its felicity. It was with this mixed sensation that I now saw our distance from Paris hourly diminish.

We stopped for some time at Cambray. It is a respectable town. The inn we

drove to had been a convent. The church was converted into a barn, and though full of the produce of harvest, and of farming utensils, the organ remained still in its place at the upper end. This was another melancholy testimony of the violence of the times, when religion suffers outrage from the direful ascendancy of the illiterate mob. The celebrated manufactory of cambric still holds its ground here, though that also had suffered. It was now reviving, and we saw some specimens of astonishing beauty and fineness. Who could pass through Cambray without recollecting Fenelon, that enchanting author and excellent man? How grateful the remembrance of him, the benefactor of his country, and friend of man! How pleasing, after contemplating the vestiges of revolutionary rage, and the traces of desperate innovators, who sought not the happiness of their fellow subjects so much as their own aggrandizement, and revenge against those upper classes, whose faults were to be ascribed to their education, to a bad government, to the frailty of weak man; not to any studied

plan of tyranny, or of depressing their inferiors.

We observed a considerable cultivation of poppies through French Flanders, which have a charming effect when in bloom, as we saw them. On our approach to VALENCIENNES, the country visibly became inferior to that called the Netherlands: the agriculture was not so good, and the houses were very indifferent compared to those of the Flemings. We entered old France at Personne. As in Flanders the traces of ancient freedom, and of republican prosperity, had plainly declared the excellency of the constitution enjoyed for ages by the people, so in France there was an obvious contrast, and the withering hand of despotism had marked it in another manner. The rule of the Bourbons, for so many centuries, had cramped the powers of the French, and evidently enfeebled the character of the nation. These monarchs no longer possessing the noble character of King Henry the fourth, his valour and generosity, had degenerated

into royal voluptuaries, and, trusting the administration of affairs to their courtiers and mistresses, had disgraced the government of the nation at the head of which they were placed. In a country so ruled, one could not wonder at seeing houses and agriculture inferior to those of Flanders.

The last days of our journey proved extremely hot. After leaving Valenciennes we returned to Tom Jones. I recollect a circumstance which affected me a good deal in reading this work: it was the description of a great commoner, at the end of one of the chapters. It seemed to paint the character of Mr. Fox with so much truth and animation, paying a tribute to his benevolence, than which nothing was ever better deserved, that I could not proceed for some moments. Why do tears sometimes intrude when the most grateful sensations, and none but pleasing affections of the mind, are touched? I do not know; unless it be that the warmth of gratitude may enervate the mind at certain moments; and that, when

it cannot repay obligations by actions, it speaks its sense of them through tears. Mr. Fox said nothing. He was peculiarly unwilling to ascribe any thing of a flattering nature to himself, and was, generally, rather embarrassed by any thing of that kind. How very unlike the generality of celebrated men, who but too often require applause and flattery to feed their vanity.

On our last day's journey, and some hours before we entered Paris, we finished Tom Jones. This book had been our pleasant companion, and we now took leave of it with regret. I was not then aware, alas! that I had closed its pages for ever—that I should never again travel and read the works of this excellent English author, in the society of Mr. Fox! I have never since looked at the book, but it will be a memorial to me of moments I can never hope to find equalled: they are gone; and he who listened with such complacency and cheerfulness, cannot hear the voice of his friends, and those dearest to him, again. But the remembrance of this little tour can never die

with those who travelled with him! Can they forget his constant urbanity, the pleasantness of his manners, and his easy participation in all the gaieties of our journey? Always serene, always happy in himself, he never incommoded or troubled any one; and those he had chosen as his companions, he never failed to treat and acknowledge as his equals.

I must not, however, omit to mention another book I read a little on the road, and at Brussels. I allude to the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto. Of this work Mr. Fox was excessively fond; and as I agreed with him in this partiality, the reading some stanzas, and conversing on the beauties of this delightful poet, was another source of gratification not to be unnoticed in giving a sketch of our short tour. Mr. Fox held Ariosto very high, thinking him equal, in some respects, to Virgil, and even his greatest of favorites, Homer. The fertility of his fancy, and the sublime and tender passages of his noble poem, delighted him much: doubtless, the charming language in which it is written,

and of which he was, with much reason, very fond, conduced to make the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto one of the most captivating of poems; for as Greek may be deemed among the ancients the finest and most poetical of their languages, so the Italian, among moderns, is, beyond all competition, that which is best adapted to poetry and the stage.

I now regret that I did not take the Iliad or Odyssy with me. These works Mr. Fox preferred to all others of the ancient classics; and, were a choice to have been made, would have yielded all to have preserved them. His letters show his strong admiration of Homer; and my readers will perceive in them, that he esteemed Euripides very highly, and perhaps preferred him to all dramatic writers; yet Homer was the great poet, with him, who included every beauty, and had the fewest defects in his work, of any ancient or modern genius.

Had another tour taken place—had Mr. Fox been spared health and life—had the

calm of St. Anne's Hill not been xchanged for public business and nightly debates at the House of Commons, these divine works might have been read in happier and still more auspicious hours.

Mr. Fox anxiously desired to see Constantinople, and, I am persuaded, would have gone there, if peace and leisure had allowed him. He spoke not ambiguously upon the subject, but when he said a little, it was tantamount to a great deal from others; at least, there was a manner, when he was quite earnest, and anxious, that was most intelligible, and was sure never to be belied, however distant the period of accomplishing it might be. To have visited Constantinople with Mr. Fox; to have stood on the Ionian shore, where Homer composed his noble verses, and to have investigated the country from whence that armament issued, whose exploits he so admirably sung, would have been a rare and enviable enjoyment: those favourite volumes in which we read the venerated author are lying before me. I am carried in my fancy through the noble

work, and can almost suppose myself sailing through the Hellespont, looking out for ruins, and listening for the sound of some melancholy lyre, breathing its lament, and accompanying the verses of Homer: it was too great presumption to have hoped this, but it is natural to regret it. Mr. Fox's observation on the Iliad, made on the spot, and those scenes where the principal actors are represented as having struggled and fought so long, would have been interesting to every scholar, and every person of feeling. What lover of Homer would not delight to have accompanied him, even in idea, to those classic spots, consecrated by genius, and immortalized by time and general consent. A cold critic's eye might detect mistakes, and annihilate the fond imagination of walking on the ground, rendered precious and venerable by Homer; but a reasonable presumption would have sufficed, I am sure, had this favourite plan of Mr. Fox taken place, to have satisfied him as to the scenery and shores, once animated by the contest of Grecians and Trojans. Achilles mourning over his lyre, on the lonely

shore; Hector, a breathless corpse, dragged round Troy; the aged Priam begging for his son's remains; the clangor of arms; the vile but sublime machinery of heathen deities; the innumerable touches from nature; the very colouring of the sea; the noise of its waves; all the similies of the divine poet would have revived, and, warmed by imagination's glowing power, have been felt as if time had retroceded; Troy's towers would have stood before us, and all modern systems and histories been blotted away. There can be no doubt that the scene of action which a poet celebrates, and has drawn his images and descriptions, as much as possible, from, and which is connected with history, must be the proper spot for the perusal of his poem. It was a characteristic of Mr. Fox, that to all the acumen and knowledge of the scholar and critic, he united the sensibility and fire of the poet; his remarks, therefore, drawn forth on the theatre of Grecian and Trojan valour, would have had no common interest.

If I may be permitted to suggest an idea

quite my own, but, I think, corroborated by the tenor of this great man's character, I should be inclined to suggest that his intention of going to Constantinople was a strong symptom of having neither expectation nor desire, of becoming minister. His indifference in regard to power, was so unfeigned and so great, that I am persuaded he looked forward with more hope and more pleasure to this future tour, than to any elevation which his country could bestow.

The tour to Constantinople would not have been like the short trip through Flanders and Holland; a year or two would have been required. Constantinople, Ionia, Greece, and the Grecian Isles, perhaps Egypt, would have required a good deal of time; and he who had so well profited by the historian's pages, would have found abundant opportunity for examination and reflection in these countries. Had he travelled thus a few years, the unanimous voice of these islands would have called for him, and the mis-guided, but well-meaning people of England, would have recognised that with the energies pro-

duced by a radical reform, and with the abilities of Mr. Fox to wield them, they might defy every enemy, and that, thus, the monarch would be secured, and the people relieved. The inscrutable ways of Heaven denied this course of events; Constantinople was not visited; I lean over the Iliad and Odyssy in silence; I turn the leaves with affectionate and mournful veneration; I look at them with a wandering eye; their honoured possessor no more is seen.

"—— ψυχη δε κατα χθονος, ηυτε καπνος;
Ωχετο τετριγυια."

CHAPTER VII.

AS this sketch of our short tour to Paris draws to a conclusion, I shall introduce some remarks, which I hope will not be deemed unapt, or ill-placed.

On this tour Mr. Fox appeared to me in quite a new light; maintaining all the dignity of his character, he was easy, affable, and cheerful; the little obstacles, disappointments, or unpleasantnesses, of the way never ruffled him: he paid all the bills in the different coins and reckoning of the different countries, with astonishing facility; never occasioned any delay on the road; and, consulting the comfort and convenience of Mrs. Fox at all times, seemed willing to enjoy every thing as we travelled, and to desire no attendance or attention himself.

Agriculture occupied a great deal of his observation; and the interest he took in it was strong, and founded on his own practical knowledge. I admired nothing more in his character, at this time, than his entire abandonment to the scenes and objects around him. There was nothing of the mere Englishman to be perceived; the man of science and fashion, an observer of nature, pleased with every thing, a bigot to no country or prejudices, but an enlightened gentleman, and the friend to his fellow creatures, whether French, Dutch, or Flemish, without cavilling at their manners, customs, government, or religion.

On the whole journey a reprimand, or intemperate word, did not escape him; and though, from the extreme heat, and his being rather corpulent, he suffered inconvenience often, yet he never evinced the least peevishness or impatience. I observed him, both as to his own little party, and the people on the road, to be, in all things, eminently forbearing, and saw that he even put the best construction on things, and was

the first to extenuate or find an apology for deficiencies in others.

On the score of religion, I perceived that he did not merely *tolerate*, for that word ill applied to his disposition on sacred matters, but was truly *benignant*;—he conceived that all human beings enjoyed the exercise of religious worship, and the self-possession of religious opinions, as a matter of right, not to be controlled by their fellow men: that inoffensive and good citizens did not require the permission of others, for this mental enjoyment, and that all were entitled to honour the Deity, in a decent and pious manner, without reflection or reproach. There never escaped from his lips one disrespectful word regarding religion; never one doubtful smile was seen in his countenance in a place of worship, or the slightest derogation from a solemn and respectful regard for all around him. He was well aware how much nations, families, and individuals, dislike interference in the secret and conscientious worship of the mind, when it communicates with God, or communes with itself upon sacred sub-

jects: in fact, as a statesman he was too wise, as a christian too charitable and sincere, as a man too good and benevolent, to wish to meddle with religion, and become a spiritual despot dictating, when every man who has the pride and feelings of man, desires to be left free. Had we travelled through the Netherlands pre-disposed to depreciate and condemn every thing *Catholic*, how much would our enjoyment have been diminished? The golden harvest would have waved less luxuriantly, the people have been despised, and their excellent husbandry and domestic virtues been undervalued.—Had we again disliked *Presbyterianism*, much of Holland would have lost its charm, animated as it is by commerce, and yet breathing the air, and having the port of a republic? Religious antipathy is the most withering sentiment which corrodes the mind, more bitter than envy—more deep than hatred, and more permanent than revenge—it distorts history—perverts facts—and can be fully gratified only by extermination. Through the fertile and happy countries which we passed, I saw much to delight and to instruct—saw their

agriculture flourishing—their houses comfortable, and their people possessing much of the solid enjoyments of life. I asked no one was he a Catholic, or a Presbyterian, or a Lutheran;—if every one was hospitable and friendly, it would have been base to pry into the interior of his mind, and require the credentials of faith to qualify him for civil society.

Mr. Fox's love of paintings was another disposition much conducive to his enjoyment in travelling: in this there was nothing of false taste; nature, not the favourite master, being ever his guide, and the object of his admiration. He relished much, also, the picturesque and domestic scenes of real life, was pleased with whatever had effect and merit, and gave to every thing its peculiar claim to it. Nothing is more valuable to the traveller, than his love of pictures, be they animated originals, or their faithful representations. With such a fund of enjoyment in his breast, a man is constantly enjoying, as he passes along; and if he has none of the anti-social prejudices alluded to above, he at

no time possesses more real happiness, than in thus observing, and thus, in a thousand ways, enriching his mind.

Mr. Fox, besides, was entertained with all the species of minor comedy, which is so constantly exhibiting in common life: he was often amused when others got angry; and he extracted entertainment from what would much have incommoded gravity and pride, or disturbed the temper of ordinary travellers.

I have adverted to his knowledge of Botany and Agriculture, which served as sources of great pleasure to him upon this journey. There is no species of information more useful to carry abroad than this; I should incline to think it almost indispensable; for the various productions of nature, their cultivation and uses, present so much amusement to the traveller, and are so interesting to him who is conversant in them, that a great part of the benefit is lost to him who goes abroad quite insensible to, and ignorant of, the practical good of Agriculture.

It is a science which interests all in society,—it is a subject of the utmost importance to the great landholder, to the man of moderate fortune, to the farmer, and to the cottager, and I may add, to the man of feeling.

I observed, however, in this tour, that military affairs, fortifications, sieges, fields of battle, scenes of slaughter, &c. did not at all interest Mr. Fox: if I had said, that the latter disgusted him, I should not be wrong. His mind turned to every object connected with arts and sciences; but he did not dwell with any satisfaction upon the bloody effects of human ambition and discord.

With the qualities and dispositions I have described, it would be superfluous to say that Mr. Fox's reflections and observations, on this little journey, given to the public in a perfect state, and written at length, would have been invaluable: he wrote a short journal of dates and distances, which is not deemed complete or interesting enough to submit to the public eye, having no inten-

tion beyond a little book of memorandum for his own private recurrence.

As our last day's journey was wearing away, I could not avoid meditating on the history of the preceding ten years. Recollecting that we had left the conquests of France now incorporated, and identified with herself, I could not but reflect on her career, and how short had been her stride from anarchy to permanent government, in the form of a mighty empire. In 1796 Buonaparte commenced his Italian campaigns, and in 1800, he had attained supreme power. We were shortly to see this celebrated, and now elevated character, and the government and forms, rising from a new order of things. It was not, however, without painful imaginations, that one approached the city of Paris. The recollection of the multitude of lives immolated upon the shrine of sanguinary ambition, was almost appalling. The best and most enlightened patriots swept off in one common ruin,—their remains unhonoured, and their families living in obscurity, indigence, and misery. It was a

sickening, yet unavoidable reflection. And is this city, I meditated,—is this city to be stamped with infamy, and marked with blood for ever? Are the massacres, and religious wars of old times, too, to rise up, and add to these frightful thoughts? the cold-blooded tyranny of Louis the 11th—the dreadful era of Charles the 9th—his perfidious mother—and of Henry the 3d—the ambitious genius keeping alive the flame of discord,—the despotism of Richelieu, the profligate Regent—Louis the 15th, enervating their minds, and ruining their government—the Carlovingian and Capetian races now extinct—the last of the reigning Capets mouldering in some disregarded spot, the victim of the crimes of his ancestors, and to the presumption of a blind confederacy, who encouraged and prompted his want of good faith, and could not support him in the hands of an enraged people,— and Buonaparte,———the first consul of France, was not to be forgotten at the moment of entering Paris. Respecting that great man, I felt a thousand mixed sensations,—attached to liberty, and execrating those who trample it down, I was

tempted to pronounce him its greatest enemy, to almost abjure the idea of seeing him, and in fancied vindication of the republic of France's wrongs, to consign him to contempt and indifference. But where am I wandering? If Buonaparte be an usurper, it is France which must pronounce him such,—it is France which must punish,—it is France which must dethrone. A stranger travels to improve his mind, converse with men of genius, and to view what is curious and interesting. He is not to kindle his anger against governments, or to allow himself the liberty of insulting, or lowering the heads of nations. By these meditations, I calmed the wrath of that zeal which was blinding me; and, remembering the description of the wise Ulysses,

"Πολλων δ' ανθρωπων ιδεν αστεα, και νοον εγνω·"

I considered that knowledge was the great object, and that passion interfering must be very adverse to a clear view of things. My reader may easily anticipate the remark, that any companion of Mr. Fox would, if not

incorrigibly stupid, imbibe such a mode of thinking respecting foreign powers and their rulers. Never did this illustrious man appear more truly dignified than in speaking on such subjects; his memory, running over history with ease and felicity, furnished him with ample demonstration that civil wars end usually in the domination of a successful general, and he thought it idle to lament over this inevitable effect.

I recollect in a conversation with him comparing Buonaparte to Augustus, on his attainment of power:—"Surely not so cruel!" was his remark in reply. At the time it seemed to me a just parallel, but it does not now. I agree with Mr. Fox now, that there is not the cruelty; and, disdaining the cry raised to inflame the vulgar mind, do not at all think it necessary to exclaim against vices we have no proof of, or cruelties very difficult to be ascertained, if practised at all.

But as Paris appeared in view all my reflections gave way to pleasurable ideas. I rejoiced that the streets were no longer deluged

with blood, and that this ingenious and elegant people reposed under a permanent government; and the amazing scene of splendour and novelty which I was approaching, gave me an indescribable anxiety to be permitted to view its wonders. Although I had paid due homage to the solid glories of Flanders, and was of opinion with the excellent author of many invaluable works upon agriculture, "that in estimating human happiness, it is not a bad rule to suppose that where there is most show and splendour there is least enjoyment;" yet I was very sensible to the advantages of a temporary elevation, such as mine, in society, which gave me an opportunity, with the countenance, and under the protection of England's most valued character upon the continent, of beholding every thing interesting in Paris.

Our books were now laid aside. The busy town was before us. Entering one of the Fauxbourgs, we passed through the triumphal arch erected, I think, for Louis the 14th, and shortly found ourselves at the

Hotel de Richelieu, which had been engaged for Mr. Fox. It was a striking fact, at our first opening our eyes in Paris, to find ourselves in the hotel of the ci-devant Marechal Duc de Richelieu, one of the first and oldest peers of France, under the old regime. The apartments were superb, the garden very pretty, and an air of grandeur reigned through the whole. This was now a common hotel. Such was one prominent effect of a revolution, hurling the nobility and higher orders from affluence, and a most disproportionate height above the people, down to want and degradation. I belive no change I had seen on the continent had struck me so much. I felt doubtful where I was. The furniture was superb, the rich silk hangings were elegantly disposed, the mirrors were noble, and the *tout ensemble* quite worthy of its former noble owners. I expected to meet a marechal of France of the old time, at every turn, and almost doubted whether taking a turn in the garden was not too great a liberty. The shade of departed greatness seemed every where. There was much of the mournful in this, and of a

very peculiar kind;—death, melancholy as it is, is not half so much so as that dreary void, occasioned by absence and calamity! One searches every where for something wanting, and which might be restored—one perceives traces of former happiness rudely interrupted—one asks, where is the owner of these deserted walls; and shall he not return?

Two or three of Mr. Fox's friends came to him on the evening of his arrival: and in seeing this great man happy, and amongst his dear English friends and companions, the mournful impressions I had received, upon entering the hotel de Richelieu, wore away. I grew reconciled to the mansion of the ancient noble. New and pleasant thoughts, created by the visitors to Mr. Fox, began to arise. I forgot the Marechal Duc de Richelieu—the French revolution—its calamities and consequences! Amidst all the ease of polished society, the independence of the Englishmen was perceptible on all sides;—much was said of the amusements, and of the wonders of Paris, very little of the great man. There is a noble air of liberty amongst the nobility and higher classes of English-

men, which, added to their other accomplish-
ments, make them appear the most respect-
able of their class in Europe. I was not
sorry to see, and to admire this in Paris; nor
was I less pleased to observe Mr. Fox's old
and constant friends around him. So little
was this truly great man solicitous about the
movements of courts, or the attentions they
bestow, that I am satisfied he did not confer
one thought, this happy evening, upon that
of St. Cloud. He was very cheerful, and well
pleased at having ended his journey—re-
joiced that Mrs. Fox was quite well, notwith-
standing great inconvenience from heat—and
animated by the novel scene, and variety of
objects, crowding upon his attention.

The delightful climate of Paris added to
the charm. We supped in the garden of the
hotel. Towards the end of August no mois-
ture, no wind incommoded us: all was serene
and mild—nothing could be more delicious—
the fatigues of the journey were past—and
we turned to a new scene, with health
unhurt, and spirits increased. Between eleven
and twelve, retiring to rest, we slept calmly,

having now completed a little tour, which, if exceeded in variety, extent, and duration, by others, was as rational and pleasing, and comprized within it as much of social enjoyment, and of useful observation, as any ever undertaken.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE various points of attraction in PARIS irresistibly drew the mind in different directions. The new government, just rendered permanent and hereditary in Buonaparte, was presenting itself to the public eye. Under it, the stern republican and angry royalist were ranging themselves, unable to struggle against an order of things, emerging from that chaos of conflicting interests, which until now had agitated the interior of France.

The imposing character of Buonaparte, a warrior and a statesman of no common note, had acquired an ascendancy which he was admirably qualified to maintain. "You endeavoured," said he to Monsieur La Fayette, on his thanking him for his liberation from the dungeons of Germany, "to establish the solecism of a monarch at the head of a republic." A thing he conceived illusive and vain; yet he was now himself making the

practical experiment of a military president at the helm for life, with a nation organized for military as much as civil purposes.

I soon heard it whispered, that the Consulship for life was but a preliminary step to the assumption of higher dignity, and that the title of Emperor of the Gauls was that to which the first consul aspired. It was not then credited, but no one could say it was improbable or impossible. All this at first seemed to me an outrage upon liberty; but reflection came again to the aid of my judgment, and required a fair investigation of the state of France, before decision. If fluctuation of councils be most dangerous at all times, it is more peculiarly so in a new state, unqualified by Roman simplicity, and grandeur of character, to produce successive great men, with the same purity of motives and vigour of conduct. A directory of five or three, changed by rotation and election, was not only an unwise, but an unsafe form of executive government, and a permanency for life, in some one person, was required.

There is no doubt but that at this time

the fixing of the consulship for life, had a good effect upon the continent, and added much to the respect and dignity of France, in foreign courts. Peace contributed to make the event more striking. The European powers, fatigued with their fruitless coalitions against France, and discovering that their warfare had but invigorated and aggrandized her, had laid down the sword The ambassadors from all nations crowded to Paris to pay their congratulations to the first consul, on his accession to permanent and supreme power. After an unparalleled struggle of more than ten years, France could not but see with exultation, grounded on a sense of self-preservation, and of vast and glorious conquests combined, her capital thus crowded, and her safety and her preeminence so triumphantly achieved! It was privately stated, that when Buonaparte returned from Egypt, and the change of government was in agitation, he, Moreau, and Jeubert, had been thought of as fit heads for the republic; that the latter had been nominated by the party who conceived that a military character was requisite at the head of the nation; and that, after he lost his life in battle,

Moreau and Buonaparte alone, were those to whom the armies subsequently, looked up; but the former was induced, by the latter's persuasions, to yield his pretensions to him. Without vouching for this, I cannot assent to the opinion, that Buonaparte could have had any competitor of a formidable nature, either upon being chosen first consul, or upon his attaining the consulship for life.

Moreau was the only rival he had, but he was too indolent, and too unfit to be the head of a party, to give him much trouble. Moreau, however, even at this brilliant moment for Buonaparte, enjoyed a high reputation with the army and nation, and I am quite satisfied; afterwards lost all his reputation and weight by mismanagement and imbecility, very inconsistent with his former character. Sufficient, however, may be deduced from these opinions, having existed in France, if the facts are disputable, to shew that it was the general sense of the French, that one person, as the head of the executive, was wanted, and whether Joubert, Moreau, or Buonaparte, had been selected, that a

change was in contemplation as necessary and indispensable; the consulship for life was but a modification of the measure, and Buonaparte in procuring it, seemed not much to shock the feelings of the people, nor did he violate any constitution, as there was none of permanence to be assailed by him.

The approaching levee at the Thuilleries, which was held every month, as it was the first after this remarkable Era, which promised to be a memorable one for France, we accordingly understood would be most splendid and numerous. Already we perceived the English were treated with marked civility and kindness, and the great rival nation, England, was considered as the equal of France, (and all others as inferiors) in glory and political importance.

The appearance of Paris was to me pleasing, though the narrowness of the streets, and the want of foot-ways on each side, were unpleasant symptoms of a former disregard to the health and comfort of the people. As yet no liveries upon servants, or arms upon carriages, were seen; a repub-

lican and respectable plainness met the eye, the contrast of glaring opulence and decent mediocrity was not manifest, and this agreeable effect of the revolution remained, whilst returning good sense had also corrected that frightful extreme of slovenliness, and neglect of dress, which a republican mania had consecrated, as a test of principle, and a mark of patriotism.

The new embroidered dress of the municipal officers caught my eye in the streets; I found myself in Paris, the seat of so many Bourbons, once almost adored, now blotted from the calendar of Sovereigns, and a new throne quietly erecting at the Thuilleries; a new dynasty, securely placing its feet upon the steps, and the recently-appointed officers of government performing their functions. One could not but feel it a very novel moment in the metropolis of a great nation; the whole state machinery was opening to the view; every wheel was beginning to move; the first impulse was given, and the organized mass, obeying the master hand, received motion gradually, and imparted it through the whole French territory. This

operation in society was not the less curious, because it was taking place without noise or agitation. The wearied nation tacitly approved; peace was facilitating the work, and the fortunate director who presided, seemed necessitated to raise himself, to preserve, unhurt, the stupendous fabric upon which hung the happiness and security of millions. Such were my thoughts,—I felt almost giddy at the view; the destiny of forty millions was arranging before my eyes; it was quite impossible for a number of Englishmen to meet, and to forbear saying, how astonishing! — what a business has been accomplished by *William Pitt!* — what a *friend* has *he* been to the fortunes of Buonaparte!

Another striking result, also, of the coalition war awaited us in Paris. Here all was gold and silver. In London, a few guineas were with great difficulty procured from a banker, as a matter of favour; in Paris, the banker gave you your choice, silver or gold, and both were plentiful: England hav-

ing nothing but *paper*, and France nothing but *gold and silver*; a fact which spoke very intelligible language. How much should I have rejoiced that Mr. Pitt, accompanied by some vociferating members of parliament, or interested merchants, had been led to a Parisian banker's desk, and interrogated upon this difference.

The phenomenon of abundance of gold and silver in France, and of nothing to be seen but paper in England, gave a short and pithy demonstration, how much the condition of the first had improved; how much the latter had deteriorated, in the course of the coalition war. The English minister's declarations proved, as well as those of the Bank, to be *promises*, which were never to be paid. This plain proof addressed to the senses, was of mighty value, after a contest, wherein right and wrong, practicable and impossible, true and false, had been so much confounded, that men began to distrust their own understandings.

The stranger's first visit is probably to

his banker, and his next is to the theatre. As Mr. Fox found himself happily reunited to Lord Holland and his family, after a considerable separation, we dined with them, and in the evening went to the *Theatre Francois*. Upon entering a French theatre for the first time, an Englishman finds a good deal to reconcile himself to. The want of powerful light throughout the house intended to give greater effect to the stage, offends his taste at first, but he will finally approve, if he be not determined to prefer all the customs of England. The darkness of the house where the audience sits, gives greater effect to the brilliancy of the stage. Whoever has viewed with rapture the lofty sides of a distant glen, illuminated by an evening sun, whilst the country and the nearer parts where in shade, may conceive how much more effective and agreeable to nature's best appearance, this manner of lighting the French stage is, than that of throwing a noon-day glare over every object, and destroying all contrast as well as shade.

It is at a Parisian theatre that the character of the people is truly displayed. The most

profound attention, the liveliest sensibility, the enthusiastic encouragement, afforded to the favourite or promising actors or actressses,—the instant reprobation and punishment of noise or tumult—tears flowing profusely and unchecked, from male and female spectators, at every pathetic and affecting passage of the piece, if tragic; with unrestrained cheerfulness, if comic :—and a just and honourable sympathy with every noble and grand sentiment,—proved to me that this people deserved the character they have so long established on the continent for taste and elegance.

The piece we saw was *Andromaque,* in which Mademoiselle Duschenois, as *Hermione,* obtained and deserved great applause. The French declamation is at first rather painful to an English ear, and I think a less-measured style, and studied tone, would much improve it. The unpleasantness wore quickly off, however, and I venture to pronounce, that the passion, gesture, and tones, the gracefulness and sublime energy, which distinguish the French stage, are unrivalled. The shortness of the intervals between the

acts are peculiarly favourable to preserving the interests of the play. The actors seem to be hurried on by the torrent of the feelings: there is no *looking at* the audience, and studying to catch their applause; but the action is maintained with such animation, that we may forget their situation, and conceive ourselves overhearing the dialogue, and witnessing actual events in human life.

Mr. Fox enjoyed the French theatre very much; and as Racine was his favourite dramatic author, we went very shortly again to see *Phedra* performed at the same theatre. My readers, who know the Greek original, from whence Racine has taken his play, are acquainted with the interesting character of Phedra in Euripides. They may imagine that I could not go in such company, and to such a performance, without a lively and anxious solicitude. I had united with Mr. Fox, in admiring the Phedra of Euripides—there is something so touching in her despair, and the passion of love is so powerfully pourtrayed by the author, that I had long viewed it as a master-piece. On this occasion, too, I prepared myself, by reading Phedra previ-

ously aloud to Mrs. Fox, who wished to hear me read it to her; a precaution, which I recommend very strongly to those who may hereafter visit Paris; if the ear is not very familiar with the language and declamation, some of the beauties may be lost, and the interest of the play be somewhat weakened.

As I considered that I should see a classic performance of Phedra, and that the French actors were assimilated to those of Greece, in passion and energy, my expectation was much raised, and I prepared myself with all my enthusiasm for the Greek stage, for a lively exhibition of its beauties. Mr. Fox was a good deal amused, and not displeased at this enthusiasm. On this occasion, he was very soon recognized by the audience in the Pit: every eye was fixed on him, and every tongue resounded Fox! Fox!—The whole audience stood up, and the applause was universal. He, alone, to whom all this admiration was pain, was embarrassed. His friends were gratified by the honour bestowed on this great man, by a foreign, and till lately hostile people. It was that reward which crowned heads cannot purchase—respect and

gratitude from his fellow-men, for his exertions in favour of humanity, and an honourable peace. So unwilling was Mr. Fox to receive the applause as personal, that he could not be prevailed upon to stand forward; nor when his name, repeatedly pronounced, left no doubt of the matter, could he bring himself to make any obedience or gesture of thanks. No man had ever less vanity, or rather was so totally devoid of it, as Mr. Fox; and, perhaps, through the genuine modesty of his nature, he seemed deficient, on this occasion, in respect to the audience.

As the play proceeded, Phedra, the unfortunate and interesting Phedra, seized upon our attention. Mademoiselle Duschenois was in some parts very happy, and her dress was antique and correct. When she became overwhelmed with languor, sickness, and love; when she says,

"Otez ces vains ornemens,"

her tone of despair and abandonment was inimitable; as also when raising her eyes with fixed melancholy, she exclaims,

"Soleil, je te vois pour la derniers fois."

Her scene with her nurse, when she struggles to conceal, yet wishes to tell, the name of him she in silence adored,—the burst of

" C'est toi, qui l'a nommée,"

was most naturally uttered.

The Phedra of Racine was a character much admired by Mr. Fox; he conceived it an improvement, in many respects, upon that of Euripides, and we returned home, much gratified by this representation of it. The acting was very good, and it will be long ere memory yields up the varied impressions of that night.

We saw the first Consul in his box for the first time: the light was thrown from the stage upon his face, so as to give an unfavorable and ghastly effect. I could not judge well of his countenance. He was received with some applause, but much inferior to that bestowed on Mr. Fox.

CHAPTER IX.

NO one could be in Paris, and not feel a powerful desire to view those productions of art and genius, the accumulated fruits of successful war. Shortly after our arrival, therefore, we hastened to the museum of pictures in the Louvre. Mr. Fox smiled as he entered, and seemed plainly to say, here are the fruits of conquest! What an elevation has been given to France!

It was, in truth, stupendous; and most wonderful to behold the immense gallery of the Louvre covered with the choicest paintings of Italy, Germany, Flanders, and Holland. It is quite impossible to convey an idea of this magnificent sight. All nations

have at times availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by conquest, to carry off rich spoils, and adorn their triumphs, their temples, and their metropolis with them. The French, in this case, did but follow their example; and it was, undoubtedly, a stroke of good policy, to make Paris so rich in this respect, that opulent strangers might be attracted from all countries in times of peace. This stupendous collection of paintings, as well as of statues and busts, was thrown open to the public gratis: many of the meanest inhabitants of Paris, decently clad, were seen walking about, and enjoying this wonderful display of art. Sentinels, placed at the doors, admitted every body, and with that politeness, common to the French soldiery, and so very desirable at places of public exhibition, directed to the proper entrance all who applied for admittance. This liberality, worthy of a national exhibition, was a pleasing prelude to the magnificent sight, which instantly presented itself. The arrangement of the whole was formed with the greatest care, and no picture has been allowed to be placed in this collection, but such as

had been approved of by a select committee.

Mr. Fox manifested inexpressible pleasure on entering: here his fine taste, and perfect knowledge of paintings, had an ample field; and he frequently afterwards repaired to the museum, at the Louvre, with increasing delight. In fact, the gallery was so long that, at first, the spectator was dazzled and overcome, and incapable of rightly enjoying the glorious view of such a multitude of the noblest productions in the world: it required time, and repeated visits, to possess oneself by degrees of all the innumerable excellencies of this wonderful collection. I am sure that a six months' residence in Paris would not have been more than sufficient for this purpose. The statues, which were excellently arranged in apartments below, were, if possible, more interesting than the pictures. There we saw the productions of Greece and Rome; the Belvidere Apollo breathing fire, and with a super-human air, starting forward, and filling the mind with sacred awe! the

struggling Laocoon, agonized by paternal sorrow, and corporeal pain! Demosthenes, Menander, Socrates; these, and many others, formed a still more interesting, though not so astonishing, an exhibition as that above: both are greatly calculated to improve and refine the public taste: the frequent viewing of them must sensibly operate even upon the most uninformed minds. Artists were permitted to study and copy, and every facility was afforded them in their pursuits. Paris at this time had drawn to it many of England's eminent painters and amateurs. They, of course, were often found at the Louvre, and the conversations and remarks in such a scene were instructive and pleasing.

I have heard Mr. Fox, in company with Mr. West, and the lamented Mr. Opie, at different times, maintain animated discussions on the merits of the various painters of the Italian and Flemish schools. He was quite master of these subjects, and was much pleased with such discussions. On these occasions he displayed great vivacity and

judgment; and it was quite an agreeable, as well as novel thing, to hear the profound statesman and politician unbend himself with men of genius: professed painters examine every shade of error, every degree of excellency, and, with all the poet's feeling, and the painter's judgment, decide upon them. This may be thought, however, the less surprizing, if the strong connection between the arts of poetry and painting be taken into the question.

Mr. Fox's passionate love of the poets has already been noticed. He who has the soul of a poet, must feel strongly, and discriminate well, in regard to painting. I shall mention a few of the pictures most liked and studied by him.

St. Roch, in Prison.
Virgin and Child Asleep.
Colouring and Design.
Saints, Protectors of Boulogne.
Paris and Hebe.
Massacre of the Innocents.
Head of Christ.—*Guido.*

MARTYRDOM of ST. PETER.—*Titian.*
ST. JEROME.
ST. AGNES,—*Domenichino.*
HOLY FAMILY.—*Corregio.*
TRANSFIGURATION.—*Raphael.*
DESCENT from the CROSS.
CRUCIFIXION.—*Rubens.*
LE DEFAITE DE PORUS.—*Le Brun.*
ATTENDING the SICK.—*Gerard Dow.*
ST. PETRONILLE,
CIRCUMCISION.—*Guerchino.*

Of the pictures which Mr. Fox most admired, his greatest favourite was the St. Jerome of Domenichino; nothing, indeed, can be more excellent. The old man, worn out and exhausted, is communicating for the last time, perhaps; his devotion is so pure and fervent, that, though his emaciated form seems scarce capable of retaining the fleeting breath of the venerable saint, yet this sacred religious rite reanimates him; the trembling hand which is extended to receive the sacrament; the reviving look; the adoration and hope in the countenance: the effort to raise himself up, and the serene air of conso-

lation, which appears to have soothed every pang, and converted pain and sickness into placid joy, have the most happy effect possible. Often has Mr. Fox stood admiring this noble production;—often and often has he returned to view it, and again was I myself induced to consider how much, and in every way, had this great man been misrepresented. He who had been held forth as devoid of principle, a revolutionist, and contemner of civil and religious establishments, was here, unaffectedly, bestowing his warmest admiration upon the affecting representation of the celebration of the most sacred of Christian rites. I myself felt some surprize, though without reason, unless that the impressions made upon the public in England to Mr. Fox's disadvantage had imperceptibly taken possession of my mind, and that I had, unawares to myself, conceived that he was but very slightly tinctured with religious feeling. With the St. Jerome of Domenichino, Mr. Fox was never wearied; it was the object in the museum which most fixed him; and, as I have beheld him frequently indifferent and unmoved,

amidst the splendour and flattery of a court, and of crowds of persons of rank, before this admirable picture I ever saw him filled with unfeigned rapture. It may be well imagined, that it was not the inimitable fidelity and exquisite representation of nature in the emaciated saint, so much as the expression and tone of the picture, which arrested the attention of such a mind as Mr. Fox's. With Mrs. Fox and myself he has often stood pointing out the beauties, and dwelling on the divine effect of the piece: his wish extended no farther than to communicate his sentiments, and awaken the observation of his domestic circle respecting the value of this interesting *chef d'œuvre* of art, and awful delineation of a dying christian father of the primitive church. His powerful and unclouded intellect dwelt upon it with secret gratification, and, in contemplating it, all thought of politics, of the ambition of kings, and elevation of generals, was totally lost.

Nothing could be more genuine, too, than his admiration of paintings; it was

not the over-acted rapture of the connoisseur panting for reputation, but the warm and natural homage to genius and nature, which he paid to Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Guido, or Domenichino, as well as to Homer, Virgil, or Ariosto.

Two days after our arrival in Paris, we went to see the Palace of Versailles. This stupendous edifice stands a grand and indeed an awful monument of the ostentation of a haughty dynasty, secure of a long undisturbed sway for ages to come. We did not go into the palace, as it was stripped of its furniture, and this cumbrous pile seemed little to suit Mr. Fox's taste. A great profusion of orange-trees were still in fine preservation in the gardens. The water-works were out of order; there was a dreary silence aroud, and nothing interesting in the scene. The pride of despotism had erected a mansion for its display of pomp: a galled and oppressed people had paid, with the fruit of their labour, for its erection: here their haughty and unfeeling Kings rioted, and forgetting the miseries of their subjects, added

to them by their selfish extravagance, and bestowed on profligate courtiers what would have made merit happy, and caused genius to expand and bloom ! There was nothing to regret. The vacuum, which had taken place of royal revelry, and crowds of courtiers, was dull, but not distressing to the feelings. I did not wonder that Mr. Fox viewed the scene with indifference, and I felt no disappointment at our leaving it without exploring the empty apartments of the Palace.

We went afterwards to the Petit Trianon; formerly a favorite residence, as a little country retreat of the unfortunate Queen of Louis the 16th. It was now a tavern. The gilding and ornaments still decorated many of the rooms; and the gardens, which were very pretty, and formed after the English manner, exhibited many vestiges of rural taste and elegance. Here the lovely and unfortunate Maria Antoinette had often, dressed as a shepherdess, indulged, in a private circle, in rural habits, and exchanged the fatigues of royalty for innocent and

humble amusements. Mr. and Mrs: Fox were much pleased with these gardens. There was great simplicity in them, and the interest excited by them was different indeed from the sensation at Versailles. The ruined cottage and grass-grown walk, where the Queen had once passed her happiest hours, were mournful records of this charming and unfortunate woman's melancholy fall.

A large party dined at the Petit Trianon this day, and walked through the gardens previous to dinner. General Fitzpatrick, the early and constant friend of Mr. Fox, in whom elegance and acumen of taste, polished and dignified manners, and unaffected goodness, were united: whose mind embraced the range of poetry and criticism, and whose attachment to liberty and Fox were rational, steady, and unchanged, was one of the company. Lord ROBERT SPENCER, another valuable and cherished friend of Mr. Fox, possessing the genuine dignity of the nobleman; accurate in judgment, plain in manners, friendly in his deportment; saying at times

but little, but always speaking with discrimination and good sense: benignant and unassuming, he left to others the glare of words, and rested tranquilly upon his sincerity, and intrinsic value for that estimation he merited. Lord Holland, whose presence was always pleasing and grateful to Mr. Fox, and who enlivened society by playful and happy remarks, Lady Holland, and other persons of distinction were there.

I could have wished to have walked in these gardens alone, or that Mr. Fox's family only had been there! The tone of melancholy, which is generated by memorials, however simple, of the misfortunes and departed happiness of others, does not agree with the gaiety of large parties; the respect due to calamity makes one wish to reflect in silence; to wander with one or two through the abode of those whose long absence is marked by desolation and neglect. The feelings, the scene, and the company, ought all to harmonize, where a strong association of ideas produces affecting recollections. I was glad to get a little apart from

the brilliant party, who conversed beneath the fine trees, which sheltered them from a burning sun. I felt inclined to look back on the hapless queen's past life with tender indulgence. This altered scene of playful mirth and tranquil enjoyment inspired one with a favourable opinion of her mind; she was not cruel, vindictive, or treacherous; all the feelings of a female were in her alive and unperverted; indulgence, and the luxury of a court, like that of France, spoiled and enfeebled her mind: but she who took pleasure in this charming, and unostentatious retreat, and relished the adorning and improving a little spot, dedicated to peace and rural retirement, did not deserve to expiate common errors upon a scaffold, and to become a victim to a blood-thirsty party, for the misconduct of a pusillanimous king, and profligate or inefficient ministers.

The party at Trianon was, however, a most agreeable one, and with it terminated the short time given to recreation and repose by Mr. Fox, previous to commencing his historical researches at the Bureau des

Affairs Etrangers. On the fourth day, after his arrival in Paris, he commenced his labours. The worthy and respectable Lord St. JOHN, Mr. ADAIR, lately ambassador at Constantinople, closely attaching himself to Mr. Fox, and disposed to foreign and diplomatique researches, (a disposition which he subsequently displayed at Vienna, in a manner reflecting infinite credit on himself, and doing honour to Mr. Fox's appointment,) and myself, accompanied and regularly attended Mr. Fox to the French Archives every day from eleven till three.

Lord Holland, in the preface to his historical work, which is too extended for a preface, and too short for a memoir, has given but a faint idea of his assiduity and perseverance, in this research. Relinquishing much of the gratifications of which his friends and countymen were daily partaking, leaving the various political characters in Paris to themselves, and denying himself much of that enjoyment of every thing exquisite and sublime in art, which every where was presenting itself, he devoted

himself to his object with sincerity, and intense application. The letters of Barillon, we found abundantly entertaining. Mr. Fox had great anxiety to ascertain the extent of James the Second's meanness, in his transactions with the French court. When he came to the passage of Barillon's letter of the 26th February, 1685, where he tells of the gratitude of James, for the first advance of money made by Louis; he could not restrain the expression of his indignation and contempt, which are strongly visible in his historic fragment. It is as follows: —" *le Prince fut extremement surpris, et me dit,* LES LARMES AUX YEUX, " *Il n'appartient qu'au Roi votre maitre d'agir d'une maniere si noble, et si pleine de bonté pour moi: je vous avoue que je suis plus sensible á ce qu'il fait en cela, qu'a tout ce qui peut arriver dans la suite de ma vie: car je vois clairement le fonds de son cœur, et combien il a envie que mes affaires prospérent: il a eté au devant de ce que je pouvois desirer, et à prevenir mes besoins: je ne saurois jamais assez reconnoitre un tel procedé; temoignez lui ma reconnoissance et soyez garant de l'attachment que j'aurai toute ma vie pour lui.*"

The letters of Barillon contain curious and ample information relating to James's motives and intentions; and, I think, the noble editor of the fragment would have done well to affix a translation of them to it, as there are readers, either incompetent, or unwilling to go through them, who might derive benefit from them in an English dress.

Mr. Fox, in his progress, was also much amused by the tone assumed by Louis, that he would not abandon James,—that he approved of such and such things, though he felt no small disgust at the self degradation of an English monarch, under an insolent and ambitious French court. He read and transcribed himself with alacrity and good humour, and exacted no trouble from others, in which he did not himself fully participate.

The politeness of the keeper of the Archives was so great, that we had but to mention the year and the subject, and the volume was handed to us in rooms, solely appropriated to Mr.

Fox's use; pen, ink, paper, and every other accommodation, were afforded. This occupation of reading and transcribing, and of eliciting historic truths, he steadily pursued, with the liveliest interest, and unremitting attention for two months.

In his subsequent progress, he was very desirous of ascertaining the points relative to James's receiving additional sums, after his first and early remittances from France, through the hands of Barillon; as the disingenuousness of James, and the suspicions of Louis, operated in the affair, the investigation grew more difficult and more doubtful. James pressed for money,—Louis craftily withheld it;—the French king desired to commit the English monarch completely, that all his views, (and they were those of a despotic master) might be observed. The abject and narrow-minded James, thus degraded, through his hatred to liberty, feared to involve himself too far, without ample funds in possession. Their conduct resembled that of two sharpers, unwilling to trust one another, The one demanded pre-

vious payment,—the other desired to receive value before he advanced any thing; and both hesitated, as each endeavoured to gain the advantage over the other. It seemed that nothing short of James declaring the Catholic the established religion, and abstaining from all foreign treaties and alliances, would have satisfied Louis, and that, even then, he would have reserved his money if possible; but that the wretched James was not so devoid of penetration, as not to know that he risked his crown already by his measures, and that to satisfy Louis he must risk it infinitely more. For this reason, he pressed for money to secure himself, but Louis demurred. Happily for England, Louis greatly miscalculated, and resisted all the intreaties of his ambassador, and all the prayers and remonstrances of James.

The letters of M. D'Avaux and M. Bonrepos, were examined also by Mr. Fox. What a disagreeable kind of subject that, of the combined dissimulation and frauds of the royal personages concerned, for such a mind as that of Mr. Fox! He was in the end,

wearied and disgusted by the examination of these papers, but the elucidation of truth consoled him, and the detection of the mistakes and falsehoods of historians, made him some compensation for his labours.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE Mr. Fox was thus usefully and innocently employed in the national Archives, he did not abstain from the amusements and society which Paris so richly afforded: but to these he gave his evenings. When the good, yet prejudiced, people of London (in consequence of old, and not yet effaced calumnies,) imagined that he was passing his days and evenings with French politicians and ministers, and plotting new ways to return to power, he was devoting his time to historical investigations in the morning, and to instructive society, or the rational or innocent amusements of Paris.

To one of the latter we went, shortly after our arrival; it was called Tivoli, and was an illuminated garden, which seemed decked by the hands of fairies, and beautifully laid out.

On entering, innumerable sports and entertainments struck the enchanted eye—all was animation and elegance. On a large platform were country dancers and other persons performing—here was a small piece of water, and a boat and oars, for the younger parties—there were little parties in bowers; with music and various refreshments everywhere—beauty and grace gave enchantment to the scene, and the charming female figures, who glided about, were dangerously fascinating. Vauxhall is excellent in its way; but these French gardens combine all the fancied delights of Oriental tales. The mind is lost in a perpetual circle of pleasures—it is here that age itself is exhilarated, and applauds the lively dance and playful sports it can no longer enjoy. Here rank lays aside its pomp and ceremony, pride forgets its haughtiness, and enraptured youth feels a thousand delicious sensations. The charm of a serene night, and dry and pure air, made every thing agreeable. The whole concluded with splendid and beautiful fireworks. Such was Tivoli.

To the different theatres we went constantly. These are extremely numerous, and the acting in all of them is good. In comedy I thought the French actors quite inimitable: there was in their playing the most easy and lively imitations of nature—every part was sustained nearly equally well—the dresses were correct, and the pieces played had often a great deal of merit. Eight or nine theatres, well supported, were a proof of the extraordinary genius of the people, and of their excessive fondness for this species of amusement. Mr. Fox enjoyed the French *spectacle* greatly, and I think did not differ much from me, when I preferred it to the English stage. In one respect, however, he felt less pleasure at the public amusements than others did, as music gave him no great satisfaction: he did not appear to relish it much, and he himself has assured me, (and his mind was free from all disguise) that he derived no pleasure from it. Still this must be taken in a qualified sense, even from himself. He who could so strongly taste the charms of poetry, could not be destitute of a musical ear; the harmony and melody of the poet's verses

contribute, in a considerable degree, to the effects which they produce. No one felt more than Mr. Fox the powers of Homer, Virgil, Pindar, Euripides, Ariosto, or Metastatio; and I cannot separate from his admiration and enjoyment of these noble authors, a value for the harmony and the sonorousness of their verse. I can well imagine that he did not feel delight at the modern refinements of music, where execution is substituted for expression, and the pathos of nature is abandoned for the wonders of art. In such a work as I have undertaken, when the minutiæ, and lighter touches of character are noticed, and given to the public as interesting parts (however small) of the great whole, I could not omit, what appeared to me remarkable, and what cannot well be assented to, without explanation and allowance.

Eight or nine days after our arrival, the door of one of the apartments of the Hotel de Richelieu was thrown open, and a gentleman of small stature, and with nothing prepossessing in his appearance, was shewn

in. He came to wait on Mr. Fox; and as numbers came daily to pay him their respects, I did not bestow much attention on the entrance of this stranger. For some time I remained indifferent, and unobservant. It was Kosciusko!—Spirit of departed and murdered freedom, why did not thy voice whisper in my ear, that thy favourite son, a martyr to thy cause, was present?——Kosciusko! thou wast the victim of surrounding despots; yet, before thou wert overwhelmed, immured in a dungeon, and thy brave—thy patriotic—but unfortunate countrymen, sunk under the lawless hand of iron power—thou wert a star beaming upon the desert,—thou gavest courage to an oppressed nation—and, disdaining all dangers—frowning upon all the threats and corruption of an imperial court, thou,—Kosciusko!—endured every privation;—famine and want, and obscurity, were dear to thee—one thought pervaded thy virtuous and brave mind—one desire animated every action—one hope lightened upon thee in thy darksome and perilous path,—— the freedom and emancipation of a beloved

country!—It was with greedy and unspeakable pleasure I beheld the champion of Polish liberty. The figure which I had thought inconsequential—the countenance which I had thought uninteresting, became important. I listened to his words with attention, and beheld, with a feeling of delight, two men, so eminently gifted, and so distinguished by their love of liberty, conversing with the sympathy and kindness one might expect from each towards the other.

There is a wide difference between that involuntary homage paid to genius and patriotism, and the deference which is due to rank; the one is a glowing sensation, full of admiration, regard, and sympathy; the other is a thing *exacted*, which is conceded reluctantly, and, in general, insincerely. It was the former, certainly, which Kosciusko inspired. He did not speak much; his exterior and manner were extremely simple; Mr. Fox's reception of him was warm and friendly: both these great men seemed happy at meeting, and conscious, as each of them was, of having done all he could for his

respective country, to calmly repose and taste the pleasure of personal intercourse, where there is high mutual esteem and regard. It was true, Kosciusko's career of glory was extremely short, and that Mr. Fox distinguished himself in a totally different manner, and in the course of a long and brilliant series of political efforts: their principles, however, were the same; the advocate of oppressed America,—of injured Ireland,—of the enslaved blacks,—could not but cherish the champion of the slaughtered Poles; nor could that champion fail to honour a statesman who loved liberty, and who had so long laboured in its cause.

Kosciusko was in apparent good health, though, I believe, his wounds will never allow him to be perfectly well. The interview was not very long; but how different was it from the meeting of Potentates, prepared to deceive one another, or planning the disturbance of happy and independent nations. Not like Joseph and the remorseless Catharine, sacrificing to their ambition the peace and independence of millions,

but benignly breathing sentiments of good will for mankind, and bestowing on the sacred cause of liberty, their wishes, where they could not assist it; and their regrets where it was extinguished. I saw Kosciusko depart with a strong sentiment of profound admiration and sorrow; he was now an obscure individual in France, little noticed, and cast back among the class of ordinary men,—not regarded by a new government rising upon the ruins of every thing republican, and felt himself *alone* among the brilliant crowd of opulent and thoughtless strangers, thronging to Paris, and full of gaiety and joy. Not so Kosciusko: his prostrate country filled all his thoughts; the more so as her fortunes were now irretrievable. He was a melancholy sojourner in a land which could impart no joys to him, —he was the stricken deer, whose wound could never be healed.

He was received, and entertained by Mr. Fox, with a cordiality mixed with melancholy. I have observed how much delicate attention he always paid to the unfortunate;

and it may be easily understood, what were his manners,—the tone of his voice,—and his look,—towards Kosciusko !

As Mr. Fox loved the country much, and, in so fine a season of the year, wished to let Mrs. Fox see it, we took advantage of the second Sunday after our arrival to drive to St. Cloud. The day was extremely fine, and the environs of Paris are, in the direction of St. Cloud, very pleasant. I did not forget, as we approached the vicinity of Meudon, that Madame Roland, that illustrious victim of a sanguinary democracy, with a monster for its leader, had made it interesting, by celebrating it as the beloved spot where, in her youth, she had, along with her family, passed so many Sundays in rural and happy retirement. I had long admired her character and heroic conduct, and was gratified to find that Mr. Fox estimated both highly. He told me, that he sat up nearly a whole night at Mr. Coke's, reading her work, when it first appeared; and, by such a sanction, I felt my own opinion much fortified. Meudon, as we passed, looked wild, yet beautiful. Soon after we got to Bellevue, a

beautifully-situated, but now desolate, royal chateau, built by Louis the XVth, for Madame de Pompadour, and subsequently possessed by the late king's sisters. Its situation on the Seine is very pleasing; that river, whose pellucid and blue waters adorn Paris so much, is here increased to a respectable size, and flows majestically along. Bellevue was quite deserted; the hall, where music and gay sounds were heard, when the royal banquets were held there, was silent and joyless; the sound of the feet of our little party resounded in a melancholy way. It was a cheerless scene; for whether we considered the profligate extravagancy of Louis the XVth, in squandering the revenues upon his own gratifications, or satisfying the pride of luxurious mistresses; or that we simply dwelt upon the overthrow of royalty, and the distinction or desolation of its palaces; or that we thought of the last possessors, the amiable and respectable sisters of Louis XVIth; we saw a heart-chilling change; the walls naked, the rooms unfurnished, and the court-yard overgrown with grass; a general appearance of decay; yet the gardens still beautiful, and well

deserving to be put in order: these mournful memorials of better days, naturally inspired gloomy sensations.

We hastened from hence to St. Cloud. This beautiful chateau is delightfully situated. A very fine wood, and a commanding aspect, distinguish it from every thing besides near Paris. The Seine winds slowly below. The village of St. Cloud makes a respectable appearance at the foot of the hill, and the bridge has a handsome effect, as the Seine is broad and majestic here, and partakes much of the character of the Thames at Richmond. The chateau of St. Cloud had been taken from the Duke of Orleans in the reign of Louis the 16th, by the court, and I do not wonder that his resentment was great, as it is a most charming residence, and quite unrivalled around Paris.

Leaving St. Cloud, we took a boat as far as Neuilly, and found most of the environs and banks of the riv- delightful. Mr. Fox fully enjoyed the scene.. he was fond of the water, and perhaps he was reminded of

the scenes near his own beloved spot. The evening was serene; the water a glossy surface, over which we glided; and as we left behind the proud and towering walls of St. Cloud, and its lofty woods, we turned to the more pleasing contemplation of rural cottages, and small country-houses, of an enchanting appearance on the banks of the river. Happy little domestic parties were scattered here and there—the setting sun threw a golden glow upon the water, and a rich and softened light upon the landscape. Gliding softly along, no wish was felt by our little circle for the pompous sights of St. Cloud or Paris.

It was in such moments that Mr. Fox was truly himself. Mrs. Fox's society, and that of one or two friends, whom it was not necessary to entertain, and find conversation for, satisfied him: and in the manner of that excellent judge of society, Horace, he required but a few, whom he liked, and rural and tranquil scenes, to make him quite happy; like him he was ever ready to ex-

claim to the admirers of the city, or the follower of courts;

"——— Ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque:
Quid quæris? Vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui
Quæ vos ad cœlum effertis rumore secundo."

Easy and instructive conversation made these happy moments fly but too swiftly.

The shadows of evening began to fall before we reached Neuilly; but all was placid, and the objects around presented themselves with new interest: the little vineyards were lost in shade—the water lost its splendor, but was still more beautiful, and this delicious repose of evening, made us grieve when our boat stopped and it became necessary to disembark.

The carriage was waiting for us at Neuilly: as we drove through the Bois de Boulogne, we left on one side, at a considerable distance, Bagatelle, once the elegant seat of the ci-devant Compte D'Artois. It was now

neglected, and adapted to some common purpose. Another vestige of fallen grandeur, but of little interest.

On returning to Paris, we went to the Opera Francois. In this species of amusement, the French, in my opinion, completely fail. Their music is uninteresting and noisy, but the soul-touching expression, which the Italian Opera so delightfully attains, is, at the French Opera, a thing unknown. Whether French perceptions are ill-adapted to vocal music, or that the disposition of the people, turning to gaiety, prevents their musicians from aiming at that pathos, which at once softens and charms the mind, I cannot decide, but the French Opera seemed to me so insipid, not to say disagreeable, that I had no wish to return to it.

The following day, after the usual occupation at the Archives, I was glad to go to the palace of the Thuilleries with Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. West, and Mr. Opie. In front are still to be seen the marks of cannon balls: the memorable night between the 9th

and 10th of August, 1792, was thus vividly recalled to the memory. Could one enter this palace without shuddering? and could one avoid acknowledging that, after such and greater, and continued horrors, the French, with some reason, have naturally acquiesced under a government, which, though falling short of their early and fond expectations, affords them security against internal commotions, and protects their properties and lives against the caprice of an ignorant populace?

The lower apartments of the Thuilleries were not at all altered since the time of Louis the Sixteenth and his queen: the same furniture and ornaments still remained. Among other things we perceived there two busts; one of Fox, and the other of NELSON. Whether these were placed there as a compliment to the English, or that the bust of the former had not been removed since the days of Louis himself, and that the latter had been since added, I cannot say, but the circumstance was curious and interesting.

Our walk through the royal apartments was productive of strange sensations. This

sensible proof of the annihilation of a powerful and long-established dynasty, scarcely sufficed to convince us of the stupendous change which had taken place. Mr. Fox ruminated with pain upon the fallen fortunes and wretchedness of the last of the Bourbons, and the whole party, I believe, felt relieved, on quitting those once royal, but now deserted abodes.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. FOX had now been twelve days in Paris, and we had not seen Buonaparte, except slightly and imperfectly at the theatre. My own wish to behold the first Consul had not been increased since my arrival. The observation of military guards every where, the information that the numbers of barracks in and about Paris were very great, that 20,000 troops were within a short summons; and above all, a knowledge that the system of *espionage* was carried to an incredible height, making suspicion of the slightest indisposition to government sufficient cause for individuals to be hurried away at night,—(many of them never to be heard of ag..n) had not contributed,

by any means, to exalt my opinion of the new government. At this time I even doubted whether an Englishman, a true lover of liberty, ought to sanction the new order of things. As I have already alluded to those views, I shall only say, that Mr. Fox's determination to go to the approaching levée, threw a new light upon my mind, and I was brought to consider the case dispassionately. Was an English gentleman or nobleman, travelling for instruction and pleasure, to be the reformer and censor of Europe?—at Petersburgh to reprimand Alexander, or shun his court?—at Constantinople to insult the Grand Signior, and rudely reject the society of his ministers?—No!—I said to myself, prejudiced and pensioned followers of ministry may affect to think in this way, but the enlightened stranger will, in all countries, respect the existing government, conform to its usages and ceremonies, and frequent its court as the focus of all the rank, talent, and character of the country,—where the best manners are to be met with; and superior intelligence is to be collected!

We now heard a great deal of the approaching levee; it was expected to be unusually splendid, and the English ambassador, Mr. Merry, was overwhelmed with applications of gentlemen, from England and Ireland, to prevail upon him to present them to Buonaparte, on this, his new and permanent accession to power. So numerous were these applications, that he was compelled to shelter himself under the rule, that a letter from Lord Hawkesbury must be handed to him, introducing each person. Mr. Fox had been so thoughtful and kind, as to have me, as well as Lord St. John, included in his own letter, so that I had no disappointment to fear. Mr. Merry, the British ambassador, was a good-natured and friendly man, but unequal to trying and delicate emergencies; he seemed to me bending under his situation, not enjoying the extraordinary scene;—without sufficient dignity for his station, and rather an honest gentleman popped into a diplomatique situation, than the ambassador of a great and commanding nation. I had subsequent reason, in Mr. Fox's ministry, to observe that Mr. Pitt's long ministry had

been ill supplied with men of talents in foreign courts.

Previous to this levee, Mr. Fox went with a small party to see the chateau of St. Cloud. It was also the day of the fête at the village, and we proposed dining at one of the Restorateur's houses, which look down upon the river. Mr. and Mrs. Fox, two or three more, Monsieur De Grave, and myself, formed the party. The day was extremely fine, and we sat out with great pleasure upon the little excursion, omitting, for this one day, the labours at the Archives, and leaving James II. and Louis XIV. to rest unmolested and uncriticised. Monsieur de Grave was a very polite and unassuming companion; he had been minister in the early republican times, for a short time, but was unequal to the fatigues of office. Whoever has read Madame Roland's works, will find his genuine character there. It was but too faithfully drawn; frequently when I recognized the fidelity of the portrait, I was betrayed into a smile, and trembled lest it might rise to a laugh,

Madame Roland described M. de Grave as a good-natured little man, unfit for an arduous situation,—rolling his large blue eyes, and falling asleep over his coffee. He was, however, extremely obliging, and, as we were disappointed in seeing the interior of the chateau, his chagrin was very great and undisguised.

Mr. Fox consoled us with a sort of playful humour, that was very diverting, and at the same time perfectly good-natured. I do not recollect, indeed, any occasion when he was more animated than this evening. The scene before us was quite delightful; the Seine glided calmly past; the people, assembled for the fête, were walking about, sitting in groupes, conversing, or dining on the grass,—music enlivened all,—parties, as the day advanced, were dancing under the trees,—gaiety and elegance pervaded them,—no vile intoxication disgraced the happy assemblage,—they were joyous, but not riotous,—cheerful but not noisy,—animated, but every where maintained decency and good

manners. — Mr. Fox, to diminish M. de Grave's vexation, talked more than usual.

He spoke, with excellent discrimination, of the noble families he had known long previous to the revolution; the folly and absurd pride of some he treated in the happiest manner; the admirable characters of others, female as well as male, and their genius and acquirements, he dwelt upon with unqualified admiration. He strove to lead M. de Grave from his uneasiness in the most engaging manner, (for M. de Grave had engaged to procure us admission to the chateau.) It in a manner reminded me of Cicero in the de Oratore, dwelling upon illustrious departed characters, illustrious as well by birth as eloquence, virtue, and accomplishments. The destruction of the old government, the death, emigration, or distress of many of those noble persons, a complete substitution, not only of new government, but change of property and honours, making this eloquent retrospective view still more interesting. The great character himself, who was taking it, worthy of antiquity:

and speaking from his own knowledge, with an animation in which affection, veneration, and gratitude, were all blended, and all powerfully and visibly operating. As we sate at our fruit, before we arose to depart, the door opened, and a savoyarde, dressed in the fashion of the peasants of her country, and carrying a guitar or lute, presented herself. Her air was almost sublime; the countenance betokened better days and higher station; but resignation chastened every feeling, and religion had sustained and aided her; her song was simple and affecting, and her music far from contemptible; the faultering voice told better than volumes, that she was unhappy. She was satisfied with a little, and withdrew with modesty and in silence.

Before we left St. Cloud, we walked in the park among the happy groupes, and left this charming place, as it grew late, with a wish to re-visit it often. Indeed, I ever observed that Mr. Fox was most pleased in such evenings as these. Unencumbered with ceremony, and relieved from crowds, his

amiable and domestic character expanded itself; and, undesirous as he was of flattery, hating subserviency, and abominating affectation or hypocrisy of any kind, I think he sought all oportunities of consoling himself for the insincerity and baseness of worldly-minded people, by forming a society of two or three, (of which Mrs. Fox was ever one) on whose ingenuousness and friendship he could rely, and before whom he could relax and display the whole simplicity and genuine feeling of his mind. It was then he became animated; nor was he unwilling to bear a full share in the conversation, and to prolong it through the evening.

"Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem."

We closed the month of August (having dined there the 31st) at St. Cloud; in the republican style it was the 13th Fructidor.

All this time, and for about a week afterwards, the heat was extreme. Mr. Fox often found it necessary to have a carriage, (otherwise he preferred walking) to go to the

Bureau des affaires Etrangers. The streets of Paris were intolerably hot, and we frequently found it an oppressive and fatiguing walk, though the distance was not great from the Hotel de Richelieu to the place where the Archives were deposited. Mr. Fox, however, allowed nothing to interfere with, or prevent his pursuit.

On the day previous to the great levee, we went to see the house of general Murat, since king of Naples. Nothing could be more superb. The apartments were beautifully and sumptuously fitted up. The grand staircase was very noble—the bed-chamber extremely elegant and rich—and one circular room, particularly, was deserving of attention. It was lighted from the top—a great number of beautiful white marble statues were placed in niches, holding branches for lights, and the intervening recesses furnished with silk, and containing small couches, had an excellent effect. There was so much symmetry and beauty in this room, that I was much struck with it.

In the evening a new scene opened to me; and when I announce to my reader, M. TALLEYRAND, minister for foreign affairs, to whose country house, at Neuilly, I was carried, along with Mr. and Mrs. Fox, they will participate in the curiosity I felt. We arrived between eight and nine in the evening, as it was usual to open the house every evening at that time for all the *corps diplomatique*, and strangers of distinction. I was now about to see somewhat of the French government, in seeing the minister of foreign affairs, and his establishment. On our arrival we were ushered through a long suite of rooms, and announced to Madame, who, at the head of her drawing-room, and of a numerous circle of ladies and gentlemen, received each visitor, that paid his respects to her. Many of the foreign ministers, and other characters of rank were present. Mr. Fox was received with great politeness and marked attention.

M. Talleyrand possesses by no means an agreeable exterior; there is a want of what is noble and elevated in his air and countenance. It is evident, however, that

he possesses great acuteness and pliability. I am so far a bigot in the science of physiognomy, as to doubt the excellency of a character where the countenance repels, or at least inspires no favourable idea,—where the eye does not speak the language of feeling, and where the air and carriage of the person is ungraceful or mean. M. Talleyrand appeared to me, however, to be a complete man of business; alert, indefatigable, and completely conversant in the ways of men.

Madame was possessed of genuine politeness; and although her situation inspired something of hauteur, yet there was a sweetness of disposition to be discerned through it, which was very engaging. This lady, now the Princess de Benevento, I think, possessed a superior mind, which felt disgust at, and saw, with quickness, the meanness of the servile crowd, who would be equally ready, in the hour of misfortune, to calumniate and vilify, as they were now to flatter, those elevated characters, whom they paid their homage to.

The circle at M. Talleyrand's, in the even-

ing, was at first agreeable and entertaining. The variety of character was great and striking; the Italian Princess,—the German Duchess or Prince,—members of the ancient French nobility,—strangers, of rank and talent,—literary characters, — ambassadors, — their secretaries or friends,—members of government, senators, &c. &c.—The poet and the philosopher mingled in the crowd, yet all was conducted with elegance and attention. Here Mr. Fox met various distinguished men, and conversed with every one, with ease and vivacity. The house at Neuilly was large and handsome; the distance from Paris, five miles. It was, however, much more agreeable at this season of the year, and in extremely hot weather, to drive out to the evening circle, than remain in town. After some hours, (except a select few invited to a supper) the company dispersed.

The establishment of the Minister for Foreign Affairs was on the most liberal scale: he was allowed 10,000 per annum to enable him to keep a handsome table, and receive his guests in a manner worthy of the

splendour of the rising government. A liberal and wise plan, it must be admitted, for the minister who is obliged to maintain the dignity, and, in some measure, represent the consequence of his country and its government with foreigners, requires liberal funds to enable him to do so, greater than those of other ministers, inasmuch as he is called upon (and it may be politically useful and requisite) to entertain foreigners of every description.

Shortly after our arrival in Paris, distressing accounts (distressing to lovers of liberty) were daily brought from Switzerland. That country, once the invincible asylum of liberty, whose confederate warriors, resisting the tyranny of Austria, had transmitted independence and happiness to their posterity ;—that country was now suffering the horrors of military oppression, REDING, the intrepid leader of the Swiss, animated them against the French. As we heard, the very women and children were roused, and symptoms of a sanguinary contest were daily announced. Those English patriots

who were amongst Mr. Fox's friends, and Mr. Fox himself, heard these reports with deep regret. That it was fruitless and unavailing, I need not say. The struggle soon after ceased, and the brave Swiss, perceiving resistance to be little short of madness, sullenly rested their arms and capitulated. We were thus destined almost to be witnesses of one of the last pernicious consequences of the coalition war against France. She had gained the Netherlands as an integral part of her dominions,—the Rhine as a boundary for a great extent,—and she was now seizing upon Switzerland as an outwork and fortification for her empire. For this important object, it was very unlikely that regard for the feelings, or respect for the liberties, of the Swiss, would at all stand in the way of the French government. Nor did it at this time act very differently from regular established governments, whose tone and principles it seemed to be fast assuming. The aristocracies of Switzerland had themselves been guilty of so much oppression and cruelty, that the people had not so much to lose as has been

represented; and it is more than probable, that in the early subjugation of the country in 1797, by the French, if these corrupt and haughty governments had been purified and reformed, and more valuable objects held forth to incite the people, that Switzerland might have defied the attacks of France, and proved a dangerous, or at least a formidable, enemy to her; always interposing strong positions between her and other countries, capable of being used against her, and remaining constantly in the nature of a check upon her. But the aristocratical governments had long disgusted and alienated the people; and the country not feeling the same stimulus which warmed them against Austria in 1300, fell an easy prey to French ambition. Accordingly, the senate of Berne, in 1802, sanctioned all the measures of Buonaparte; joined with his government against their own people; and, at length, conspired with France in stifling the last struggling sigh for liberty.

CHAPTER XII.

AS we visited the museum as often as time could be spared to it, I recollect one day, that all the company were attracted to the windows of the gallery of the Louvre, by a parade in the Place de Carousel. The guards, and some other French troops, were exercising. Mr. Fox, with the others, went to the window, but he instantly turned away on seeing the soldiers. This occurred some time before the levee; and on that day, as there was a grand parade, we remained in a private apartment of the Thuilleries till it was over. Buonaparte, mounted on a white charger, and accompanied by some general officers, reviewed his troops, amounting to about six thousand, with great rapi-

dity. The consular troops made a fine appearance, and the whole was a brilliant and animating spectacle. Mr. Fox paid little or no attention to it, conversing chiefly, while it lasted, with Count Markoff, the Russian ambassador. I observed Mr. Fox was disinclined not only to military, but to any pompous display, of the power of the French government. An enemy to all ostentation, he disliked it every where, but the parade of military troops in the heart of the metropolis, carrying with it more than vain pomp, must naturally have shocked, rather than entertained, such principles as those of Mr. Fox.

On the day of the great levee, which was to collect so many representatives of nations, and noble strangers from every country, to pay their respects to the first Consul of France, now established as the sole head of government for life, several apartments, having the general name of the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, were appropriated for the crowd of visitors at the levee, pre-

vious to their being admitted to the first Consul's presence. Lord Holland, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord St. John, Mr. Adair, and myself, accompanied Mr. Fox there. I must acknowledge that the novel and imposing scene amused and interested me in a high degree. This grand masquerade of human life, was inconceivably striking:—the occasion of assembling—the old palace of the Bourbons—the astonishing attitude that France had assumed, affected the imagination, and almost overpowered the judgment. A latent smile was often to be caught on the countenances of different intelligent and enlightened men; it said, very significantly, can this be reality? can so wonderful a fabric be permanent?

Mr. Merry, the English ambassador, appeared on the part of the British government, to sanction and recognize the rank and government of the first Consul! His toils were now approaching, there was a much greater number of English presented than of any other nation. Mr. Merry! whose

nation had, under the blind auspices of an intemperate minister, fatally interfered with the internal concerns of a great people, and had vainly attempted to counteract the success of their efforts. What a subject had he for a letter, in the style of Barillon, for the perusal of Mr. Pitt, or his friend Mr. Addington, then acting as Pitt's deputy, or *locum tenens*, in the government! Mr. Merry! —then acting under Lord Hawkesbury, the Quixotic marcher to Paris, which same Lord was now receiving a magnificent present of a service of china of unrivalled beauty and elegance, from this same new government and Buonaparte. It would have been an instructive lesson for Mr. Pitt himself, could he invisibly, with Minerva by his side, have contemplated the scene: he might then have studied history, and discovered that such interference and conduct in foreign powers, as that of his and the allied potentates, had made Cromwell a king, or an emperor, and fixed the succession in his family!

"What think you of all this?" said the Chevalier d'AZARA, ambassador from Spain,

addressing himself to Mr. Fox. The other gave an expressive smile—"It is an astonishing time," continued he, "pictures—statues,—I hear the Venus de Medicis is on her way — what shall we see next?" A pleasant dialogue ensued: these enlightened statesmen diverting themselves, when scolding and anger could avail nothing. The TURKISH AMBASSADOR graced the splendid scene; a diminutive figure, accompanied by a suite of fine and handsome men;—he reposed on a sofa,—the heat was excessive, and his crossed-legged attitude but little relieved him;—his companions spoke French with great ease, and some of them were fine Grecian figures.

Count MARKOFF! covered with diamonds, —of a most forbidding aspect — of sound sense, however, — malgré a face no lady would fall in love with,—and an ungraceful air. ——The Marquis LUCCHESINI! the king of Prussia's ambassador, who, from an obscure situation, by having become the reader to a minister, was elevated to the corps diplomatique — gaudily dressed — always with

several conspicuous colours,—one thought of a foreign bird, on seeing him; and his physiognomy corroborated the idea — agreeable, however, pleasing in his manners, easy in his temper, and enjoying rationally the amusing scenes around him.

The Marquis DE GALLO! the Neapolitan ambassador—an unmeaning nobleman of the old school,—florid in manner, but not calculated to produce effect in politics or conversation.—Have I forgotten the Count COBENZEL!—that sage and venerable negotiator was there. A small, emaciated figure, — pale and worn out with the intrigues of courts, he seemed to have been reserved to witness the scene before us, as a refutation of all his axioms and systems. With excellent good sense, he took all in good part,—he was too wise to betray dissatifaction, and too politic not to bend to the gale. The American ambassador, Mr. LIVINGSTON, plain and simple in manners and dress,—representing his republic with propriety and dignity.—Of these, I believe, M. d'Azara held the first rank for intellect;

he had all the appearance of a man of genius—he seemed very much to enjoy the society of Mr. Fox,—he and the Count Cobenzel are both since dead, as, no doubt, are many other of the actors in the grand drama of that day.

The illustrious statesman of England, who that day attracted every eye, is himself withdrawn also from mortal scenes!

A number of English noblemen and gentlemen,—many Russians,—Swedish officers, with the white scarf on their arm, also crowded the rooms. The Cardinal CAPRARA, representing his holiness the Pope, with his scarlet stockings and cap, was to me a novel sight,—he was a polite and dignified ecclesiastic, and, but that I was imbued a little with the prejudices of English historians and other authors, I should have found nothing extraordinary in the respectable cardinal. I am now ashamed that I did.

This grand assemblage were detained a considerable time in the *Salle des Ambassa-*

deurs, during which several servants, in splendid laced liveries, handed round coffee, chocolate, the richest and finest wines, and cake, upon China, bearing the initial B. without any armorial, royal, or established marks of power. The heat was excessive, and expectation, wearied with the pause, began to droop, when the door opened, and the *prefect du Palais* announced to the CARDINAL CAPRARA, that the first Consul was ready—he afterwards called upon M. d'AZARA—upon which every one followed, without regular order or distinction of rank. As we ascended the great staircase of the Thuilleries, between files of musketeers, what a sentiment was excited!

As the assumption of the consulship for life was a decisive step, tending not only to exclude every branch of the old dynasty, but to erect a new one, every sensible man considered this day as the epoch of a new and regular government. Buonaparte was virtually king henceforth. As we passed through the lofty state rooms of the former

kings of France, still hung with the ancient tapestry, very little, if at all, altered—the instability of human grandeur was recalled to the mind more forcibly than it had yet been. The long line of the Bourbons started to the view! I breathed with difficulty! Volumes of history were reviewed in a glance. Monarchs! risen from the mouldering tomb, where is your royal race? The last who held the sceptre dyed the scaffold with his blood, and sleeps forgotten and unknown, without tomb, or memorial of his name!—Rapid was the transition succeeding!—We reached the interior apartment, where Buonaparte, First Consul, surrounded by his generals, ministers, senators, and officers, stood between the second and the third consuls, Le Brun and Cambaceres, in the centre of a semicircle, at the head of the room! The numerous assemblage from the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, formed into another semicircle, joined themselves to that at the head of which stood the first Consul.

Buonaparte, of a small, and by no means commanding figure, dressed plainly, though

richly in the embroidered consular coat—without powder in his hair, looked, at the first view, like a private gentleman, indifferent as to dress, and devoid of all haughtiness in his air. The two consuls, large and heavy men, seemed pillars too cumbrous to support themselves, and, during the levee, were sadly at a loss what to do,—whether the snuff-box or pocket handkerchief was to be appealed to, or the left leg exchanged for the right.

The moment the circle was formed, Buonaparte began with the Spanish Ambassador, then went to the American, with whom he spoke some time, and so on, performing his part with ease, and very agreeably: until he came to the English Ambassador, who, after the presentation of some English noblemen, announced to him Mr. Fox!—He was a good deal flurried, and after indicating considerable emotion, very rapidly said—"*Ah! Mr. Fox!—I have heard with pleasure of your arrival—I have desired much to see you—I have long admired in you the orator and friend of his country, who, in constantly raising his voice for peace, consulted that*

country's best interests—those of Europe—and of the human race. The two great nations of Europe require peace;—they have nothing to fear;—they ought to understand and value one another. In you, Mr. Fox, I see with much satisfaction, that great statesman who recommended Peace, because there was no just object of war; who saw Europe desolated to no purpose, and who struggled for its relief."

Mr. Fox said little, or rather nothing; in reply to a complimentary address to himself, he always found invincible repugnance to answer; nor did he bestow one word of admiration, or applause, upon the extraordinary and elevated character who addressed him. A few questions and answers relative to Mr. Fox's tour, terminated the interview.

Amongst the distinguished English presented to Buonaparte on that day, was Mr. now Lord ERSKINE. I am tempted to think that he felt some disappointment at not being recognised by the first Consul; there

was some difficulty at first, as Lord Erskine was understood to speak little French. M. Talleyrand's impatient whisper to me, I fancy I yet hear, "*Parle-t-il Francois,*" "*Parte-t-il Francois.*" Mr. Merry, already fatigued with his presentations, and dreading a host to come, imperfectly designated Lord Erskine, when the killing question followed, "*Etes vous legiste,*" was pronounced by Buonaparte with great indifference, or, at least, without any marked attention.*

Lord Erskine, truly great as he is in England, was, however, himself deceived,

* One would almost fancy that Buonaparte had imbibed from the air of the Thuilleries, Louis the fourteenth's disrespect for, and dislike of *Lawyers*. Whether the distinction between "*legiste*" and "*jurisconsulte*" is an important one, whether the former or the latter is the more dignified, I cannot say, but, Louis' words to his ambassador, Barillon, are not very flattering to the self-importance of that profession: his Majesty writes:
"Je n'ai rien a vous dire sur le choix que le Roy d'Angleterre à fait du Chevalier Trumbal pour remplir la place du Sieur Preston: mais il me paroit que la qualité de *jurisconsulte Anglois* n'est pas la plus convenable pour maintenir la bonne intelligence entre moi et le Roy d'Angleterre, et qu'elle ne sert souvent qu'a trouver des difficultés, ou il n'y en doit point avoir."

if he imagined that his well-earned reputation had extended into foreign nations. The province of the advocate is to defend the equivocal cause of a client. This, necessarily, creates a confined and technical species of oratory. The municipal laws of one nation do not concern or interest another. A lawyer from Vienna or Petersburgh, however eminent at home, would be unknown and unnoticed at the British Court. It is only, and this rarely happens, when the lawyer, greatly rising into the philosopher, statesman, and senator, displays new and more general abilities, that he ranks with the great men of other nations. The lawyer's habits and pursuits are, besides, adverse to the formation and expansion of greatness of character; his investigations are too microscopic, his subjects of study too low and jejune; his accumulations of wealth are too grovelling; and the restrictions placed upon the efforts of his genius, by the narrow spirit, the prejudice, or the envy of judges, disqualify him for bold and liberal exertions.

Another question, asked by Buonaparte,

when a young English officer, handsomely dressed, belonging to some English militia regiment was presented to him, without any announcement, or key to his rank and quality,—*qu'a-t il fait?* Was a lesson: and if the commander-in-chief established this *qu'a-t il fait?* as a test of merit, and gave promotion according to the answer, he would obtain the thanks of the nation. The ceremony was not long.

Buonaparte went round the circle a second time, addressing a few words here and there, without form, and finally placing himself between the two consuls, he bowed slightly, but expressively, when the company withdrew.

It would be superfluous to speak much of a matter so well known, or so long canvassed. I shall mention a few ideas only which occurred to me, and make but few observations on this celebrated person. His stature being small, and his person, though not ill, yet not very well formed, he

cannot on that account, be supposed to have a very striking air, but his countenance has powerful expression; and decision and determination, when he is grave and thoughtful, are most emphatically marked in it. His eyes are common grey, and have nothing remarkable in them. I am disposed to think that the lower part of the face, which is the most striking in that of Buonaparte, is the most decisive indication of an inexorable and prompt line of conduct. In performing the honours of the levee, this was not at all observable; his smile was extremely engaging; his general expressions very pleasing, and his manners divested of all haughtiness, without manifesting the least of that studied condescension, which, in persons of great rank, is often more offensive even than arrogance and rudeness. Admiring him as a great military character, whose reputation was undoubted and hard-earned, I looked upon Buonaparte as a superior man, born to command the destinies of millions, and felt incredible satisfaction at beholding this great general. His presence, however, inspired me with no awe. The military exploits of

the warrior have their exclusive merit, as demonstrations of genius and talent, irresistibly influencing the fate of society, but falling far short of the exertions of the poet, the orator, and the legislator. That which adorns and gives resplendent lustre to the military character is the love of liberty, impelling the warrior to beat down the iron hand of oppression and despotism, and accomplishing the independence and happiness of millions.

At the moment I saw Buonaparte in the midst of generals, ambassadors, and courtiers,—Aloys Reding, labouring to emancipate the Swiss from the yoke of foreigners, was to me a far more respectable and more truly elevated object. The wicked attempt to subdue Spain had not then commenced, an attempt far less excusable than the subjugation of Switzerland, and productive of infinitely more misery and bloodshed. It has since taken place, and has for ever tarnished the fame of Buonaparte. The republican general, converted into an Emperor, follows the career of Louis XIV. with far

superior energy and perseverance, doubtless, with more extended views, and much greater power.

"When black ambition stains a public cause," we no longer revere and applaud the consummate general or able monarch. I had heard, too, that Toussaint, the friend and hope of his country, had been seized, and was on his way to a prison in France. I did not then know that he had there languished and died; but I pitied the sable chieftain, and could not esteem his oppressor. An enlightened mind, and a just appreciation of the rights of men, had distinguished this character. Could I have seen him pining in a lonely dungeon, — his hopes extinguished, — his family and friends far distant,—ignorant of his country's fate, and surrounded by men who little sympathised with him; could I have seen him languishing out his few remaining days,—his dark visage saddened and withering, and his groans hourly growing fainter!—How little then should I have enjoyed this splendid levee;—how gladly should I have withdrawn! As it was, I left

the Thuilleries with my curiosity gratified, but without feeling any impression of pleasure or admiration from having seen the first Consul.

To entertain such sentiments was unavoidable, and would have been inexcusable in me, living, as I did, at this time, in the society of Mr. Fox. The sterling superiority of that great man's character, then a simple individual, divested of all power, but still the advocate and supporter of liberty and peace, —the philosopher, scholar, and orator,— untainted by ambition, vanity, or avarice,— full of humanity, and hating cruelty, as well in governments as in individuals,—even his mild domestic virtues conspired to make me view the astonishing spectacle at the Thuilleries, with indifference and calmness. The very research at the *Depôt des Archives*, contributed to produce such a frame of mind. I was daily reading the letters of Louis XIV. once styled *the Great*, whose meanness of soul, and narrowness of spirit, as well as his total want of generous views, and of liberality in his estimate of human nature, had sufficiently disgusted me with a great,

arbitrary monarch, had I not been seeing an embrio one.

After the levee, a very pleasant party of English, invited by Lord R. Spencer, dined at Roberts's, the first restorateur's in Paris: as it consisted of ladies and gentlemen, it was extremely pleasant. The entertainment was sumptuous, and served up with the same order and elegance as in a private house. Among others, Mr. KEMBLE, the monarch of the English stage, was there; but, accustomed, as I was to the ease and elegance of the French, as also to the unaffected nobleness of manner in English persons of high rank, Mr. Kemble did not strike me as agreeable. There was an air of self-consequence which repelled—a manner which did not harmonize with the tone of Paris;—Mr. Kemble, when he was civil, was condescending; and when he spoke, it was a little in the style of an oracle. He was a polite gentleman, however, well informed, and desirous of information; paying a just tribute to the French stage, and wanting only six or twelve months residence in France, to

soften the oracle into a pleasing companion, and the monarch into a friendly man. The company were select and agreeable; and amongst his old friends and eminent countrymen, Mr. Fox, in particular, was quite cheerful and happy. The fatiguing ceremonies of the day, and the grandeur of the new court of France, were forgotten in the social converse of the evening. The simplicity and dignified manners of the English nobility, never appeared to me to greater advantage. Their independent minds made them review with philosophic indifference, the pageant of the Thuilleries. They met it as a matter of course; as a thing resulting from the inevitable consequences of the war; not, however, without reflections upon the mistakes and ignorance of that ministry, who had so essentially contributed to place Buonaparte on his new throne, and to raise the French nation to so unexampled an height: in fine, they appreciated every thing with exact justice, without indulging in foolish invectives against the first magistrate of the nation, in the midst of which they

were not repining at success, which appeared beyond the power of man to counteract.

The following day Mr. and Mrs. Fox, and some of their friends, went to visit the celebrated Abbè SIEYES. They found him in retirement about twelve miles from Paris, cultivating his estates, (national domain) to a considerable extent, granted him by the new consular government, as a remuneration for the past, an asylum for the future, and a proper eloignement from all subsequent cares of government. Here he enjoyed a happy, domestic life; but as I did not see him, I am unable to sketch his character or manners. Mr. Fox seemed to consider him in a respectable light, but to entertain no very high opinion of him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE recurrence to the best Historical Researches was a useful as well as instructive labour, as it rendered other enjoyments more poignant, and prevented the tedium arising from too much amusement and pleasure. The character of Louis the XIVth, studied in the quietness of the *Rue du Bacq*, and divested of all its transitory glare, was a good corrective, if any were wanting, of undue admiration of any arbitrary despot. The manner in which Louis received the account of the death of Charles the II. and his subsequent suspicions of James, shewed, that he considered Charles as a dependent, having more talents than his brother, —more completely unprincipled—and, con-

sequently, more useful to him.—" *J'ai appris,*" says the king, " *avec etonnement et en deplaisir bien sensible la mort si subite du roi d'Angleterre*".—He speaks exactly as if he were the arbiter of events, and that he had a right to be angry when one of his vassels died inopportunely for him.

Mr. Fox discovered, with some surprize, how extremely bigotted to his religion Louis was: it was evident in all the letters to Barillon. Thus, whilst he was bribing a monarch to trample down and debase his subjects, he was also urging the restoration of the Catholic religion, whose precepts forbad the interference with, or the overthrow of, established governments. I am inclined to think that James had more pride than Charles, or rather that the latter had none, and that though James's conduct was clearly a *continuation* of Charles's as to money and professions of subservience to France, yet that his pride at all times led him to act the independent English monarch, to the great displeasure of the haughty Louis. James probably desired to become an absolute monarch, independent of his parliament, and

of the French king; but as he knew that his arduous attempt required secret funds to support him, he dissembled with Louis, and did not do more than encourage foreign ambassadors to hope something from him: thus Louis, doubting the sincerity of James's communications to Barillon, says, in writing of the renewal of his treaty with the States General: "*Je trouve que les ministres etrangers ont raison de ne le pas regarder comme une simple formalité, ainsi que le cour ou vous etes veut vous le persuader. J'estime au contraire qu'elle jette par la fondement d'une ligne qui peut donner courage à ceux qui ne pouvent souffrir le repos, dont l'Europe jouit à present.*" He also testifies similar uneasiness in regard to Spain.

In the progress of the research, Mr. Fox displayed all the qualities of a man of business; attentive, indefatigable, and acute; allowing neither to himself nor his associates any remission till the allotted business of the day was performed.

Some time after the levee, we dined at

M. Talleyrand's, at Neuilly; we went between six and seven, but did not dine till eight. The dinner hour at Paris had become ridiculously late, and, as in London in fashionable life, resembled more the Roman supper, than what accords with the modern term dinner. M. Talleyrand was at Malmaison, transacting business with the first Consul, and the dinner waited for him. Every thing was in a profuse and elegant style; M. Talleyrand and Madame sate at the sides of the table; the company, amounting to between thirty and forty, (and this, I believe, did not much exceed the ordinary daily number) were attended by almost as many servants, without any livery. Behind Madame Talleyrand's chair, two young blacks, splendidly habited in laced clothes, were placed; the master of the feast devoted himself to a few distinguished persons around him; on them he bestowed his most chosen and precious wine, and to them he directed all his conversation.

Several emigrés and ex-nobles, who had made their peace with government, and were desirous of advancement, or sought relief

or compensation under the new regime, were at the lower end of the table. They were little noticed, or if I said were altogether neglected, I should be more correct. As I sate near some of them, I was filled with concern for their altered state: those who have never had an elevated station in life, do not feel, comparatively speaking, half the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, when calamity and poverty fall upon them. The Duc d'Uzeze, (ci-devant) formerly one of the first and most ancient peers of old France, was close to me; he was now a humble and distressed individual, divested of title and property, and seeking, at the table of the minister for foreign affairs, under the consular government, for notice and assistance. He had come to Neuilly in a hired one-horse cabriolet, without servant or companion. He was of a genteel, prepossessing, and rather youthful appearance, and seemed to bear his change of fortune with an admirable degree of philosophy and good humour, and was even playful upon his own situation, and spoke of the splendour and elevation of others, without

rancour or envy. I could have imagined myself, after the battle of Brundusium, sitting at a Roman table, Julius Cæsar triumphant, and the exiles returning, and permitted to become guests of the triumphant party.

The company was mixed. A young naval officer sat at the foot of the table. M. HAUTERIVE, of the department of Foreign Affairs, was near me: he was sensible, unaffected, and well informed; of plain but conciliating manners; he seemed a man of integrity and sincerity—estimable qualities in a courtier!—M. RŒDERER also was there—several officers, two or three physicians, a few English and other foreigners.

In the evening Madame Talleyrand's circle commenced. The corps diplomatique flowed in, and the minister, the whole remainder of the evening, transacted business with them, taking one aside at one time, to one room, another to another. Count COBENZEL, the Nestor of the band, was there—Each member of the corps looked "unut-

terable things.——The interests of nations were thus discussed beside a picture or chimney piece, and I could not but admire the dexterity and attention of M. Talleyrand. The prince of SAXE WEIMAR took his leave this evening of Madame, on his return to Germany; a pleasing young man, promising to be respectable and good, if his rank did not harden his heart, and pride beset its best avenues! The Abbaté CASTI, author of "*Gli Animali parlanti*," added to the interest of the evening assembly—he was eighty years of age—his head was white, and his figure inclined with age; but he was vivacious, talkative, and gay; Admiral Brueys, a very animated little man, (who is, I think, since dead,) proud of his daughter, a very young girl, who danced inimitably—Russian, German, Italian nobles and their spouses; and many polite and agreeable French people—continued to come in and diversify the scene. Madame Talleyrand maintained a good deal of state, and was attended, on entering the drawing room, by two young females, elegantly clothed in white, and burning frankincense as she advanced.

Mr. Fox alternately conversed or played at cards—always easy, and always animated,—he who in the retirement of St. Anne's Hill appeared devoted to a rural and philosophic life so entirely as if he had never moved in the political sphere, now was the polished and accomplished gentleman, speaking French, Italian, or Spanish, admired by all, as much for the amiability of his character and manners as he had long been for the splendour of his talents. As the weather continued extremely hot, the entertainments of the minister for Foreign Affairs were very agreeable in the country; and the drive on returning to Paris, in these charming serene nights, was very often not the least agreeable part of the excursion. The day after this dinner, and henceforth, we dined frequently at Neuilly.

Madame Buonaparte's drawing room succeeded: it was held in the lower apartments of the Thuilleries. The ceremony was short, cold, and insipid: Madame, the disparity of whose age and appearance, from that of the first Consul, was ill concealed by

a great deal of rouge, sat at the head of a circle of ladies richly habited. Buonaparte, after they had paid their compliments, came from an interior apartment, went round to the circle, said a few words to these ladies and retired. Mr. Fox stayed but a short time; having paid his compliments to Madame, there was nothing interesting for him in this state affair. This lady was spoken extremely well of at Paris; her humanity and disposition to befriend, were allowed by all; and it was said, that whenever she could, she interfered to alleviate the distresses, and procure pardon for those who had incurred the displeasure of government. It was considered that whatever had been the errors of her earlier days, she had redeemed them by the many good actions she had performed, and from thence a sentiment of respect had been generated, which softened envy, and gave a sort of dignity to her, very advantageous in her high station.

Mr. Fox seemed to think extremely well of her. As she loved plants and understood botany, he found it agreeable to converse

with her on this elegant and interesting subject. She had enriched Malmaison by a very fine and choice collection of plants, and it is fair to presume, that she who, raised to a throne, employed herself in acts of humanity, and in this innocent and delightful pursuit, possessed no common mind. It was said in Paris, however, at this time, that Madame Buonaparte had been nearly disgraced several times, but that the brothers of the first Consul supported her, on the expectation that if he had no issue of his own, some of their children might succeed him; so that a divorce was probably in Buonaparte's contemplation, from the moment that he saw a prospect of making the government permanent and hereditary!

At this time an invitation was sent to Mr. Fox, from Miss Helen Maria Williams. She requested the pleasure of his company to an evening party, and to express how much this honour would gratify her, wrote that it would be "a white day," thus distinguished. Some of Mr. Fox's friends wished him to decline this invitation altoge-

ther, from apprehension of giving a handle to ill-nature and calumny. He, however, always the same, disdaining the *fear of suspicion,* and unwilling ungraciously to refuse an invitation earnestly pressed, did not agree with them, and went for a short time. I mention this circumstance because it proves how unwilling he was to give offence or pain, as also, how much he soared above common party views. He was aware that he might be misrepresented and blackened for going to Miss Williams's *conversazione,* as much as he had been for admitting Mr. A. O'Connor to his presence; but he despised slander, was not anxious for place, and was too benignant to slight, with contempt and scorn, the request of an accomplished female, whose vanity, as well as a natural admiration of so great a man, were deeply concerned that he should grant it.

A very interesting dinner, to which Mr. Fox was at this time invited, brought vividly to recollection the horrors and excesses of the revolutionary times. M. Pe-

rigaux, a banker noted for his wealth, integrity, and politeness, requested Mr. Fox and several of his friends to dine with him: he was a man advanced in years, of a noble presence, and most agreeable frankness of manners. The company was select and pleasing. M. Perigaux, by his good sense and consummate prudence, had escaped the very worst times of Robespierre. It was, however, still a matter of wonder to himself how he had escaped. He had seen his friends daily fall around him, but having a small country-house at Passy, a short distance from Paris, he retired there to avoid being in the midst of accumulated horrors, and often in a calm day, or evening, heard distinctly the *chop* of the guillotine.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE continued busily employed every morning in transcribing and reading at the office of the Archives; and, as we were never interrupted or disturbed, I was surprized one day by the door opening. A stranger of an interesting and graceful figure came gently in, advanced rapidly, and in embracing Mr. Fox, shewed a countenance full of joy, while tears rolled down his cheeks. Mr. Fox testified equal emotion. It was M. DE-LA FAYETTE, the virtuous and unshaken friend of liberty! Louis, James, Barillon, all vanished from my mind—a more gratifying subject for contemplation was before me!

Fayette, at a very early age, had visited London; he had there become acquainted with Mr. Fox, and they had not met again

till now. There was two much congeniality in their souls not to produce an early and strong sentiment of friendship. Destined from their youth to be, in their respective countries, the protectors of the sacred cause of liberty, they had followed different paths, but each led to the same temple—that of *glory founded on the people's happiness.*

M. Fayette, born under a despotic regime, saw nothing in his own country to employ a young and enthusiastic mind. North America attracted his attention—sorely oppressed, asking for justice—all her complaints rejected—her petitions unheeded—her murmurs disregarded—America was beginning to feel the sacred impulse of liberty—she was stretching and unfolding her half-fledged wings,— doubting her powers — dreading her adversary — and wavering betwcen submission and despair :— she was in the infancy of her strength, when Fayette, animated with the glorious cause, left all the luxuries and indulgencies which rank and fortune could procure him, crossed the Atlantic, and offered himself

to the Americans, as a champion and a friend. He built, at his own expense, a frigate, to aid the cause; and, by his military and civil exertions, contributed not a little to the emancipation of the United States of America! Whilst Fayette thus promoted the cause of liberty in America, his noble friend, in the British House of Commons, laboured, with equal zeal, to inspire an obstinate and unenlightened ministry with respect for the rights of humanity, and mercy for the tortured Americans: loudly and repeatedly he raised his voice in their favour, and if he did not convince the ministry, he at length convinced the nation.

Peace was made, and Fox found his benevolent mind relieved from hearing daily of civil discord, of unavailing bloodshed, and of horrid warfare, in which each party was weakened, no object was gained, and the enemies of the two countries could alone find pleasure. America was acknowledged independent: her prosperity has since been progressive and unexampled; and it is no common debt of gratitude she owes to Fox and

Fayette. The affectionate interview which took place before my eyes, between those great and excellent men, gave a new turn to my thoughts. I observed, with secret and unspeakable satisfaction, that purity of principles, and goodness of heart, formed a bond which no time or separation dissolves. These great and good men had not met for many long years—different countries contained them — different pursuits occupied them—different connections engaged them—but their excellent mind still sympathised: their hearts were united, and the people's cause was to both like a polar star.

M. de la Fayette had come from the country to see Mr. Fox, and to invite him to his house. He now resided entirely there, and had been allured from his retirement by this call of friendship and affection. In a few moments their sentiments were interchanged; in a few looks their thoughts were known. The review of the past was taken in a moment, and they soon appeared to be affectionate friends, who, having parted for a few days, were now re-united. M. de la Fayette

resided about thirty miles from Paris, and was quite unconnected with, and unconsulted by, the government. He viewed the new state of things with melancholy and regret; not from an unfavourable opinion of the first Consul, but from a rooted and principled conviction, that arbitrary power is injurious to the happiness of the people.

The reader will find annexed to this volume, a letter of M. de la Fayette, on the consulship for life, which, as it is in perfect consonance with every act of that excellent and pure character, will be studied with pleasure by every lover of liberty. A fervent and chastened love of freedom is conspicuous in it: and the patriotic author seems to have closed his political career by this last act, in a way which will endear him to posterity, and rank his name in history, as the undeviating patriot, the friend of his country's rights, and, in every place and situation, the opponent of despotic power.—Let him who peruses this letter feel the value of steadiness of principle, but let no one presume, in order to throw blame upon Buonaparte, to set forth

this interesting document as evidence of his criminality, who himself every day prostitutes himself to power, and riots in the spoils of an abused people. Fayette wrote for the world and posterity. His view was not to disturb an established government, or indulge in petulance and spleen; but to leave a record, which in future times might vindicate his own character, and inform his descendants, that to the last Fayette was consistent.

Since his retirement, and in the gloomy prospects of the republic, he had lived in the most private and simple manner; in the bosom of a tender and affectionate family he found every consolation; he frequented no place of amusement, never went to the theatre, and, with a limited and curtailed fortune, exhibited the bright example of a public man, content with a little, free from envious and angry feelings, and willing to live in dignified silence, when he had not the power to do good. Mr. Fox cheerfully complied with M. de la Fayette's wish of seeing him at *La Grange*, (the name

of his country house,) and agreed to visit him in a fortnight.

Mr. Fox this day received all the gratification of a feeling and affectionate mind. The family of General Fox had arrived; and, as no man was more domestic, no man was more attached to all his family, he found in his extended circle, further enlarged by Mr. Henry Fox, his nephew, and niece, every gratification he could desire. That amiable family were worthy their exalted relative, and it added not merely to his satisfaction in seeing them around him in Paris, but their presence highly contributed to the pleasure and charm of our select society.

On the following day we drove to St. Cloud, having obtained an order of admission. That superb chateau was now furnishing, and putting in complete order for the reception of the first Consul. As we approached it every thing wore a military appearance; sentinels, every twenty yards, paraded about, diminishing, in my eyes, the beauty of the place. When we entered, how-

ever, the display of elegance, taste, and riches, dazzled and enchanted every eye. Every room was fitted up differently. The silk in each was of a different colour. The gallery and chapel were untouched, remaining as the royal family had left them; but the whole was, we understood, to be altered and improved; and none of the furniture or ornaments placed there by the queen was to be retained. The style of ornamenting was in the most exquisite taste. We saw a plain and commodious cabinet, fitted up for the first Consul, and a most superb and costly bath for Madame. The expense of furnishing and fitting up St. Cloud, was estimated at 500,000.

As Mr. Fox proceeded in his research among the Archives, an occasional day intervened, as he advanced in his progress, which was given to invitations, or visits of an interesting nature. A *dejeûner*, given by Madame RECAMIER, at Clichy, at this time, collected almost every distinguished person at Paris: we went there about three

o'clock. So much has been said of the beauty of the charming hostess, that it would be superfluous to say more, than that every one was captivated by it. But her simple and unaffected manners, a genuine mildness and goodness of disposition, obvious in all she said and did, with as little vanity as is possible to conceive, in a young woman so extravagantly admired, were still more interesting. She received her visitors with singular ease and frankness. The house at Clichy was a pretty one, and the gardens extended to the river; in the latter, the company walked about till all were assembled.

There, for the first time, we saw General Moreau; his appearance was plain and heavy,—his dress rather negligent;—his countenance, I thought, denoted indolence, and his air had nothing martial or elevated.—He struck me, then, as quite inadequate to be placed in competition with Buonaparte; there was much *bon hommie*, much calmness about him; but I discovered no latent energy; and although I endeavoured to admire him for

his past exploits, I could not bring myself to think him a great man. Mr. Fox addressed himself to him, and turned the discourse upon Louis XIV. and the history of those times. Moreau, upon this subject, was dull, and did not elicit one spark of intelligence. Afterwards at table, he was free in his discourse about the army; but those who heard his conversation remarked, that he testified more want of thought, than prudence, in his manner of expressing himself. Moreau was above the middle size, but his person was ungraceful, and not well formed. He lived at this time about ten or twelve miles from Paris, and was said to be much devoted to his wife and to hunting.

Eugene Beauharnois, viceroy of Italy, was at this entertainment; and a great crowd of French characters, eminent for rank and talents. Since the period of which I write, the amiable and lovely Madame Recamier has sustained a great reverse of fortune, by the failure of Monsieur Recamier, who was a banker. She bore her fall, it is said, with great fortitude; and, reducing her establish-

ment from a splendid to a very humble one, continued to live with all that calm cheerfulness which had marked her in times of affluence. If I had admired this most charming woman at Paris, surrounded by admirers, and possessing every thing that wealth could bestow,—as gentle, unassuming, and untainted by vanity, how much more admirable did I think her when I heard that she bore adversity with nobleness of mind, which shews the possessor to be independent of fortune and of the world! I have since learned, indeed, that this admirable woman is no more: forming a high opinion of her conduct at Clichy, I have continued to think of her with esteem;—I have mourned over her misfortunes, and felt that grief at her death, which is ever due to the memory of a lovely, accomplished, and unaffected woman.

I cannot help mentioning an interesting little piece which I saw at the Theatre *Rue Feydeu* in the evening, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Fox. It was called, "*Nina, ou la folle par amour.*" We were all charmed with it. A young girl in the country

falls in love: her friends refuse their approbation of the young man of her choice—she grows melancholy and deranged.—Her parents, alarmed, use every method to restore her, but in vain. At length, her lover is brought to see her— she does not know him — he speaks to her— still she is insensible— till a look recals her wayward fancy; she trembles, and begins, in a confused way, to recognize her beloved! Tears burst forth, and nature and reason assert their rights!—The acting was so excellent that it is impossible to do justice to it; but it may serve as a powerful proof that the French possess exquisite feeling, and on the stage are unrivalled in exciting it in that familiar and tender manner which comes home to all hearts.

The day succeeding the *dejeuner*, at Clichy, presented us with a new and curious, though certainly not a very interesting sight. It was a *seance* of the tribunate, a body to whom the task of digesting and preparing laws for the consideration of the legislature had been originally allotted. The sitting was held in a part of the Palais Royal. As we waited in the antichamber, an officer, who had been pri-

soner at Portsmouth, recognized Mr. Fox, and, in a very handsome manner, thanked him for some former interference in the House of Commons, in behalf of himself and his fellow prisoners. His figure was good and imposing—his manner polite and grateful—and as the act was quite spontaneous, it had all that effect which the overflow of the heart gives on public occasions. Mr. Fox was embarrassed by the compliments paid him, and scarcely replied.

As we were summoned to the *seance* by the beating of a drum, I did not anticipate any thing very august. Nor was I deceived. We entered a small hall, of an oval form: a semicircle of benches were arranged for members, and a gallery was raised for spectators. Very few persons were present: the clerk or secretary read the names of persons presenting *books* to the nation—their nature and contents— some other *equally interesting* forms were gone through, when the meeting broke up. This was a strange scene to one accustomed to the English House of Commons: we restrained our

smiles, and left the place diverted with this specimen of the exertions of a French legislative body. We afterwards understood that warm discussions had taken place, relative to new laws, in the tribunate, and that government in consequence had thought fit to reduce it to the phantom we saw.

From thence we proceeded to behold a different sight indeed—the *Hotel des Invalides*. It is a noble and most interesting establishment. The officers and privates there enjoy repose, and tranquillity wear out the rest of their days. The interior forms a noble and even sublime sight; trophies and standards adorn the halls, and are most appropriately placed; the tomb of Turenne rests in awful silence! The remains of that great general, and excellent man, filled me with veneration and sorrow; he was the father of his soldiers, and the supporter of his country. Such men are honoured by all nations, and live for the benefit of society at large; they soften the horrors of war, and accelerate the return of Peace. Happy in domestic life, their ambition does not hurry them into perpetual broils; but when called by their coun-

try, their virtue is bright in its defence. I stood before the tomb! I imagined I heard the groans of his soldiers--I thought I saw their tears and their rage, when his horse came past without its illustrious rider!—they had lost a protector and a friend, never to be replaced!

Our labours at the Archives were now drawing to a close; and as I rejoiced at the accomplishment of Mr. Fox's purpose, so I was glad to have more time to observe the new and striking scenes around me. I frequented the theatres as much as possible, going often alone to see the best pieces; and this I recommend strongly to every stranger wishing to become master of the French language and its pronunciation; and that not as mere amusement, but as a study of their first dramatic authors. I now saw, with infinite pleasure, the Zaire of Voltaire represented. M. and Madame Talma, and La Fonds pleased me highly. With the Italian opera I was quite enchanted; the music and singing were excellent; the house a proper size, and the acting good. The Tartuffe,

of the inimitable Moliere, I saw at the theatre Francois with great delight; though I thought it did not answer the expectations on the stage, which the perusal of that excellent comedy had raised. It would, however, fatigue my readers if I were to enumerate every thing we now saw,—the Monumens Francois, disposed in a manner the happiest that can be conceived, the Jardin de Plantes, Pantheon, Palais de Justice, &c. &c.

CHAPTER XV.

THE new year, according to the republican style, was now (the 18th September) commencing: five complimentary days preceded the 1st of Vendemiaire. The French government, always attentive to the amusements of the people, had ordered fêtes, illuminations, and the exhibition of the produce of national industry, to take place on this occasion. Paris, in consequence, was gay beyond measure. The fête, which was held in the Champs Elysées, although attended by so many thousand people, exhibited no disorder or impropriety; no intoxication was to be observed, every one enjoyed the various sports: the day was excessively fine, and there could not be a more pleasing sight. In the evening illuminations at the Thuilleries succeeded, which had a delightful effect;

the gardens were open, and every person permitted to walk about as they pleased. At this time, splendid parties at the Marquis de Gallo's, and M. Lucchesini's, took place, and the round of amusements and pleasures, which followed one another, scarcely left time to dress, and not much to think. This lasted but a very few days, and closed with the exhibition at the Louvre. A square had been fitted up with temporary shops, an esplanade and pillars; within these shops were deposited every thing rare and excellent, the produce of the national industry.

Previous to the indiscriminate admission of the people, a few were permitted to see this admirable display of national wealth. Mr. and Mrs. Fox, General Fitzpatrick, Lord St. John, and myself, went the first day. The first Consul, attended by his guards, came in a plain coach. I had an opportunity of judging better of him here than at the levee. He walked in public with an inflexible and commanding gravity: the smallness of his figure lost its disadvantages in

the awful severity of his countenance; his step was measured and calm, and his eyes did not wander but were fixed, or looked straight forward. As the first magistrate of the state, and its military chieftain also, he carried himself with great propriety and decorum in public, and there was nothing ferocious or rough in his demeanour. He spoke some time to Mr. Fox, who was in one of the shops, but as I was not with him, I cannot relate the conversation.

This exhibition of the produce of national industry was very interesting; the finest silks, the most beautiful tapestry, porcelaine, lace, cambrics, furniture of every kind, and of new inventions, works in steel, glass, marble,—every thing which an ingenious and flourishing people could send to Paris, from every quarter, were here exhibited. It was a most pleasing and instructive sight, and an example worthy of the imitation of all nations.

As our time for going to M. la Fayette's approached, I anticipated with delight the plea-

sures of the country, and the society of the family at La Grange. Mr. Fox looked forward to it with great satisfaction ; his friendship for its possessor, and natural inclination for the country, attracting him strongly there.

A residence of a considerable time in Paris with him, had confirmed, and increased my sentiments of admiration and esteem for this truly great man. His moderation and simplicity were perfectly unchanged in this great vortex of vanity, pomp, and pleasure : receiving daily the most flattering (and, to any other man, intoxicating) marks of general esteem and applause, from French, English, and other persons, of almost every other nation : he was uniformly the same ; no variation appeared, and not a shadow of vanity passed over his character. At times walking alone with him, in an evening, in the garden of the Hotel de Richelieu, I have been instructed and always interested by his conversation. The French government did not inspire him with any respect for its constitution, but he took a philosophic and statesman-

like view of it. At these times his manner was peculiarly serene; his conversation candid and undisguised—saying little—listening a great deal, and then interposing a simple yet powerful remark, founded on history and the nature of man. He listened with complacency to every statement of facts, and though he drew different conclusions from them, was far from being displeased at opinions more unfavourable to the French government than his own. These were precious moments. Mr. Fox instructed often by a look, and the smile which said so expressively, yet good-naturedly "surely you are going too far;" was not to be forgotten.

This method of instructing or improving a youthful and inexperienced mind, was a very singular one. He allowed his companion to talk, to ask questions, and to express opinions quite dissimilar to his own; but by withholding his approbation, by the smile of doubt, and a gentle dissent on one or two points, he brought him to re-consider the question (allowing him

his full merit for original and sound remark,) and by dispassionate investigation, to correct the errors incident to hasty and ill-grounded opinions. Truth was his sole object, and he never disdained the humblest attempts to elucidate it in others, if he was clearly satisfied with their sincerity.

It cost him no pain to surrender his own opinion upon conviction—he readily did so; but there were two vices in society singled out, and deservedly lashed, by the excellent author of Joseph Andrews, which Mr. Fox mortally hated—HYPOCRICY and AFFECTATION; these were quite intolerable in private and intimate society to him, and he never assumed any appearance of esteem where he did not feel it. He kept a plain and moderate table at Paris, where his earliest friends were often found. One of them, Mr. HARE, then at Paris, was too ill to dine out, and Mr. Fox visited him often.—Mr. Hare, once the brilliant meteor in society, whose wit, and powers of pleasing, were amazingly great—the friend of Mr. Fox, and the men of genius of the day, I saw then de-

clining in his sphere—the languid countenance and feeble frame betokened approaching dissolution—his eyes yet beamed with tremulous fire, and his mind was clear and undisturbed. He testified much affection for Mr. Fox, and seemed to revive at his presence. His decease was not far distant! How little was I aware that his illustrious friend would follow so soon!

Mr. Fox seldom entertained at his table more than six or eight. The conversation was always cheerful and pleasant. I recollect M. de NARBONNE, an Ex-minister, dining with him. A man of more vivacity than talent, an eloquent talker—a great admirer of Hume, the English historian, and consequently no enemy to royalty. At one of those pleasant small dinner parties, I have seen Mr. West and Mr. Opie, and heard Mr. Fox discuss the merits of almost all the grand painters with great acumen, taste, and discrimination. Such parties were greatly preferable to the dinners at the Minister for Foreign Affairs. What a con-

trast too! At the one the smooth intercourse and studied dissimulation of the world,—at the other, sincerity, politeness, and wit!

Previous to our leaving Paris for La Grange, Madame CABARRUS, ci-divant Tallien, gave an elegant and sumptuous dinner to Mr. Fox and other distinguished foreigners. Every thing which taste, genius, or art, could contrive, conspired to make this the most perfect sort of entertainment I had witnessed. Madame Cabarrus was a most lovely woman, something upon a large scale, and of the most fascinating manners. She was rather in disgrace at court, where decorum and morals were beginning to be severely attended to: Madame was supposed, when separated from her husband, to have been indiscreet, and did not appear there.

Most of Mr. Fox's friends were at this dinner; but the surprize, and, indeed, displeasure of some English characters of political consequence, was great at finding that Mr. Arthur O'Connor was one of the

guests. This had been done inadvertently by Madame Cabarrus, and was certainly not considered. Mr. now Lord Erskine, was extremely uneasy, lest evil report should misrepresent this matter in England; but Mr. Fox, ever magnanimous, treated it as an unavoidable, though unlucky circumstance. He spoke to Mr. O'Connor as usual, and lost none of the enjoyment of the evening from an event, which being *trivial, must be forgotten when malignity was fatigued with recounting it.* I do not recollect upon the whole, that Mr. Fox saw this gentleman more than twice during his stay in Paris. It was, indeed, understood that the French government did not look with a favourable eye upon the Irish Exiles, and they certainly received no public countenance whatever.

Madame Cabarrus had a charming house, at the extremity of the city; the gardens were pretty, and taste reigned every where. This fascinating woman exerted herself for the accommodation of her guests with infinite kindness and elegance: she was scarcely satisfied to allow her servants to do any

little office in the course of a delightful evening, but often anticipated the wishes and wants of her guests herself. French horns played during dinner, and in the evening, with a very happy effect, being well placed and admirably played. A ventriloquist of extraordinary powers entertained us extremely. His imitation of a revolutionary committee in the corner of the room, was admirable, as well as several other proofs he gave of this astonishing talent. M. TALLIEN was himself at this time in Paris, but all intercourse between him and his wife had ceased. Lord St. John, who afterwards met him in a private company, told me, that he gave a very interesting account of the apprehension of Robespierre. It will be recollected that Tallien was one of the principal persons concerned in the seizure of the Robespierres, and in overthrowing that execrable tyranny.

On the 1st Vendemiaire (September 23d) another levee was held, at which Mr. Fox was present. The first Consul was not more penetrating on this occasion than on

the former, respecting Lord ERSKINE. The ceremony was similar to that of the former levee. It was usual to invite those presented at a former one, to dinner on the subsequent one. Mr. Fox on this occasion, therefore, dined with the first Consul. I recollect well his return in the evening to the hotel de Richelieu: he said Buonaparte talked a great deal, and I inferred at the time, that he who engrossed the conversation in company with Mr. Fox, debarred himself of much instruction, and did not feel his value sufficiently. Mr. Fox, however, was pleased, or I may say amused. After dinner, which was a short one, the first Consul retired, with a select number, to Madame Buonaparte's apartments in the Thuilleries, where the rest of the evening was spent. Mr. Fox appeared to consider Buonaparte as a young man who was a good deal intoxicated with his success and surprizing elevation, and did not doubt of his sincerity as to the maintenance of peace. He manifested some irritation against a part of Mr. Pitt's ministry, as having instigated and been privy to plots against his life, par-

ticularly that of the infernal machine, and actually named one individual whom he reproached with having aided it—— the LATE Mr. WINDHAM !—Mr. Fox did every thing to discharge the mind of the first Consul from such an idea, as far as his own positive contradiction, and as his belief strongly expressed, could go. Buonaparte spoke a good deal of the possibility of doing away all difference between the inhabitants of the two worlds—of blending the black and the white, and having universal peace ! Mr. Fox related a considerable part of the evening's conversations, with which he was certainly much diverted, but he had imbibed no improved impressions of the first Consul's genius from what passed.

For my part, I was quite satisfied with levees, and great dinners and parties, and now looked with unfeigned delight to our departure for La Grange.

CHAPTER XVI

ON the morning of the 24th of September we left Paris for the country. There was nothing striking in that part through which we passed, formerly called the Isle of France. As we approached LA GRANGE, it became evidently a corn district. The towers and wood of the Chateau appeared in peaceful repose as we drove near, and when we gained a full view of the building, I felt great emotion. It was the residence of a great and good man—a patriot and friend to mankind, whose life had been consecrated to virtue and liberty. Such truly was M. DE LA FAYETTE. The chateau was of a very singular construction, qua-

drangular, and ornamented by Moorish towers at each angle, which had no unpleasing effect. A ruined chapel was near the mansion; the fosse was filled up through neglect and a long lapse of time. We drove into the court-yard. The family came to the hall to meet us. That good and amiable family, happy in themselves, and rejoicing to see the illustrious friend of La Fayette! Can I forget that moment? No silly affectation—no airs of idle ceremony, were seen at the residence of him who gloriously and successfully had struggled for America, and had done all he could for France!

M. de la Fayette and Madame received Mr. and Mrs. Fox with the heartiest welcome. The family consisted of two daughters, a son, and his wife—all young and elegant—all living with M. de la Fayette, as their brother and friend. As his figure was youthful and graceful, (his age at this time being about forty-nine or fifty,) he appeared quite a young man. His benevolent countenance — his frank and warm manners, which made him quite adored in his family—

and his placid contentedness, a mounting to cheerfulness, altogether had an irresistible effect in gaining the affections and esteem of those admitted to his more intimate society.

Madame de la Fayette, of the ancient family of Noailles, was a superior and admirable woman, possessing the high polish of the ancient nobility, eloquent and animated.—Fondly attached to M. de la Fayette and her family, she regretted nothing of past splendour, she possessed a cherished husband, and was happy in retirement. M. de la Fayette's son was a pleasing young man; his wife very engaging and interesting; his daughters were charming young women, quite free from the insipid languor, or wretched affectation, which, in young women of fashion, so much destroys originality of character, and makes one find in a fashionable young lady, the prototype and pattern of ten thousand. In a word, this amiable and most interesting family seemed united by one bond of affection, and to desire nothing beyond the circle of their tranquil mansion.

It is necessary to recur to some past events in M. de la Fayette's life, to do full justice to such a family. It is well known that M. de la Fayette had been arrested on leaving France, and thrown into the dungeons of Olmutz. He had continued imprisoned a considerable time, when Madame de la Fayette, unable to bear her separation from him, determined to make an effort for his liberty, or to share his fate, and set out for Germany, with her young and lovely children. At the feet of the emperor she implored his majesty to release her husband, or to allow her to participate in his confinement. Her first request was coldly refused; —she was, however, permitted to visit her husband. From that time, for several years, she never left him, herself and daughters sharing with him every inconvenience and misery! The damps of his prison hurt the health of Madame, and she had never entirely recovered from their baneful effects: Buonaparte, to his honour it must be recorded, interposed as soon as he had power effectually to do so, and insisted on the liberation of M. de la Fayette. Accordingly, at the period of which I write, (1802) he had

not long arrived in France, having come by way of Holland, with his virtuous and excellent family, the partners of his captivity, and soothers of his sorrows.

The chateau and estate of La Grange, which Madame, who was an heiress, had brought him, was all that remained of his fortunes; he had lost every thing besides, in the madness of revolutionary confiscation, and had not yet been able to procure restitution or compensation. To add to the interest of the scene, General Fitzpatrick, who had known M. de la Fayette in America, and had vainly attempted in the English House of Commons to rouse the Pitt ministry to a sense of humanity and commiseration for M. de la Fayette, joined the party at La Grange. That accomplished man was an addition to it of the most pleasing nature, and he was received most affectionately by the family. I have often contemplated with pleasure, General Fitzpatrick and M. de la Fayette walking in a long shady grove near the chateau, speaking of past times, the war in America, and the revolution in France. The

rare sight of three such men as Fox, Fayette, and Fitzpatrick, was grateful to any one who felt rightly, and valued men for their services to humanity, rather than for successful ambition. Lally Tollendal, also, whose father had, under the old regime, suffered so severe a fate, was at La Grange, an open, honest, and agreeable man,—telling a great number of anecdotes, relating to the revolution, with point and energy, and resembling the Irish in his good-humoured and unstudied manners; anxious to contribute to the pleasure of M. de la Fayette's guests, and pointing out every thing agreeable to English customs and habits. In the evenings, he read extracts from Shakespeare, translated by himself into French, with an almost stentorian voice, and much effect. A few of M. de la Fayette's country neighbours were also occasionally invited; his table was plentiful, and our evenings diversified by conversation, chess, or some other game, as was most agreeable. Madame was extremely pleasing in conversation, and narrated her adventures and

sufferings in Germany, with great vivacity and ease.

The chateau itself was ancient, and simply furnished; the library, at the top of one of the towers, a circular room, with a commanding view from its windows, was adorned by the busts of Washington, Franklin, and other distinguished American patriots, as well as by those of Frenchmen of genius in modern times. The wood, which adjoined the chateau, was a beautiful one, divided in the old style by long green alleys, intersecting one another, admirably adapted for a studious walk, or for reading remote from noise. Here was a place to enjoy the sublime and eloquent writings of Rousseau; and here I was happy to lose all thought of Paris and the world, filled with the grateful sensation, that I was the guest of a man so excellent as La Fayette. I often, too, had the satisfaction of conversing with him, as he was so unaffected and mild, that I had no difficulty in addressing him: he talked of Ireland, and Sir Edward Haversham, and enquired very much concerning the ancient Wolf Dog, one of which race (extinct I believe in France) he

desired much to procure. All his sentiments were noble, and his mind was animated with a true feeling for liberty. He spoke a good deal of America, and told me, that so great was the jealousy of the Americans against foreign troops, that he was obliged to consent to reduce the number stipulated for, though he afterwards negotiated for more at home, to make the aid effectual! Worthy and respectable man! If I have seen you for the last time, my wishes for your repose, and my gratitude, shall ever be alive. I shall ever dwell on your name with reverence and affection; and those delightful days I spent at La Grange, shall remain consecrated in my memory, as among the most fortunate and pleasing of my life.

The political career of M. de la Fayette had not, it is true, the same happy result in France as in America; but it is to be considered, that his situation in the former was arduous beyond measure. A friend to a limited monarchy, and to the legitimate rights of the people, at a time when the support of one was deemed hostility to the

other, he found it imposible, consistent with his principles, to fall into the mania of the nation. A king of integrity and firmness, with La Fayette as his counsellor, might have been safe, even in the tumultuous times preceding the seizure of the common-wealth, by sanguinary demagogues; but Louis, it is to be feared, wanted both these qualities, certainly the latter! La Fayette failed, therefore, in his patriotic views, not as the first Consul is said to have insinuated, because he attempted what was impracticable; but because those whose interest it was to second his views, and whose happiness would have been insured by them, did not support him. A ruined throne, and desolated country, subsequently attested the purity of his principles, and the soundness of his judgment,

M. de la Fayette had begun to devote himself much to agricultural pursuits, (the happiest occupation of man!) and had entirely withdrawn himself from political affairs. His house and family were excel-

lently well regulated ; each had their own employment ; till dinner, every guest was left quite free to follow his studies,—to walk and explore the country,—to write,—to act as he pleased,—dinner re-assembled every one ; and the hours flew swiftly past. Mr. Fox was very happy at La Grange; every thing suited his taste there, and he had, besides, the gratification of seeing his friend, after a life of dangers, and years of captivity, sheltered, at length, on the moderate estate of La Grange—having all his family around him, and conscientiously satisfied that he had done every thing for his country that his powers and opportunities had allowed.

His garden, which was large, but had been neglected, also occupied a good deal of the attention of M. de la Fayette. He was in the mornings engaged in his farms, and enjoyed, with much relish, the avocations of agriculture ! We remained a week at La Grange. I left it with great regret. The same kind and hospitable family bade us adieu ; they lingered on the stair-case. We took

leave of Madame. It was for the last time! That amiable woman, never having recovered her health, is since dead; and the lovely chateau of La Grange stands deprived of its hospitable mistress. M. de la Fayette, in the year 1803, sustained a dreadful fracture of his thigh bone, but recovered, and continues to reside in his retirement at La Grange.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON our return to Paris, we found rumours afloat of an unpleasant nature: Lord Whitworth had not arrived, but it was said that the first Consul was dissatisfied, and that a new rupture was likely to take place. This was whispered, but not credited. I heard, indeed, that the gross language of the English papers had afforded Buonaparte matter for irritation and complaint, and that every passage, relating to his government, was translated by his orders, and laid before him; but I did not consider such reports well founded, though I have since had reason to think they were. As yet, however, there was but a whisper, and whatever causes combined to renew hostilities between the two nations, it is heavily to be deplored that their true interests were not better understood, and such an event prevented.

In the close of the summer of 1802, we

French government seemed much inclined to be on good terms with England, and the people of France were certainly anxious that a good understanding, and harmony, should be restored between the nations. There was, on our first arrival, a marked disposition on all sides to prefer and to distinguish the English as a superior race of men. In public the English were admired and respected: the odious acts of Mr. Pitt's ministry were forgotten, and an amnesty in opinion appeared to be the predominant sentiment.

The day succeeding our arrival from La Grange, we dined at Berthier's, the minister of war (now Prince of Neufchatel.) The entertainment was splendid and striking. Military trophies decorated the great staircase, and the dining room was ornamented by busts of Dessaix, Hoche, and two other generals, deceased. A number of military characters were present. BERTHIER, agreeable, active, and penetrating, seemed equally fit for war or the cabinet. MASSENA, about forty-five or six years of age, with keen and piercing small black eyes, strong make, a determined air, and lively motion, looked ready

to seize his prey at all times, and not likely to relinquish it easily. BOUGAINVILLE, the venerable circumnavigator of the globe was at this dinner, and on seeing him, I rubbed my eyes, and suspected we had gone back a century—his aspect was venerable and intelligent — VOLNEY, the celebrated author of the ruins of empires, was also present — His countenance was quite intellectual—his person thin and tall—and his air and appearance, altogether, more interesting than that of any person among the French at Berthier's dinner. The form of invitation, a just remark, was quite agreeable to the republican style in date, designation of the year, and in title, " Republique Française," affixed to it. An Austrian officer, in full regimentals, in the midst of the French officers at General Berthier's, was a striking and pleasant sight After long and bloody wars, to behold brave men of nations, lately hostile, meeting in social converse, and forgetting all animosity, was one very agreeable fruit of peace.

As the season now advanced, Mr. Fox began to think of returning to England.

Very little remained to be explored at the Archives. The elucidation of the material points was completed, and we were now to take leave of Louis the XIVth and Barillon. Mr. Fox turned his thoughts towards home, as the place where his history could best proceed, and he had obtained a great deal of valuable materials, to bring there with him. How much it is to be regretted that his designs were interrupted, and that a fragment of that history only remains. From a recent examination of it, I cannot help again regreting that it appeared so soon, and prefaced in a manner calculated to raise expectation, already too much on the stretch.

In a conversation I had with the noble editor, he was of opinion in which I entirely concurred, that a few lines, stating the facts, and leaving the fragment for public consideration, was all that was required, as in the way of preface. That Lord Holland subsequently changed this opinion, I shall ever regret It was the spontaneous and judicious idea of his own mind, and were it possible to hand the work down to posterity, according to that conception, it ought yet to be done.

I have doubts whether Barillon's papers received a second reading and re-consideration by Mr. Fox, on returning to England, and I am strongly induced to think that his work would not have passed out of his hands before the public, without it. Under these circumstances, any references of the editor were very dangerous. For instance, that to the letter of Louis the XIVth, of the 24th of April, is not a corroboration of the history. I believe also, Mr. Fox, on further examination of those papers, would have modified the opinion expressed in the page to which that reference is affixed, and in page 107. The letter is a sort of conditional bond of Louis, or an explanation of the terms on which a sum of money was to be paid; viz. if parliament were refractory, and required bribing, and if the king demanded the money from Barillon. The passage in the history stands thus—"Louis, secure in the knowledge that his views of absolute power, must continue him (James) in dependence upon France, seems to have refused further supplies, and even, in some measure, to have withdrawn those which had been stipulated, as a mark of his displeasure with his depen-

dent for assuming a higher tone than he thought becoming."

Now the particular letter of April the 24th does not shew Louis "secure;" the beginning of it alludes to a *threat* of James, that he must *concede* to his parliament, if he does not get the money down: Louis then, in a conditional manner mentioned, agrees that four hundred thousand livres *should be paid* to the king's ministers, and even sixteen hundred thousand remaining, are to be used in the same manner, if the parliament behave so ill as to require dissolution, or that the free exercise of the Catholic religion be so much prevented, that arms against his subjects must be used by James: he says that he must see an absolute necessity, in the refractoriness of parliament before he gives great sums, but repeats that he allows the four hundred thousand livres to be paid: adding a threat of his displeasure if James presses too much. This was not *refusing* "further supplies," nor *withdrawing* them, but it was *withholding* a part, and granting a part, which was quite conformable to Louis's whole conduct, as to James, and denotes the

reverse of being "secure." The simple state of the case appearing, that James threatened Louis with the parliament, and that Louis threatened James with not giving him money, that neither were secure of one another, and that this drama lasted till James deservedly lost his crown, and Louis his corrupt influence in England. My reasons, exclusive of this particular, and unfortunately-quoted letter, that Mr. Fox would have altered the opinion as to Louis's being "secure" as to James, are drawn from the letters of the French king, subsequent to that of the 24th of April, in almost all of which he testifies *anxiety* about James's forming alliances, and an apprehension that he might be induced to join a league for troubling the repose of Europe, as Louis presumptuously styled the thraldom in which he desired to keep it. With all his ostentatious arrogance to his own ambassador—his flourish (which was but a guess) to the Duke of Villeroy, was compounded of cunning and vanity, and his affected contempt of James, I think it is manifest that he was *afraid* of him all through the latter part of the year 1685. James was a different subject for his management from

Charles the IId.— neither had he the same hold of him through his voluptuousness, or unprincipled facility, devoid of pride, as he had upon Charles. Accordingly, it appears from Barillon's and Louis's letters, that the foreign ministers had greater hopes of James, and they doubtless flattered his pride, as much as Louis plied his bigotry. In August and September, of the year 1685, James appears to have had fluctuations between the honour of his crown and the corruptions of Louis. He was then deemed by the latter to incline to Holland, Spain, Bradenburg, and Austria: Barillon expressly writes, too, that the Austrian minister had great hopes as to his dispositions: in November Louis writes, "J'apprends de toutes parts que le Roy d'Angleterre, temoigne une grande disposition, *a entrer dans toutes sortes d'engagemens contraires à mes interests.*" Again, in the same month, he is apprehensive of his engaging in the interests of Austria, and desires Barillon to discover the *true designs* of the English king, going so far as to declare, that if he treats with other powers, he, Louis, will be glad of any difficulties his parliament may throw in his way. The

letter of Louis, 19th November, 1685, is full of suspicion and mean malignity; even inciting Barillon to stir up members of the Commons against James, if he proves ungrateful to the French monarch. Barillon, in answer to this, expresses, towards the end of his letter, his difficulties in endeavouring to prevent foreign treaties, and not being allowed to settle on a subsidy with James: Louis certainly, by such suspicious and jealous conduct, placed his ambassador in a most perplexing situation; who suggests a pension to Lord Sutherland, as the only middle course, and Louis consents to this, on the ground that he, Sutherland, should prevent engagements contrary to the French king's interest, shewing thereby that he was not at all "secure" of James himself; and, indeed, in the same letter (ending the year 1685) he expresses a hope, that James will not hastily renew his treaty with Spain; James's apologies (History, p. 107) to Barillon, prove as much the necessity he felt of deceiving the French court, as they do dependence upon it. I cannot help being of opinion, that Louis found him more un-

bending than he desired, and was disappointed and displeased by his conduct very much; his expressions on the death of Charles, being those of strong disappointment, his fears of the "repose of Europe" being disturbed through James;—his malignant intention of sowing divisions in parliament, his jealous caution about money, and his resistance of all Barillon's advice, shew that he viewed the two brothers in very different lights, and apprehended that if James grew strong at home, he might ultimately turn his arms against France, and join in the general league. I trust, this digression may be the more readily pardoned, as the work I have undertaken is necessarily somewhat desultory,—as the candour of the illustrious author of the fragment would have been prompt, had he lived, to admit it, if his opinion had gone a little too far, as historic truth is of the most paramount value, and as I am sure the noble editor and the public will be glad to peruse suggestions, arising from a deep veneration for the departed, which may tend to excuse, or to account for, those slight imperfections

unavoidably incident to a posthumous work never corrected, and not even prepared and re-considered for publication.

On the 6th of October, 1802, I accompanied Mr. Fox to the Archives for the last time: we had been employed there about six weeks without material intermission. I shall not easily forget Mr. Fox walking up stairs, taking off his hat, and sitting down in our room, oppressed with heat and the fatigue arising from it;—taking a few minutes to recover himself, and then applying with the same ardour and industry every day, copying, reading aloud the passages leading to any discovery, keeping his friends busily employed, and always cheerful and active. After the day's labour had ended, Mr. Fox usually called at three, when we went to the museum, or some other place worthy of attention. But it is past, and those pleasant and instructive labours are for ever ended!

Previous to my leaving Paris, where Mr. Fox remained a few weeks longer, under the

expectation of meeting his brother, General Fox, I endeavoured to see as much as possible of it, which, as our work grew lighter at the close of September, became more practicable, without failing in that duty and grateful service, so deservedly due by me to the great man who had benevolently given me an opportunity so uncommonly effective of seeing this brilliant city, and all its fascinating and extraordinary scenes. I have mentioned the stage—every theatre presented good actors. The Cid, Tancred, and other pieces, I saw represented admirably at the theatre Francois. The smaller comic theatres were excellent; even that of the Jeunes Elevés, afforded specimens of acting to have been admired in any place but in Paris. The grand opera filled me with sensations of delight: there the ballet is the most charming thing in the world,—the gracefulness, beauty, and activity of the dancers,—so many young females of different ages, modelled by the hands of the graces, were so fascinating a view, that the imagination, in recurring to Greece's most golden times, could scarce find a parallel, and might still more easily

have lead the spectator to forget himself. Frescati, too, was a brilliant and singular spectacle; it was a handsome house, with a pretty garden, thrown open to the public, and beautifully illuminated,—crowds of fashionables walked about here, paid nothing for admittance, but expended what they pleased for refreshment. Here I saw Madame Recamier, also, for the last time, surrounded and almost overpowered by a multitude of persons admiring her. The lovely phantom, breathing a thousand delicious charms, yet flits before me;—and so ingenuous, and unaffected! shunning the ardent gaze, and, if conscious of her dazzling beauty, unassuming and devoid of pride; rich in the first of female virtues,—a kind and noble heart!

The *Palais de Justice* I was but able to look into: the lawyers, pleading loud, garrulous, and vehement, stunned my ears; —they wanted what all lawyers in general want, modulation of voice, and gentleness of manner. There is something, too, so insipid, if not revolting, in the arguments and details,

belonging to ordinary litigation, that unless Paris had been destitute of every charm, I should not willingly have given much time, during our short stay, to listen to French lawyers. Notre Dame is venerable, but by no means magnificent; the want of pictures makes it look very bare. The pantheon is a grand building; the view from the top affords a beautiful panorama of Paris and its vicinity; and, as the air is not loaded and darkened with coal smoke, every thing looks distinct and cheerful: in vaulted cavities beneath, cenotaphs to Voltaire and Rousseau were placed,—one of the means of revolutionary mania!

The last day of my stay in Paris being one on which a levee was held, I went with Mr. Fox and some of his friends. It was a custom, rather than any remaining desire to behold the cold ceremonies and fatiguing pomp of the French court, which led me to the Thuilleries. Buonaparte's former question of *Etes vous catholique?* to me, when informed that I was an Irish gentleman, was not again repeated. I saw the

same persons, the same apartments, the same grandeur. It may be very well, said I, inwardly, to those who barter happiness for the unreal gratifications arising from pride, avarice, and ambition; but I sicken at this repeated exhibition; my heart feels no enjoyment here; I am not sorry this is the last; and so I thought of the dinners at Neuilly;—the labour of attending the great, of frequenting courts, and associating with nobles and courtiers, is not small.

> "Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
> Expertus metuit."

I took leave, however, of Madame Talleyrand (now Princess of Benevento) with sincere regret; that amiable woman had shewn feeling and unaffected good-nature; and in supporting her station, I had always found her affable without insipidity,—gracious without affected condescension, and extremely attentive and kind in her manners towards strangers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE reflections and observations arising out of a residence of about two months in France and Paris, were often effaced by the variety and pressure of occupations, amusements, and pleasures. The society of Mr. Fox abstracted me from a great deal of the common life, and scenes so full of information for a stranger; besides, the time was too short to allow that maturer consideration which follows the first tumult of ideas, and succeeds the amusements and pleasures of a new and extraordinary scene. France appeared, beyond measure, benefited by the revolution. The very manners and dress of the inhabitants, recovered from republican rudeness and inelegance, had assumed a better style; not so effeminate and

foppish as in the old regime, and not so careless as in the republican period.

Agriculture had improved immensely; not a spot was neglected, and the peasants no longer groaned under partial burthens. The land divided into patrimonial, national, and church land, was of different purchase in value; the first a good deal the highest, the second, or emigrés' land, was, at a great distance from Paris, very low, and the third was nearly as high as the first. The unpleasant idea of the return of an emigré, the old and lawful owner, though not any doubt of the security of the government, made the second sell at a low price. The almost total change of property has rendered the new government very secure; the flight of the emigrés, and the external threatening of foreign powers, irrevocably confirmed the revolution. It is amusing (let this idea be extended) to look into Europe, and observe also the wonderful change of property between, and in different states; Germany, Italy, Switzerland, the Tyrol, Dalmatia, Venice, &c. &c. and if we then calmly consider the language of Pittite

ministers, speaking of a deliverance, or restoring of Europe, we must think that they have strangely forgot the nature and qualities of property, to expect to force things back, or that they speak but to deceive. The internal trade of France appeared flourishing, and they hailed with great satisfaction, rich foreigners coming amongst them.

The general police is extremely good; Paris, at all times of the evening and night, was admirably regulated: no noise, rioting, or intoxication, was known,—at eleven, the streets seemed quite quiet, and no person, even of the lower order, to be seen. It was impossible not to feel the general douceur and politeness of manners, pervading every class, and every where smoothing the path of life. The Irish and Scotch mixed much more easily with the French than the English, and spoke their language better too; the former were much respected on the continent, as belonging to an ancient, and once-renowned nation. The Englishman, seldom leaving his country till his

habits are all formed, afterwards finds repugnance to unbend himself, to accommodate his manners to those of foreigners, or to mould the organs of speech to their language; the elegance and taste of foreigners, do not compensate him for his want of *comfort* at home. He makes philosophic remarks, but does not act philosophically—he reasons strongly, but his practice is unwise—in fine, he travels with less advantage than others, and often returns with no other acquisition than his *prejudices confirmed.* I speak in general; the English nobility, and gentlemen of fortune and good education, are the most polished and dignified class of men in Europe.

I had often heard the French accused of insincerity, but I never met with any thing to countenance the idea. I found them highly capable of friendship, full of feeling, and very discriminating. The French are much addicted to amusement, it is true; and it may, perhaps, be said to weaken their character in some degree; but, if the shortness of life, the superfluous and additional

cares heaped on it by narrow and brooding minds, be rightly considered, perhaps there will be found much wisdom and philosophy in gilding the hours of life, as much as we can, consistently with care of our families, and regard to the improvement of our minds. In society, the French are eminently pleasing, and the women, in point of elegance, vivacity, and penetration, seem calculated to render the life of man a happy dream, in which he discovers flowers at his feet, and a fragrant air continually around him. It is vain to attempt to do justice to the graces of their conversation. They very much resemble my own country-women, the Irish ladies, in feeling, and a nice attention to the wants of their guests.

The government was too recently established, when I was in France, to decide what effect it had on the people. There is no doubt that the shaking off of the old despotism had invigorated, beyond measure, the French nation. It will take a long time, (and the wiser the monarchs of the new regime, the longer it will be) before the cor-

ruption and profligacy, too often inherent in old governments, will take a strong root flourish, and overshadow the state. If it be said that it is a despotism, it may also be replied, that it is a dictatorship, established in a time of critical emergency, and that the people's preservation required a strong and absolute government!—The taxes were very high, but they were equally imposed in 1802—there were no reversions or sinecures—or old pensions—the government was loaded by no debt, and the state, with the vigour of youth, and the benefit of experience, was starting forward, in a career whose consequences and results could not easily be calculated. There was evidently now not only a commencement of a new government, but of a new æra of things: the radical change had been so great, that it might be said, as of a new order of things rising up,

"Jura magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum.
Hic portus alii effodunt: hic alta theatris
Fundamenta locant alii, immanesque columnas
Rupibus excidunt, scenis decora alta futuris.
Qualis apes æstate nova per florea regna
Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos

Educunt fœtus; aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant, et dulci distendunt nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientium; aut, agmine facto,
Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent."

It was manifest that though the new government might not afford all that sanguine persons, and ardent lovers of liberty, might desire, that it presented a refuge from the tumult and blood of preceding times, of an acceptable nature. The laws were very much simplified, and therefore improved, the old code having become dreadfully complex and magnified. As to crimes, I observed that punishments of four, five, seven, ten, or fifteen years imprisonment, were decreed for great offences; but capital punishments themselves were rarely inflicted. The constitution of the government itself offered nothing pleasing to those habituated to admire the advantages of the British constitution; but it possessed great energy; and, in a period of great importance to the French nation, threatened, as it had been, with annihilation, and placed in the unnatural and feverish situation of working out its own salvation, at the expense of

ruined monarchies, and Europe's stupendous changes, the people had been induced to think, that the government, ever absolute of one man, was called for, since all others had been tried, and had failed. The severity and suspicions of the new government were natural to it, in common with all others so circumstanced: jealousy and vindictiveness, though shocking at all times, yet in such a government were incidental to its nature, and were connected with its self-preservation. The temple where Louis had been confined, was now used for state prisoners: many were immured there—many transmitted from thence in a private manner, and often by night. That unfortunate king, (whose death was by no means so dignified as has been represented, as he struggled much, and died with great pussillanimity,) had rendered this building interesting, and I always passed it with feelings of sorrow for the past, and of indignation for the present. As the state prison, too, it was constantly full. I left Paris with no pleasing impression of this government, however, and regretting that an arbitrary regime had been the result of a

revolution, which had cost the people so much misery and so much blood; though I was not prepared to say that, persecuted as France had been, and converted into a military nation, as she had been for her own preservation, any thing else could have been expected.

I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Fox with sincere regret. Their friendship had procured me every gratification in France. Whatever was pleasing and delightful I owe to their kindness: they contributed in every way to make any young friend under their roof happy. There was no constraint imposed. Our life at the Hotel de Richelieu, and at St. Anne's Hill, was as far as possible similar: early hours, a small, well-regulated family; harmony, peace, and happiness: in Mr. Fox a constant disposition to bring every one forward advantageously; the same desire to listen and encourage:—in short, the same steady and lively friendship at Paris as in England,—the same magnanimous indifference for power and its attractions,—the same love for poetry,

the arts, and all the efforts of genius,—the same warm remembrancer of all his friends,—the same love for England, and attachment for home, distinguished him in the great metropolis of the continent, as in the rural walks of St. Anne's Hill. I left Paris with a great deal of sorrow; but the excellent and beloved inhabitants of the Hotel de Richelieu, occasioned the greatest share of it: in leaving them behind, I felt that I left every thing deserving to be valued, honoured, and loved.—I left them!—and the diligence, into which I stepped, soon removed me from the brilliant scenes of Paris, and the far more cherished society of invaluable friendship.

Three years passed over, before I rejoined Mr. Fox; bound to him by ties of gratitude, affection, and esteem, I had conceived, as my dearest, though melancholy hope, that I might, at the last awful hour, be allowed to render him the services which such a man deserved so truly from any one honoured by his regard. That hope was fulfilled much sooner than I imagined. This great man

was too soon taken from this mortal scene, for the happiness of his friends, and the welfare of his country. In my succeeding pages, I shall present an imperfect sketch of his latter days, anxious as I am to present his character, in that melancholy period, in the undisguised garb of truth and simplicity; no more is necessary for throwing a lustre round it, if not as powerfully bright, yet more mildly radiant than that of his happiest days.

END OF THE TOUR TO PARIS.

PART II.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

IN the commencement of the year 1806, after the demise of Mr. Pitt, there existed a pretty strong sentiment in the nation, but a great deal more powerful one among certain parties, that a combination of rank, talent, and popularity, was imperiously required to support the state. The nation wanted a great man, unshackled and decisive, at its head, to remedy, as far as might be possible, past errors, and to infuse a wholesome spirit of economy and temperate views into the political body. Party wanted a leader. Unfortunately, circumstances had concurred to cause Lord GRENVILLE and Mr. Fox to act together. Thus there were two

leaders of one heterogeneous party, and the introduction of both into his Majesty's councils, was deemed to be indispensably requisite.

I am much inclined to think that Mr. Fox had determined to devote himself to history, previous to Mr. Pitt's death; nor do I think that event would have altered his intentions, unless the voice of the people, reaching the throne, had concurred in seeing placed at the head of the ministry, a friend to the just equilibrium between regal authority and popular rights, a man of commanding genius and extensive knowledge. Assailed, however, by persuasion, and willing to sacrifice his own opinions for the good of his country, his judgment and feelings gave way, and he consented to take a part in the ministry in conjunction with Lord Grenville.

He could not be ignorant that such a ministry was unstable. The basis was without foundation. Even the superstructure was Pittite, to which Mr. Fox lent the sanction and grace of his illustrious name. It is not improbable that the court, unobstructed by

Lord Grenville and his friends, might have determined on placing Mr. Fox at the helm of affairs. Certain it is, that his admission to the sole management of the government, or his rejection, would have benefited the cause of the people. The one would have permitted him to select honest and enlightened men for every department, and to have restored their just weight to the people. The other would have placed him on so high an elevation, in public opinion, that no ministry, formed afterwards, could long have withstood the nation's indignation; or if they did, Mr. Fox's great name would have so strengthened the popular cause, that ultimately it must have triumphed; a triumph that excellent character might have lived to witness, or have left as a bequest to posterity of no common value.

In the years 1803 and 1804, he appeared daily growing fonder of St. Anne's Hill, and to covet less the business of the House of Commons. My wonder is, that he could have endured it so long: had he been educated less for the views of political warfare,

he would earlier have thought of abandoning it. The idea of a junction between Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, shortly before the latter's decease, proves to me that the Pitt system was tottering, and required aid; it was a falling house, seeking for a new partner, and hoping to preserve credit by a new name. By such a junction, Mr. Fox would have lost,—the latter would have gained every thing; perhaps his hope, and object in coming into power, may fairly be considered as PEACE.

Early in February, 1806, the new ministry, with Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville at their head, were called to his Majesty's councils; and as he wished to place me near himself, he required me to join him the day after he had received his Majesty's commands. I left Ireland with no sanguine hopes that a ministry thus constituted could render much service to these countries, and particularly to Ireland. Lady MOIRA, whose name and character is deserving of equal admiration and respect, previous to my leaving Dublin, distinctly pointed out to me the

impossibility of the ministry existing long, *unless* a total change in all the minor departments took place, and predicted exactly what happened, in case such regeneration was not carried into effect. All her hopes were founded on Mr. Fox; superior even to her son in genius, and inferior to no one in patriotism and the love of mankind, she found in Mr. Fox the kindred of the soul—dignified in manner and deportment,—of an unbounded comprehension,—warm in her affections, and constant in friendship,—viewing the business of government in its general bearings, and in detail with a powerful penetrating eye,—a patriot in the very best sense of the word, because she preferred adhering to a distressed and degraded country, before the lures of grandeur, and the gratification of the society of her connections amongst the English nobility,—mistress of history, and wonderfully well versed in all the turns of the human heart,—compassionate to the miserable,—possessing eminent powers in conversation,—always serene and commanding,—often witty in the most

delightful manner,—devoid of vanity, and if she had pride, it was a pride of the most ennobling nature, raising her to every excellence, and never betraying her into contempt or rudeness to others. This accomplished, and truly noble woman felt the danger and the importance of the crisis at the beginning of 1806, and saw with a prophet's foresight, and a patriot's grief, the irretrievable errors which would spring from the destruction of a ministry, of which Mr. Fox was at the head, and the long train of calamities hanging over these countries, in the event of a restoration of the Pittite system, and the triumph of its adherents. In particular, Lady Moira impressed on my mind the *necessity* of a *radical* change in Ireland; it was the country of her adoption; to it she had consecrated a long and most useful life—in it, she had determined to breathe her last, and now, wavering on the confines of mortality, she was endeavouring to convey to Mr. Fox, through me, the admonitions of an incomparable friend, full of anxiety for his fame, of maternal yearnings for the

prosperity of Ireland:—she was the guardian spirit exerting itself before it winged its flight to a better world, for the benefit of the friends of liberty, of her chosen country, and of mankind. Disdaining every religious distinction,—forgetting the narrow concerns of worldly beings, — full of solicitude for that happiness and prosperity which she knew her declining life would not permit her to participate in,—she earned immortality by her last action, and in aiming at co-operation with Fox, she shewed at once the grandeur of her mind, the justness of her views, and the excellence of her heart.

It is not my intention to attempt even an outline of Mr. Fox's ministry, but to confine myself chiefly to those things personal and peculiar to himself. Lady Moira's testimony I have cited, to shew that admirable woman's intuitive view of things, how rightly she had conceived that the difficulties of the new ministry would spring from Ireland, and that the most enlightened persons in that country considered the ministry unsta-

ble, unless a total change of system was introduced there.*

The Irish nation, of which the great majority so much exceed the numbers of the settlers, that it may be justly styled and deemed a catholic one, and must yet take its place in Europe as one, when England is taught wisdom by adversity, at this period was full of the most sanguine hopes, from the sole consideration of Mr. Fox, who wes ever much beloved, having consented to stand at the head of the ministry; the repeal of the union, the catholic emancipation, of course, and the establishment of a liberal and conciliating system in all things, danced before their warm imaginations.

* I saw Lady Moira after Mr. Fox's death; she received me with great kindness, but great emotion,—she took me by the hand, as I addressed her, "We have lost every thing," said she, the tears rolling in torrents down her venerable cheeks; "that great man was a guide for them all; he was their great support, and now there is nothing cheering in the prospect. For me, I have nearly run my course,—I shall remain but a little longer, but others will suffer; the loss of Fox is irreparable."

Before I left Ireland, I dreaded their disappointment; I doubted Mr. Fox's competence to gratify them,—I knew his opinion of the union,—adverse to its principle, because Fox was the friend of liberty,—unfavourable to it, on account of the baseness of the means of accomplishing it; but strong, also, upon the difficulty of rescinding it. I foresaw that, joined with Lord Grenville, his measures must be shackled, and his grand views for Ireland and the empire, be much impeded. Already, too, I saw with pain a mixed system appearing,—the attorney and solicitor generals of a Pittite ministry in Ireland *retained*, and Mr. Curran, a man whose splendid exertions at the Irish bar, in defence of the subject, deserved reward from a Foxite ministry, as yet unnoticed, and placed in a painful situation, before the eyes of the people;—the most inveterate unionists, and adherents of the Pittite system, not dismayed, and preparing to hold their ground by management and solicitation, through channels upon which they depended. As I took my leave of Lady Moira, I mingled my apprehensions and fears with her's,—we both shuddered at the

idea of failure or discredit attaching to Mr. Fox's ministry, and concurred in thinking that the cause of liberty would receive an irreparable blow, if he was induced, or persuaded into compromising too much, under the specious idea of an union of parties, with old, and well known enemies to it. I have dwelt upon this Irish subject the more, because every year succeeding has shewn me that such opinions were not less correct than they were important. On my leaving Ireland, some memorials from persons having suffered unjustly, as they alleged, were put into my hands, for Mr. Fox and Lord Moira, of which I shall speak presently.

On arriving in London, I found Mr. Fox looking remarkably well, and without any appearance of the cruel disorder which so soon attacked him. He was now the great minister of state, but he was still the same amiable, domestic character, and the same sincere warm friend. He looked peculiarly animated when I first saw him; his air was dignified and elevated, and there was more of majesty in his whole appearance

than I had ever beheld in any one; his expressive countenance was full of intellectual fire, and beamed with a softened grandeur, in a manner that filled me with a new sensation of grateful veneration for this illustrious man. After a long and glorious struggle against an arbitrary ministry, he was now at the head of his majesty's councils. Calumny, so long and so actively employed, sickened at the view; his majesty's better and unperverted judgment had selected the most enlightened man in his dominions, the friend of the people, and the supporter of a limited monarchy, and placed him in the situation so long abused by an arrogant man, whose imperious temper had trenched even upon the feelings of royalty itself: the haughtiness of an ambitious and arbitrary mind was supplied by a powerful, conciliating, and extensive genius; there were a thousand Pitts: office and power easily make active, indefatigable, and lordly ministers!—But it is the hand of Providence which, according to its wise, but inscrutable designs, bestows on nations benevolent, sagacious, and genuine statesmen.

In Fox his majesty at length saw the great shield of the country, and by calling him into the cabinet, on the demise of Mr. Pitt, gave a proof that he had been held in thraldom by the overbearing minister, who it may truly be said, could bear no rival near the throne. There was much greatness of mind in the venerable monarch, who thus rose above the long system of delusion practised against him, and he proved himself thereby both the lover of his people, and also the ultimate approver of Mr. Fox's political career. With such an adviser, he now perceived America would have been unalienated, Great Britain unburthened, and France of just dimensions and moderate power. Afflicted as the father of his people now unhappily is, bowed down with years and infirmity, it is a consolation to his family, and satisfaction to those who sincerely venerate him, that, with his faculties unclouded, and his health unimpaired, he chose CHARLES JAMES FOX as his minister, instead of continuing the system of Mr. Pitt.

Had Lord Grenville and his friends been thrown aside, much more would have been effected, but party was too strong for the monarch, and the genius of Fox was thus cramped, thwarted, and counteracted.

The department for Foreign Affairs, at the head of which Mr. Fox was placed, required all his attention. The map of Europe presented a chaos to his view, out of which he was to bring order, peace, and security. The floating fragments of a shipwreck were to be collected and combined. The gigantic power, which embraced the continent in its iron grasp, was to be bounded and restrained. The world required a master-hand to re-adjust and repair its parts. Vulgar minds might for a while continue the obstinate course of attempting to regulate that world by war, but Mr. Fox knew too well, that a series of defeated coalitions, like unsuccessful conspiracy on a smaller scale, serves to strengthen the object attacked, and that the time was long past for correcting, by arms, the excessive power of France. He desired to make peace, but even that was become a

matter of infinite difficulty. Thus he received power, succeeding a predecessor, who had carred on war till no object remained, and till peace seemed to be almost as dangerous as the continuation of war. Mr. Fox was well aware of all his difficulties, and he made the greatest sacrifice that man could make, for the good of his country, by consenting to attempt to repair the shattered vessel of the state.

I soon perceived him in a new light. He was beginning to apply to the business of his office. He went generally at eleven, and staid till three: as long as his health continued good, he was active, punctual, and attentive in the highest degree. The foreign office now appeared in a different light from its semblance of an office under Mr. Pitt. That minister who dictated almost every thing, had latterly brought government to the shape of an arbitrary regime, and left the person, called Foreign Minister, little to do but copy dispatches. Mr. Fox gave that office a soul, and foreign courts very soon felt that an accomplished minister and statesman

wrote the dispatches, sent to the English ambassadors abroad. His Majesty, who was always extremely regular and punctual in the discharge of his own high duties, also perceived a difference, and said "that the office had never been conducted in such a manner before," and expressed much satisfaction at Mr. Fox's mode of doing the business. This testimony was the more striking and valuable, as his Majesty never caused delay himself in that department, the dispatches transmitted to, and laid before him, were uniformly returned with a punctuality deserving every praise, worthy of imitation, and highly becoming the first magistrate of the state.

As his under secretaries were quite new in office, Mr. Fox directed and modelled every thing himself at first. His dispatches were allowed, by every one in the office, even by those who had grown old there, to be models of compositions, far excelling every thing of the kind in it from times long back: they certainly had every claim to praise — clear, comprehensive, conciliating, and strong

they were worthy the pen of the minister of a great nation, shewing great knowledge of human nature,—avoiding any thing like dictating, consulting the feelings and dignity of every court to which he sent instructions, full of energy and grandeur of mind, and calculated to create new sensations, and a new era upon the continent.

Shortly after my arrival, I could not but feel a strong sentiment, and a very peculiar one, on going in his coach to the Foreign office with Mr. Fox and Sir Francis Vincent, one of the under secreteries, as we passed a regiment of the guards returning from parade: an excellent minister, and benignant man was now at the head of affairs, the military passing shew was no longer formidable, I felt assured that under Mr. Fox no standing army would be employed against the people's liberties; the music of the regiment sounded more sweetly, the soldiers appeared more respectable, the idea of military coercion vanished, and, for the first time in my life, I looked with com-

placency upon that part of the system of modern governments.

This day I recollect Sir Francis Vincent, who was a very assiduous and very respectable young man, but who did not at all comprehend the delicacy and grandeur of Mr. Fox's character, began to talk of foreign politics, and quoted M. Gentz as authority. Mr. Fox made no reply. I ventured to say, that I did not think Gentz, or people of that stamp, entitled to much weight, "Certainly," said Mr. Fox, very quietly, and almost under his breath. Sir Francis had been a lawyer, and carried with him a good deal of the profession; and, attentive to small matters, proud of overcoming little difficulties, anxious to obtain his superior's approbation, but very little qualified to appreciate the mind of Mr. Fox. He was, however, good-natured in his way, always in a hurry, and ready to wear out a hundred pair of shoes to oblige the secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Mr. Fox went to court in all the simpli-

city of a plain dress. "He does very well," said a young friend of mine, who was quite a courtier, and one of the gentlemen Exon who attended upon the king, "but it is terrible that he does not put powder in his hair." I said, with a smothered smile, very gravely, "it is not so well." "If any one would advise him," rejoined the young courtier, "if his friends would speak to him." This young man saw not the resplendent greatness of the character of Mr. Fox, or he thought only of the want of powder in his hair.

My readers may recollect an anecdote of General Dumouriez, which resembles this. Roland, as minister of the interior, went to the court of Louis.—"My God! Sir," said a courtier to the general, "he has strings in his shoes!" Good heavens! Sir," said Dumouriez, "is it so?—we are ruined." In truth, no one was ever more unaffected, or more thoroughly disdained the pomp or ceremonies of courts, than Mr. Fox. He was, however, pleased with the King's reception of him, and he uniformly appeared to me, the whole subsequent time he was in

office, full of just respect for his majesty, attentive to his wishes, and anxious to conduct matters in the office, so as to merit the continuance of his approbation.

The introduction of Mr. Fox so late into his majesty's councils, may be thought to have occasioned some embarrassment between the monarch and his patriotic and neglected minister. Nothing of this kind, however, took place. The sovereign possessed too much dignity and elevation of mind, to adopt any party animosity, and the minister felt too profound a respect for his royal master, and too much veneration for monarchy itself, not to approach the royal presence in a manner worthy of himself and of the King. Every thing passed, therefore, in the most agreeable and gracious manner, and I was thereby convinced, that a faction had long abused the monarch's ear, or had been criminally silent, in regard to the transcendent qualities of Mr. Fox. His majesty was a remarkably good judge of the qualifications of his ministers; he expected punctuality, dispatch,

and vigour; and he knew perfectly well when he was properly served. It has been supposed, and I believe with good reason, that his former minister, Mr. Pitt, had become obnoxious to the sovereign, by his haughty manners, and his monopolizing exercise of power: but Mr. Fox was a character quite the reverse; and by fair deduction, naturally more agreeable as a minister to a crowned head. I understood that Mr. Fox never deviated from that respectful and dutiful manner becoming the minister of a great sovereign, and that he was very likely to have secured his majesty's favour as an amiable man, as well as his consideration as an enlightened and great statesman, if illness had not intervened and finally snatched him from the world. Mr. Fox's loss was peculiarly felt in the cabinet, on the affair of the Catholic bill, forced on the King by Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) and Lord Grenville. The candid and undisguised manners of Mr. Fox would have precluded all mistake in such a business: his Majesty and such a minister would at once have understood each other. The

monarch's character was always firm and decisive; Mr. Fox's was not less so, and a dislike of half measures marked both. From the time of Mr. Fox's entering the cabinet, in 1806, till his illness, his majesty had never occasion to testify disapprobation: with his mode of conducting a negotiation he was much pleased; his dispatches obtained even his majesty's admiration, (as of official writing there was no better judge) and there can be little doubt that with such a minister of foreign affairs, the name of the sovereign and of Great Britain, (had he been spared) would have risen to great and proud estimation abroad.

Nothing demonstrates more plainly the decision and manliness of Mr. Fox's character, than his conduct to the Catholics of Ireland on coming into office in 1806. He did not flatter them with any hope of *immediate*, nor did he insult them by any offer of *partial*, relief. His dutiful feelings to a venerable sovereign, preventing him from rudely intruding matters upon him, on which it was understood he had a fixed and

strong opinion. He, therefore, suggested to the Catholics, calmness and patience in shape of a moderate delay; but added, that if they themselves brought forward their question, he would support it fully, even though he went out of office on that account. The Catholics relied upon him, and did not press their question. Nor would that confidence have been abused, which they reposed in him. In the year 1806, he hinted to me, something relating to the test act in respect to Ireland, which I have lately considered a good deal. Late events have shewn me that this great man took a stronger and deeper view of their case, than many of the Catholics themselves do. I am quite sure that body have lost in him more than they were, or are even yet aware of. The revolution of 1688, which may be considered as a sort of confirmation of the Reformation in the time of Henry the VIIIth, seems to present weighty and serious obstacles to the manner of Catholic emancipation, since, by the act of union, it has become an English question. In suggesting to my Catholic countrymen, (which I have lately

publicly done,) the due consideration of the revolution in 1688, I have but followed the steps, as far as my judgment enabled me, of Mr. Fox. Lord Eldon, who always appears to me to speak like an honest man, has lately alluded to this revolution, and I considered his speech as the more worthy of attention, because Mr. Fox had himself difficulties and doubts on the precise mode and measure of Catholic relief, under the union. Let men take a manly and definite view of things. I acknowledge that vague and long declamations, however beautiful or sublime, do not satisfy me on the great Catholic question. The parties ought to explain: one side should declare what they require, precisely, and the other should state the obstacles, and the quantity which would satisfy, in case of their removal. Otherwise, it appears to me the Catholics may be in the situation of the person waiting till the river ceases to flow.

"——Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis," &c.

On a late remarkable occasion in the Irish metropolis, I scorned to delude my valued

countrymen with undefined expectations: it was due to Mr. Fox's great name, and to myself, to call their attention to the points upon which he had difficulties. I wished them to imitate his decision, in marking definitely their just claims, thereby, as well aiding their friends, and refuting their enemies, as also admitting Protestant Irish gentlemen to a distinct knowledge of their plan, which, as Irishmen co-operating with them, they had a right to ask for. Mr. Fox saved Ireland in 1806 from the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and had he lived, the insurrection and disarming bills would have been, in like manner, averted! How noble was that mind which, in an English breast, felt and acted more for Ireland's liberty and welfare, than numbers of Irish public characters have done since the act of union! How truly different from Mr. Pitt, who followed the steps of Lord Strafford in his treatment of that country, rather than the practices of an enlightened and wise statesman!

The pressure of business upon Mr. Fox, at his coming into office, was quite over-

whelming. He assured me, that the servants were knocked up with fatigue, that the door was perpetually assailed by visitors of every description and rank. What an effect has power on the minds of men,—how does it impart every virtue and remove every stain! Mr. Fox, at times the object of scorn and neglect, but always, in the eye of the discerning, the first man in the nation, was now exalted beyond measure, in the opinions of men, and it was thought possible he might make as good a minister as Mr. Pitt. I, too, found myself afterwards courted and caressed by persons who now do not know or care if I exist. Such are men, and so illusive and deceitful are the charms of power. As soon as the first pressure of general business, and private importunity was past, Mr. Fox began to plan little holiday intervals of going to St. Anne's Hill, with a redoubled relish for that beloved spot.

As soon as I could obtain a proper moment of leisure, I did not fail to express to Mr. Fox my uneasiness of the situation of Ireland. I also laid before him a memorial

from an Irish Catholic gentleman, who had suffered by severe and very unmerited imprisonment. Mr. Fox was too much oppressed by business to attend minutely to such things, but had not illness intervened, his heart would have led him to every thing humane.

On leaving Ireland, I had understood that the general feeling of the Catholics was to do nothing whatever to embarrass Mr. Fox. There was something so generous and almost romantic in this determination, that my esteem and affection for my countrymen were greatly heighened. It was a novel incident in politics, that above three millions of men should rest under their grievances, almost with pleasure; and with all the confidence of the warmest friendship, rely upon one man for protection and redress: that they should stifle their groans, and adjusting their chains, be careful that not one clink should disturb him in his great work of restoring peace to the world, and of preparing a system of home policy, capable of communicating happiness and

strength, and liberty, to the British Isles; Such a sublime proof of disinterested attachment in the Irish Catholics, could not but impress every friend of Mr. Fox with gratitude. Impressed with a lively sense of the value of Ireland, I stated to Mr. Fox the necessity of immediate and effectual steps to relieve her; that the magistracy had been degraded by the introduction of improper subjects; that, though the Catholics had great veneration and even affection for him, they could not be expected to be devoid of natural feelings common to all men; and though under his ministry they were inclined not to press, their generosity and abandonment of themselves for a time, deserved every thing, and that every ultimate bad consequence was to be apprehended for the empire, if the general state of Ireland was not redressed. As I felt sincerely and strongly, I spoke with the same freedom, and more warmth than in the garden of the Hotel de Richelieu: nor was Mr. Fox more displeased than he had been there at my speaking unreservedly. He said, however, very little.

It was obvious to me, that in his own breast he concurred with me in admitting that a long arrear of redress was due to Ireland; but he seemed to feel indisposed to enter upon the subject; there was a mixture of benevolence and uneasiness in his countenance, which said, I do not blame you for speaking for your unhappy country, but you do not comprehend the difficulties of my situation. He told me, however, as some consolation, that a strong recommendation had come from the Irish government, just quitting office, (Lord Hardwicke) to renew the suspension of the Habeas Corpus bill this year, (1806) but that it had been rejected. It was very evident, from his manner, whom Ireland might thank for this boon, and I am quite satisfied that to this day she owes much of the preservation of her liberties principally, if not entirely, to Charles James Fox. On this occasion, he said that something was in contemplation relative to tithes. I did not think Mr. Fox's mind was at all at ease upon the subject of Ireland. He seemed to rely upon the Duke of Bedford's name and amiable disposition, but

with all that candour and purity of soul, which so eminently set him above the dark and haughty statesman, the smooth and wily courtier, he did not affect to say that much could be done. I could read in his mind all the answer he could give me, to be

" Θαρσειν χρη φιλε βαλλε ταχ αυριον εσσετ αμεινον."

and I forbore to press him then; and when I afterwards renewed the subject, I found in him the same feelings.* In fact, the Patriots, or whig characters of Ireland, had contributed to make Mr. Fox's situation more difficult and more individually responsible for Ireland. It was manifest that Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby, and their friends, had made no conditions for her. I ever considered this as a fatal dereliction of her interests. Mr. Fox, overwhelmed as he was with foreign and domestic affairs, was neither called upon, nor was he able, to act every where, and for every person. I am sure, too, that,

* Droop not, my friend, a happier day
May come, and chase those fears away.

had Mr. Grattan and his friends expressly declared that they must know what terms of relief would be granted to Ireland, before they could support the new ministry, Mr. Fox would have found himself strengthened by the demand, and that if no other man in the cabinet had listened with satisfaction to their proposals, he would. The Catholics, helpless as they were, having none of their body in the English parliament, acted a wise as well as generous part in relying silently upon Mr. Fox; but Mr. Grattan, having become an English member for Ireland, ought to have insisted upon positive measures of redress for her, and opposed even Mr. Fox's ministry, (as he has since that of the Prince Regent,) unless its first measures were calculated to destroy the Pittite system there, and to restore liberty to his long-oppressed country. I am certain Mr. Fox would not have been displeased at this conduct. He was not at all a man to shudder at a division in the cabinet, if he was on right ground; and as he subsequently must, most probably, have gone out upon the Irish question, it would have spared him great la-

bour and anxiety, (perhaps prolonged his invaluable life) if he had at the outset, and in defence of the liberty and happiness of Ireland, left the cabinet: the mercenary crowd who hovered round him, panting for situation, place, and pension, and who styled themselves, so improperly, his friends, might have been disappointed, but Fox, great at St. Anne's Hill, with his history, the poets, and a few sincere friends—if he did return to power, would have come in singly, and his ministry would then have been without alloy.

As I always looked upon that sort of policy which sanctions a bad measure, by subsequent inertness, as weak and dangerous, I never could discover what reasons could influence Mr. Grattan and his friends to allow the union to be glossed over, as if irretrievable; the repeal of an act of union not being more difficult than that of Poyning's law, or any other act treating upon Ireland's independence. The goodness of Mr. Grattan's heart all must admit; but his entrance into the English parliament, after

the union, has involved him in inextricable difficulties, I fear: he may recollect our conversations after the union, when I almost conjured him never to sit in an English assembly, whose prejudices were strong and highly adverse to Ireland.

CHAPTER II.

IN the spring of the year 1806, Mr. Fox was always happy to get to St. Anne's Hill for a few days, and withdraw from the harassing occupations of a ministry, which it required all his vigour, and all the weight of his name to uphold; assailed too, as it was, by the active and indefatigable adherents of the Pittite system, and weakened by a want of popularity, naturally resulting from the neutralized course it appeared to pursue. At St. Anne's, as he had been at La Grange, when he withdrew from the splendour and amusements of Paris, he seemed more than ever to delight in the country. A small party, consisting of General Fitzpatrick, and Lord Albermarle

and family, found their time pass lightly away; Mr. Fox, with a few chosen friends, was also truly happy and cheerful; Lord Albemarle was sincerely attached to him, and was very much regarded by him. Lord A. was one of those amiable and unaffected men, possessing sound sense, great good-nature, and a feeling heart,—no talker, but always delivering himself well, and naturally, —a most excellent domestic character, and worthy, from the simplicity of his manners, the integrity of his mind, and his love of liberty and respect for humanity, every way worthy the friendship of Mr. Fox. This nobleman has spoken little in the lords, but when he has done so, it was always on grand principles, and, much as the more prominent public characters are applauded for their exertions, I would ever prefer the modest merit, ingenious nature, and noble heart of Lord Albemarle, to the shining orator of a party,—to the consummate politician, alive to all the movements and prospects of that party, but dead to the grand interests of his country and the world.

Lord ALBEMARLE was sincerely beloved by Mr. Fox;—Lady ALBEMARLE, whose sincerity and *naiveté* were very pleasing, and who was the lovely mother of some fine children, there with her, also contributed to make St. Anne's Hill still more agreeable. The Messieurs Porters, excellent and respectable young men, neighbours of Mr. Fox, and by him long esteemed, were occasionally with us. They found no difference in the great minister and the tranquil possessor of St. Anne's Hill. I had seen nothing resembling this scene but La Grange; and I cannot but think that Fox and La Fayette, if parallels of great men, in the manner of Plutarch, were made, would be found similar characters in a great variety of leading points,—of more purity, disinterestedness, and sensibility, than any of modern days,—equally great, equally happy in retirement,—contemners of power,—true to liberty,—warm and affectionate friends,—fond of domestic life—the country and the poets,—of serene and admirable temper,—disclaiming every species of ostentation,—tolerant and liberal in religion,—kind and benevolent to infe-

riors,—easily amused, and hospitable in no common degree While at St. Anne's Hill, the dispatches were brought to Mr. Fox, and forwarded from thence to his majesty.

It might be supposed by some, that the cares of his new situation abstracted him from all thoughts of his Greek; but I am going to give a proof of the lively concern he continued to take in every thing relating to the poets. Early one morning, I had Euripides in my hand, and was reading Alcestis, which I had formerly wished to do in Ireland, but had an incomplete edition of Euripides, (as the heads of Dublin university leave out in their course Alcestis, one of Euripides' most interesting and best pieces) and could obtain no better in the country. "How do you like it?" said Mr. Fox, entering, and well pleased to think a little about Euripides, instead of the perplexing state of the continent, and the complicated difficulties at home:—"I have just begun," said I, "and cannot tell yet." "You will find something you will like,---tell me when you come to it." I read on,---his servant was dressing

him,—he waited and watched me attentively; when I came to the description of Alcestis, I proceeded with emotion, till I came to the part so pathetically depicting Alcestis: after praying for her children,

" Παντας δε Εωμας, οι κατ' Αδμητου δομους
Προσηλθε, καξεσεψε, και προσευξατο."

And again,

" Καπειτα θαλαμον εισπεσθσα, και λεχος
Εντανθα δε δχρυσε κ'αλεγεν τωδε
Ωλεπτεσης," &c. &c.

" ——— σε δ'αλλη τις γυη κεκτησεται
Σωφρων μεν ουκ ανμαλλον, ευτυχης δ'ισως
Κυνει δε προσπιτνουσα," &c. &c.

I laid down the book upon the sofa! Mr. Fox looked full of a kind of satisfaction on perceiving that I could not go on. In a short time I finished the description, which, for pathos and exquisite tenderness, is, I believe, unrivalled in description; it is full of those touches of nature, which no man can mistake, placing Alcestis, and every object before us, in so lively a manner, that he

who does not sympathize with her—he who does not feel the tear start as he goes on, ought to shut up Euripides, learn to grow rich, and never attempt to speak of the poets. Alcestis was, I think, Mr. Fox's favourite play in this favourite dramatic author. In the evening, and next morning, we talked it over, and I was quite gratified to find how much we coincided, as besides warmly admiring the delightful character of Alcestis, I concurred with him entirely as to Hercules, whose indecent levity, subsequent compunction, and restoration of Alcestis to the faithful and afflicted Admetus, we both thought admirably pourtrayed by Euripides.

Mr. Fox's memory shewed itself to be peculiarly powerful in regard to the poets. He had not, perhaps, read Alcestis, and consequently, the admired passage, for a long series of years, and yet he anticipated the very spot where he expected me to stop, with as much precision as if he had been looking over my shoulder. I have seen him, too, in speaking of Spencer's Fairy Queen

and Tasso, turn to the works of the Italian poet, and point out, here and there, lines and images, similar to parts of Spencer's work, with as much rapidity as if they had been marked out for him. Among the ancient English poets he entertained a sincere veneration for Chaucer, a poet, in tenderness and natural description, resembling Euripides.

At St. Anne's the same regular and happy life was led when Mr. Fox was there, as formerly; with this difference, that reading aloud in history gave place to business. Although now the first minister of England, I never observed in him a wish to enlarge his little farm around St. Anne's, or to exchange it for something larger and less modest: he never thought of a grand house in the country, and the utmost acquisition he meditated, was a small wood and a rural cottage, for shooting, at a distance of a mile and a half from St. Anne's. His meditations and serious thoughts were all given to his country; his lighter ones to his beloved authors, to St. Anne's, and the unfading pleasures of the country. As the season ad-

vanced, he looked forward, with secret satisfaction, to the months when parliament having risen, he would be able to spend more time out of town.

As I have restricted myself a great deal in my present work, from observations upon any thing like a detailed account of Mr. Fox's ministry, one incident is, however, too pleasing an instance of his equanimity to be withheld.* In a certain debate, Mr. Canning

* When my readers consider that I have waited *five years* in the expectation that some work, doing justice to Mr. Fox's amiable and great qualities, would appear, from some pen capable of doing more justice to him than mine, no improper forwardness will, I trust, be now imputed to me. I happen to entertain an exactly inverse view from that taken by the friends consulted by Lord Holland, (vide the end of his preface to Historical Fragment) and to think that the historic remains should have been *delayed*, and that the life or memoir, of Mr. Fox should have been promptly brought out. The one was not immediately called for, and would have appeared to more advantage after a lapse of time: the other was anxiously wished for by every lover of freedom and admirer of Fox. I regret much that Lord Holland was induced, by any advice, to alter the sentiments he entertained when I last conversed with him in 1807, at St. Anne's Hill. That

had attacked him with a greater degree of acrimony than I thought becoming, whether Mr. Fox's experience, or the former good terms between them, when Mr. Canning was very young, authorized. This I heard in the gallery, and saw, with great indignation, that the young politicians and associates, whom Mr. Fox had raised into a participation of power with himself, by no means repelled, with proper spirit, the attack of their taunting, yet able, adversary. There was a something of the

"Adsum qui feci—in me convertite ferrum"

wanting; and, in truth, I never perceived a sufficient appreciation of this great man in that quarter, so as to induce me to hold a very high opinion of some of his colleagues. Like Ajax, Fox was left with his broad shield and dauntless arm to avert every attack.

"ὁ δὲ μὴν σάκει κρύπτασκε φασιλῶ"

---

noble and amiable character has but to follow his own clear and candid conceptions, to render him fully worthy of his great and immortal relative.

and still his value was not adequately recognised. How often have I inwardly smiled at full-blown vanity, and said, "is this a worthy associate for Fox?" On the night of the debate I allude to, Mr. Fox took me home with him. He was quite placid and cheerful, as he generally was; and though I expressed my vexation at Mr. Canning's acrimony, he seemed perfectly unruffled by it, and very well pleased at his majority. There was a degree of majesty and composure that I have often admired about Mr. Fox, during his short ministry in 1806, but never more than highly befitting the minister of a great empire, on this occasion, when another would have felt provoked at Mr. Canning's intemperance, or at least displeased that some of his younger friends had not repelled the attack with energy, and even resentment. I am quite willing to admit the amiable qualities and very powerful talents (the best, I think, of the Pitt school) of Mr. Canning; I should be wrong not to acknowledge a generosity of disposition in his raising him much above his ci-devant

party, because I have experienced it; but in recording this incident concerning Mr. Fox, I am sure he will join with me in admiring the suavity of the man, and the calmness of the minister.

Every application made to him by old friends, or by any persons in middle life, to whom promises had been made, he answered with benignity and promptitude. Constancy in friendship, and gratitude for services or assistance, were, indeed, among his greatest virtues, and rare ones, it must be allowed, in a minister of state. Of this a gentleman at the Irish bar, of much respectability and talents, lately furnished me with a remarkable proof. This gentleman had, when at the English bar, been useful to Mr. Fox respecting some election business. A great number of years had elapsed. The gentleman went to Ireland, and practised at the Irish bar. Upon Mr. Fox's coming into power in 1806, he wrote over directly, expressing himself in a very handsome manner, and informing him that he had recommended him to the Duke of Bedford's notice.

Certainly no responsibility lay upon Mr. Fox in this gentleman's case. The Irish Whig party, by the effects of the union, had been absorbed into the parliament of England, and was no more seen or heard of. I have alluded to the deficiency as it appeared, and still appears to me, in Messrs. Grattan and Ponsonby in not making terms for Ireland, previous to supporting the new ministry.—It is there the neglect of Mr. Curran is to be charged. Mr. Grattan declined accepting office himself—Mr. Ponsonby made his own terms, and became Chancellor, while Mr. Curran, who had laboured along with them in the same vocation, so long, and so powerfully in defence of Ireland's rights, was left, by his own party, unnoticed, and in no very enviable situation in the hall of the four courts in Dublin. As I admired Mr. Curran's talents, and thought him hardly used, I spoke very warmly and strongly to Mr. Fox, on my going over, respecting him: representing that it was disgraceful to a Fox-ite ministry, to pass by such a man, and venturing to urge what my friendship for Mr. Curran sincerely prompted. Mr. Fox

heard me, as he always did, (and it was most rarely I importuned him on any political matter,) with attention and complacency—was not displeased at my earnestness, and said (though he by no means seemed to think it to be quite an easy matter,) "Yes, yes, Curran must be taken care of."—There is nothing more obvious in an attentive examination of Mr. Fox's character, than that singleness of heart, and decided line of conduct, which impelled him to do what was right, without at all considering the prejudices of others. The Irish party of *ci-devant* Whigs, had clearly left Mr. Curran out of their calculations; or, from their making no previous stipulations, were unable to protect his interests. Mr. Fox, guided by the rectitude and generosity of his mind, desired that justice should be done, and as there was difficulty and objections in Mr. Curran's case, without Mr. Fox his subsequent elevation would have been uncertain.

While Mr. Fox thus appeared contented and moderate, constant and affectionate to old friends, and attached to his books and

the country, just as when he filled a private station, he also evinced a noble disinterestedness about his family and connections; he sought neither place nor pension for them on coming into office; he secured no reversions, or sinecures for himself or them, and not a view or thought of his mind tended to his own or family's aggrandizement. A beloved and most deserving nephew, highly gifted in point of talent, liberal and of congenial mind to himself, Lord Holland, was without situation, and his uncle the first minister, as well as genius, in the empire. Disinterestedness consists of two branches, taking nothing for selfish purposes, and sacrificing personal feelings for the good of others. Mr. Fox evinced disterestedness in both respects; and it was quite impossible to conceive any thing more devoid of selfish or ambitious ideas, than the feelings of that great man's mind.

On returning from St. Anne's Hill, he resumed his occupations at the office with greater alacrity and steadiness. He received the foreign ministers with dignity and affa-

bility, and they found the asperities of the preceding ministry soften into a wise system of conciliation, whilst the genuine energy of genius began to create new sentiments of respect in their courts for England. Mildness of temper had taken place of domineering; and foreign courts, which had revolted at the imperious tone of a bully, suffered themselves to be persuaded like friends, and argued with as equals.

At the English foreign office, I found myself in a very different situation from that at the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangers*, at Paris. There we reviewed past transactions in the extraordinary time of the Stuarts and Louis XIV., and contemplated the final result in the just humiliation of Louis, under William and Anne, with unfeigned pleasure. Here I could only review a series of blunders, as I cast my eye over the map of Europe, and on the list of foreign courts to which England had once sent Ambassadors. In one case, a despot had been gloriously repressed; and when all the rational purposes of war had been ful-

filled, peace had given repose to Europe:—in the latter, a frantic attempt had been made to dismember, and new model a great nation, whose efforts for self-preservation, sublime but terrible, had re-acted upon Europe, and fatally injured her just balance and distribution of power. How different were the results, when William the Third, comprehensive and magnanimous, directed the affairs of Great Britain, from those attending the ministry of Mr. William Pitt!

CHAPTER III.

UNDER the auspices of Mr. Fox, England had her best chance of a favourable and honourable peace. It would be needless to investigate whether the incident which gave rise to the overtures was contrived by the French government, or was one of those affairs familiar to governments, of which Mr. Fox made a noble and judicious use. When two great nations need repose, neither is degraded by making the first proposal, or by seeking to adjust their differences, and lay down their arms. Mr. Fox saw precious moments passing away, and the states of Europe becoming daily more enfeebled, by their contests with France. He knew that the natural resources of Eng-

land enabled her to defy every danger in time of peace, and as it was part of his character not to fear remote possibilities, he thought the present and positive good, resulting from diminished expenditure, the correction of abuses at home, and a grand system of liberal European politics upon the continent, would counterbalance the increasing power of France, and that, in fact, it was by war she had grown great, and by war she would grow greater.

The negotiation which ensued was a singular spectacle for Europe. Fox and TALLEYRAND—the most able men in their respective countries, in foreign affairs—were matched in the grand struggle to procure advantages for their countries, and to make a peace honourable to both. It is the common mistake in England, that the French are insincere, and of this Mr. Pitt had profited successfully in his coalition wars: it is therefore usual, even with English governments, to doubt of the sincerity of France, and to cast the imputation of insincerity on her, at the end of every unsuccessful nego-

tiation. I am of opinion, that even in common life an overweening degree of suspicion is of injurious consequence, that it irritates and alienates to a great degree, and places parties in a state of repulsion, hostile to their peace and good understanding. It is still more dangerous, and the mischief is more extensive when this disposition separates nations.

I believe the French government was sincere, in 1806, in their wish for peace, as all my observations in the year 1802, in France, confirmed me in the idea, that not only the people but the government were sincerely inclined to preserve a good understanding with Great Britain, until the First Consul became irritated at the constant attacks upon him in the English journals.

But when Mr. Pitt was no more, he, whose measures had so plainly been directed not merely against the rank and consequence, but against the very existence of the French people, a great cause of alienation from Great Britain was removed, and those

angry feelings, which were excited against an arrogant persecutor, were buried in his tomb. Besides, Mr. Fox, whose generous and sincere nature, acknowledged love of peace, and great capacity, were well known to the French nation and government, was placed at the helm, and they had reason to expect manly and dignified discussion, instead of captious or imperious cavilling in a negotiation. Lord Grenville unfortunately was joined with Mr. Fox, indeed, but even the co-operation of that minister, so memorably unconciliating in the department for foreign affairs at the commencement of the war with France, was forgotten, under the idea that he had acted a subordinate part to Mr. Pitt, and that the happier temper of Fox would produce better feelings.

As the negotiation proceeded, Mr. Fox shewed great anxiety, not that of a politician anxious to gain credit for successful measures, but of a man deeply impressed with a regard for the interests of suffering humanity. I do not say that he expected, as it advanced, that it would arrive at a happy termination. Mr.

Pitt, whose unfortunate and old system had been revived after the truce of 1802, had rendered pacification nearly impossible. He had so much further involved and injured the continent, particularly Russia, by persevering in his plans, which no experience could correct, no time or irrevocable events could enlighten, that England, in 1806, with Mr. Fox at the head of her councils, saw herself incapable of including the interests of the continent, as was desirable, along with her own. The losses of Russia hurried her into a hasty treaty. No other formidable power remained unbroken, that could join with her, and, by its additional weight, make the scale preponderate against, or balance that of France.

Mr. Fox's exalted name was beneficial indeed to England: he knew the character of the French emperor, too, and was himself personally respected and esteemed by the government of France; but this was a feeble substitute for the weight of an allied power. England and France were thus brought to the work of peace single-handed. The acute,

ingenious, and penetrating mind of Talleyrand, was supported by the vast advantages gained by France, and confirmed by the dangerous prolongation of war—the mild, argumentative, and commanding energy of Fox, was unabashed by such superiority ; yet the great nation, whose interests he guarded, required high terms to satisfy it, and with Roman magnanimity was willing, involved as she had been by a rash and inexperienced minister, to perish, rather than compromise her dignity, or descend from her rank.

As the negotiation went on, Mr. Fox evinced less hope. He was, however, doing his duty, and a fortunate opportunity, at least, was afforded him of presenting to England and Europe his character in all its grandeur, purity, and benevolence, on a scale adequate to admit of its full expansion. Who can read his expressions to Talleyrand, ending one of his early dispatches, unmoved? *Let us,*" said this incomparable minister, " *endeavour to do what we can for the glory and interests of our countries, and for the happiness of the human race!*" It is here that the

genius of Fox bursts out with a splendour at once brilliant and warm. His great heart yearning for the good of his fellow creatures, swelled as he wrote; and, pregnant with every sentiment worthy of a statesman, a citizen, and a christian, inspired his pen with lines that, if inscribed on his tomb, would alone entitle him to immortal renown, the gratitude of his country, and the veneration of Europe. But a fatal change was at hand!

Oh, readers! when I anticipate the mournful scenes which followed—the cold shuddering which seizes me,—the stealing tear which falls—unfit me for my task!—If the minister is forgotten in the friend,---those who value the endearing ties of domestic life, and the mild virtues which adorn it, will pardon an expression of anguish, when I recollect what Fox was,---and that he is now no more!

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT the end of May, Mrs. Fox mentioned slightly to me that Mr. Fox was unwell; but at this time there was no alarm or apprehension. In the beginning of June I received a message from her, requesting me to come to him, as he had expressed a wish for me to read to him, if I was disengaged. It was in the evening, and I found him reclining upon a couch, uneasy and languid. It seemed to me so sudden an attack, that I was surprized and shocked. He requested me to read some of the Æneid to him, and desired me to turn to the fourth book: this was his favourite part. The tone of melancholy with which that inimitable book commences, was pleasing to his mind: he enjoyed the reading much. Dido was his

most admired character in the Æneid. I have often heard him repeat with animation,

"Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide: sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.
Nam quid dissimulo, aut quæ me ad majora reservo?
Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
Num lacrymas victus dedit, aut miseratus amantem est?"

The same sort of indignant burst he admired in this character, so happily pourtrayed by Metastasio; and I have heard him also dwell upon, and repeat, that part of Dido's speech,

"Ecco, la foglia," &c. &c.

with the same feeling. I read this evening to him the chief part of the fourth book. He appeared relieved, and to forget his uneasiness and pains; but I felt this recurrence to Virgil as a mournful omen of a great attack upon his system, and that he was already looking to abstract himself from noise and tumult, and politics.—Henceforth his illness

rapidly increased, and was pronounced a dropsy! I have reason to think that he turned his thoughts very soon to retirement at St. Anne's Hill, as he found the pressure of business insupportably harassing, and I have ever had in mind those lines, as very applicable to him at this time:

"And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the goal, from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes—my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at last."

Another of those symptoms of melancholy foreboding, I thought, was shewn in his manner at Holland-house. Mrs. Fox, he, and I, drove there several times before his illness confined him, and when exercise was strongly urged. He looked around him the last day he was there with a farewell tenderness that struck me very much. It was the place where he had spent his youthful days. Every lawn, garden, tree, and walk, were viewed by him with peculiar affection. He pointed out its beauties to me, and in particular shewed me a green lane or avenue, which his mother,

the late lady Holland, had made by shutting up a road. He was a very exquisite judge of the picturesque, and had mentioned to me how beautiful this road had become, since converted into an alley. He raised his eyes in the house, looked around, and was earnest in pointing out every thing he liked and remembered.

Soon, however, his illness very alarmingly increased: he suffered dreadful pains, and often rose from dinner with intolerable suffering. His temper never changed, and was always serene and sweet: it was amazing to behold so much distressing anguish, and so great equanimity. His friends, alarmed, crowded round him, as well as those relatives who in a peculiar degree knew his value and affectionate nature. His colleagues frequently consulted with him. The garden of the house at Stable Yard, (since the Duke of York's) was daily filled with anxious enquirers. The foreign ambassadors, or ministers, or private friends of Mr. Fox, walked there, eager to know his state of health, and

catch at the hope of amendment. As he grew worse, he ceased to go out in his carriage, and was drawn in a garden chair at times round the walks. I have myself drawn him whilst the Austrian ambassador, Prince Staremburgh, conversed with him; his manner was as easy, and his mind as penetrating and vigorous as ever; and he transacted business in this way, though heavily oppressed by his disorder, with perfect facility.

General Fitzpatrick, Lord Robert Spencer, and Lord Fitzwilliam, almost constantly dined and spent the evening with him. Among all his chosen friends, none was more attached to him, or more cherished in return by Mr. Fox, than Lord Fitzwilliam. This nobleman, in many points of character, approximated to Mr. Fox: mild and benevolent—dignified and unassuming—with nothing of the effeminacy of nobility about him: a warm and unshaken friend—redeeming his aberration in politics by a noble return to the great man, whose opinions on the French war had proved to be so correct—Lord Fitzwilliam, though less noticed, has

more of the genuine statesman, than Lords Grenville or Grey, and in mind and manner resembled Mr. Fox more than any other of his colleagues. His unremitting and tender solicitude for Mr. Fox's health was that of a brother.

The Prince of Wales at this time shewed all the marks of a feeling heart, and of great constancy in friendship, more honourable to him than the high station he adorned. Almost every day he called and saw Mr. Fox. There was no affectation in his visits;—the countenance full of good-natured concern—the manner expressive of lively interest—the softened voice evinced that not all the splendour, the flattery, or pleasures of a court, had changed the brightest feature in the human character—*attention to a sick and drooping friend.*—Posterity, I trust, will receive his public character as a great king—the lover of his people—the protector of liberty, and defender of the laws—as bright, if not brighter, than that of any of his predecessors; but if his affectionate solicitude about the great statesman then struggling under a

cruel disease, and the constancy of his friendship to Fox, even till the last glimmering spark of life was extinct, were the only traits recorded of him, posterity will say this was a great prince, a faithful friend, and possessed of a feeling, uncorrupted heart! When the Prince was out of town, as also when Mr. Fox removed, and he saw him no more, I wrote daily to his Royal Highness, at his own desire, giving minute and constant accounts of the invalid's health, till the melancholy scene was closed!

The whole Royal Family manifested respect and sympathy for this great patriot, and the Dukes of Clarence and York called in person to enquire in regard to his health. But as his illness grew more violent, he saw fewer visitors. Lord Holland, with filial affection and attention, seldom left his uncle. Miss Fox, his Lordship's sister, who was much beloved by Mr. Fox, and whose candid and amiable mind, superior accomplishments, and sincere attachment to the cause of humanity and liberty, rendered her worthy of the love of such a relative, was unremitting in her attendance.

Mrs. Fox, whose unwearied attentions were the chief comfort of the sufferer and myself, read aloud a great deal to him. Crabbe's poems in manuscript pleased him a great deal, in particular, the little episode of Phœbe Dawson. He did not, however, hear them all read, and there are parts in which he would have suggested alterations. We thus read, relieving each other, a great number of novels to him.

He now saw very few persons. At one singular interview I was at this time present. Mr. Sheridan wished to see Mr. Fox, to which the latter reluctantly consented, requesting Lord Grey to remain in the room. The meeting was short and unsatisfactory. Mr. Fox, with more coldness than I ever saw him assume to any one, spoke but a few words. Mr. Sheridan was embarrassed, and little passed, but mere words of course. I have related this circumstance in order to shew the sincerity of Mr. Fox's nature, and to disprove the false idea that latterly any particular intimacy subsisted between Mr. Fox, and that celebrated orator.

A few days after, he received Mr. Grattan in a very different manner,—warm and friendly to a great degree.—Mr. G. was leaving England, and never saw Mr. Fox again. I am sure, had Mr. Grattan known him better,—had he been fully aware of the noble independence of his character,—how thoroughly he loved liberty,—and how truly he despised party, that he would himself have held, subsequently, a different course, and either have retired from parliament (without Fox it being to him a hopeless scene) or have stood aloof from the Grenville and Grey party. In either case that great and amiable man would have shewn himself far more worthy the friendship of Mr. Fox, and would have stood much higher in the pages of history.

As his disorder increased, the operation of *tapping* was performed, which he bore with great calmness and resolution. In the mean time the negotiation with France was proceeding; in the commencement of his illness he had dictated the dispatches, but he was no longer equal to the conduct of it, and the

appointment of Lord Lauderdale was one of the last of his acts in that affair. This negotiation, as is well known, assumed a different aspect, when the genius of Fox no longer directed it: it may be allowed to be said, that to conduct such an affair to a successful result, much temper, much conciliation, and an oblivion of unhappy and irremediable events in Europe, were all required, in order to meet the French negotiators upon proper ground. All these Mr. Fox possessed; it is to be feared his virtual successor, Lord Grenville, wanted them! He was, in many respects, an unfortunate person to succeed Mr. Fox, in negotiating with France. Lord Grenville may be deemed an able debater, a man of sound sense, and correct and indefatigable in business; but the grand qualities of genius—that sensibility, which appreciates the feelings and wants of others, and meets the just demands of humanity half way, that intuitive glance which comprehends time and place, and regulates a complicated affair by a stroke of the pen, were not his! Besides, he had been concerned in almost all the

unsuccessful wars and negotiations of Mr. Pitt! The French nation, under an Emperor, could not soon forget the insults offered to the republic. A negotiation which was exceedingly complicated in the hands of Mr. Fox, in those of Lord Grenville was sure to fail? That great man himself began to entertain feeble hopes of its success; but I apprehend, had he lived, he would have surmounted every difficulty, and he was not himself aware of half the respect and veneration entertained for his character upon the continent. No one will deny that the best probability of peace was destroyed, when Mr. Fox became unable to direct the negotiation.

On recovering the first operation of tapping, he began to wish much to leave town. In truth, he had now every reason to do so,—visitors fatigued and oppressed him.—He languished for St. Anne's Hill, and there all his hopes and wishes centred: he thought of a private life, and of resigning his office, and we had hopes that he might be restored sufficiently to enjoy health by abstaining

from business. The Duke of Devonshire offered him the use of Chiswick House as a resting place, from whence, if he gained strength enough, he might proceed to St. Anne's. Preparations for his departure began, therefore, to be made, which he saw with visible and unfeigned pleasure.

Two or three days before he was removed to Chiswick House, Mr. Fox sent for me, and with marked hesitation and anxiety, as if he much wished it, and yet was unwilling to ask it, informed me of his plan of going to Chiswick House, requesting me to form one of the family there. There was no occasion to request me; duty, affection, and gratitude, would have carried me wherever he went. About the end of July, Mrs. Fox and he went there, and on the following day I joined them.

I was nearly as much struck on entering the beautiful and classic villa of the Duke of Devonshire, at Mr. Fox's appearance, as I had been when I saw him first at St. Anne's

Hill. The change of air and scene had already benefited him. I found him walking about and looking at the pictures; he wore a morning gown, his air was peculiarly noble and august,—it was the Roman Consul or Senator retired from the tumult of a busy city, and enjoying the charms of rural retirement, surrounded by the choicest productions of art. All care seemed removed from his mind,—his soul expatiated on something sublime, and Mr. Fox stood before me in a new, and I may truly say awful, point of view,—as a Christian philosopher, abstracted from the world, having taken a long farewell of it; serene, composed, cheerful, and willing, as long as he remained, to be pleased with life, participating in social converse with the same ease as if his latter moments were far distant. Never could Cicero, that great and worthy man, retired to his Tusculan villa, and deploring the situation of an almost ruined republic, appear more interesting or more grand. The scenery around, where every thing looked classic and Roman, conspired much to render Mr. Fox more interesting at this

period than any of his life. He received me with great complacency and kindness, and seemed to desire nothing but the society of Mrs. Fox and myself.

The days and evenings were now devoted to reading aloud, Palamon and Arcite, improved by Dryden,—Johnson's Lives of the Poets,—the Æneid,—and Swift's poetry.—He found, also, great pleasure in shewing me the pictures of Belisarius, &c. which adorn the delightful villa at Chiswick, and also the gardens and grounds. There was a benevolence in this I well understood; Mr. Fox knew mankind well, and whilst the busy stir of politics were alluring, and inciting others to pursue new plans, and to look to new patrons and friends, he desired that I should find every thing pleasant in our new abode to compensate for seclusion, and attendance on an invalid. In fact, the delicacy and tenderness of his mind were unparalleled, and, in one peculiar respect, I always observed him to be, at all times, above what are called great men, inasmuch as friendship with him levelled all distinc-

tions, and constantly led him to consult the wants and feelings of his friend on the equal ground of human rights.

As I drew him round Chiswick garden alternately with a servant, his conversation was pleasant and always instructive; chiefly directed to objects of natural history, botany, &c. &c. A shade of melancholy sometimes stole across his countenance when objects reminded him of the late Duchess of Devonshire. At times, Mrs. Fox, or Miss Fox, walked beside the chair: his character was, as at St. Anne's Hill, ever amiable and domestic. One day, when he was fatigued, we entered the small study on the ground-floor at Chiswick House, where he called for a volume of Swift, out of which he requested me to read one of his inimitably playful and humourous pieces of poetry. I yet see him in this small room smiling at the ludicrous images and keen touches of Swift!

He now ceased entirely to look at, or to desire to hear, newspapers read, and took

little interest in a negotiation, which, before he left town, he considered as rather hopeless. Lord Lauderdale was now in Paris, but he was no longer guided by Fox. I do not impute to his Lordship either want of talent or inclination to bring things to a happy issue, but rather infer, that unless England abandons the Pittite style in diplomatic matters, all her negotiations will be difficult or fruitless. Happily, an accomplished gentleman, as well as dignified prince, now at the helm of affairs, gives room to think that the spirit and conciliating manners of Fox will return to inspire and regulate ambassadors and ministers. As this is a consideration of great moment, and appertains to no party, it is well deserving the attention of the English government; for the time must arrive when negotiation will take place,—ambassadors be appointed, and treaties be made with France. Nor will the sovereign, who carefully superintends a negotiation himself, who weighs every difficulty, and, where he can, softens asperities, discharge a light or unimportant duty to the

people placed under his care! Happily, too, it is no longer the system of foreign aggression and insult followed by Mr. Pitt, but one which, whatever may have been the faults of ministers, the English nation have been plunged into without error on their part, and must now, perhaps, continue as well they can.

CHAPTER V.

MR. FOX began to long for St. Anne's Hill, and preparations were making there for his reception, when we perceived, with sorrow, that his disorder was returning with redoubled violence. We had indulged in that delusion into which hope leads her votaries in the most desperate cases; and in proportion to the increased love, esteem, and admiration, which Mr. Fox inspired, we clung more anxiously to the pleasing symptoms, which threw a gleam of joy over the prospect, and we endeavoured to close our eyes upon what was threatening and unpleasant. An alarming drowsiness crept frequently upon him, and he again evidently increased in size. At this period, I well recollect his again recurring to the Æneid: and I then read, at his desire, the fourth book two or three times: on these evenings he occasionally

dosed, but I continued my reading, happy, by the sound of my voice, to contribute to a longer oblivion of his pains and uneasiness, which again became very great. As he would awake, his attention caught the part I read; by his great memory, he easily, supplied what he had lost, and he never desired me to return and read any passage again. The admirable picture of a distressed mind with which that book opens, seemed to describe, in some manner his own restless uneasiness: and in hearing of the woes and death of the unfortunate Dido, he forgot, for a little, the cruel pains which afflicted himself. That beautiful and affecting picture of a lingering and painful illness, was but too faithful a portrait of his own situation.

"Illa gravis oculos conata attollere, rursus
Deficit: Infixum stridit sub pectore vulnus.
Ter sese attollens, cubitoque adnixa levavit:
Ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
Quæsivit cælo lucem, ingemuitque reperta."

He no longer was equal to getting into

the garden chair, and all our little social excursions round the grounds of this seat were stopped. He soon also became unable to go out in the carriage, and the gathering gloom, which darkened all our hopes, daily increased.

The multitude of letters from individuals in England, Scotland, and Ireland, which daily poured in, and many even from the lowest classes, giving information of different remedies for the dropsy, were amazing. I answered them, as long as it was in my power, but the number was so great, that, consistent with the attention requisite to Mr. Fox, I found it impossible to do so. The interest excited was quite of a sincere and affectionate kind, and proved to me that as no man had merited it better, so no one had ever possessed the love and confidence of the people in the same degree as Mr. Fox. He was gratified by this sincere and unaffected mark of regard, and wished, as far as was possible, the letters to be acknowledged with thanks. Here, in truth, was the states-

man's true reward—the approbation and gratitude of the people—here was honour which wealth could not purchace, or rank or power!---here was the tribute due, and paid, to the inestimable character the world was soon to lose! Every minister and statesman has adherents and friends; because he has, or has had, means of serving and promoting the interests of many; but it has rarely occurred, that three nations would pour in around the bed of a dying statesman, their anxious solicitudes, their hopes, and their advice for his health.---Why was it so?--- Fox was the friend of mankind, and soared as much above common ministers and statesmen, in benevolence and every christian virtue, as he did in genius and knowledge.

Many letters of a political nature, proved the independence of the character of Britons, and also the great political estimation of Mr. Fox, founded on the soundness of his principles, which pervaded every class, and strongly contrasted him with the despotic minister he had so long opposed. Around the bed of the Patriot minister, the bless-

ings and prayers of three nations were offered, while he continued to exist:—on his couch, no curses of the oppressed, no

"groans not loud but deep"

assailed him to trouble his intervals of rest, or heighten his moments of anguish. His long career had been marked by exertions for the happiness of mankind: he had cared little for the ordinary objects of men—he had not panted for power for the sole pleasure of dictating to others—he had had but one object ever in view—it was simple and grand—the happiness of nations! The Protestants, Dissenters, and Catholics—the black inhabitants of distant climes—all held a place in his heart as *men*. What could disturb the last moments of such a mind? What was to revive one anxious, doubting thought? Had he not followed all the precepts of Christianity, and carried its divine doctrines into the very cabinet and the closet of his sovereign? Had he not consecrated his boundless talents to struggles for liberty and peace, and in worshipping his God with a

pure heart, had he not all the merit of a sublime charity, which expanded over every nation, and acted powerfully for his own, to offer at the throne of an immortal and benignant Deity?—No torturer had shaken his lash, and prepared his torments under his ministry—no system of intolerance, debarring man of his right of religious liberty, had cramped society under his auspices—no persecution of the press—no banishment or imprisonment, or trial for life of any citizen for freedom and political opinions,—no unchristian or unwise attacks upon an agitated and suffering nation, which sought but liberty and peace—no despotic pride, which trampled the people and elbowed the sovereign—had distinguished his ministry! He was departing as he had lived, the unshaken friend of all the just rights of man—no calumny had deterred—no weak fears had ever prevented him from defending them.—What was to disturb the last hours of such a man?

General Fitzpatrick, whose constant attention spoke the true and unchanged friend, to

the last moment of Mr. Fox's life: Lord Holland, whose affectionate attentions were those of a son, and Miss Fox, who to all the amiability of her sex joined the superior and philosophic mind of her uncle. Lord Robert Spencer, sincere and affectionate, and enlivening to his departing friend—Mrs. Fox, of whose unwearied and almost heroic exertions—of whose tender heart, which throbbed in unison with his, and vibrated at every pang he felt, who never left his bed-side, but to snatch a little repose to enable her to renew her cares, and of whom the pen which writes cannot describe the excellence, the duty, and attachment manifested in the awful moments preceding Mr. Fox's dissolution—myself,—not more than beginning to discover all the brightness and beauty of his character, but anxious to pay debts of gratitude and affection,—now, were the only persons admitted to his apartments—friendship, and all its endearing offices, was what Mr. Fox above all men was entitled to, at this afflicting period. His whole life had been remarkable for his constancy, and warmth of

attachment to those he selected as his friends; the late Duke of Devonshire, as well as the Duchess Dowager, were most unremitting and kind in every care and attention, that a noble hospitality, and sincere affection, could bestow. The Duke, whose friendship was warm for Mr. Fox, was among the last who were admitted to see him.

London and Chiswick House now presented most strongly contrasted scenes; a new ministry was raising its head in the metropolis, of which Lords Grenville and Grey were the leaders. I do not know that Mr. Fox's opinion was ever taken upon the formation of another ministry, and of its future measures, and I fully incline to think that it was not. The dispatches had long ceased to be laid before him, and the last political news intimated to him, was the refusal of Alexander to ratify the treaty concluded at Paris by his minister. As his disorder had become entirely confirmed, and little or no hope existed of his recovery, the cabinet ceased to look to him for advice; and, before his great mind was harassed by

the second inroad made by the disorder, they seemed to hold his retreat to Chiswick, as a virtual resignation of office.

Lord Grenville never came there; Lord Grey, I think, rarely: as the world was receding from the view of the illustrious character who had given the ministry all its lustre, I contemplated with calm indifference the busy movements of men, and inwardly smiled at the sanguine, and I may say, presumptuous ideas of those who thought that a ministry, in opposition to a tory party, without Fox, could maintain a strong position between the court and the people; above all, who imagined that on the rupture of the negotiation, success would follow the revival of the old plans upon the continent. I knew how very grand and original were Mr. Fox's ideas, in case of the continuation of hostilities, and I expected not that the new ministry, which was growing out of his secession from politics and business, would imitate his benevolence towards the people, or that they could invent or prepare those plans which, like the bolt of Jove,

might fall, sudden and irresistible, and change the face of war, or inspire new and strange feelings in a triumphant and insolent enemy.

There was, as every one must allow, the conduct of active and attentive politicians in this; but still it was but the manner of ordinary men! Had I seen them hovering round the couch of departing genius, and catching from his lips those admonitions, which those who are leaving the world give with peculiar effect, I should have augured better of the coming time. Had that deference, to so great a political character, brought them to seek his last ideas, as illuminating principles to guide and inform them, I should have said, England's star is not yet obscured; and if the spirit of Fox lives in their councils, she may escape every threatening evil. It would be improper and unjust to say, that the cabinet felt relieved by Mr. Fox's removal, as that of a superior mind eclipsing every other; but it is allowable to say, that they did not evince that anxiety for

his health, which often induces men to cling, to the last, to a friend and adviser, to extract from him those sentiments, or that council, which may, in some measure, supply his place. That Mr. Fox would not have refused such aid to his country, even while he hovered on the brink of a better world, his whole life and conduct prove; and that he was capable of doing so, with a mind in full vigour to his last hour, I myself can, beyond contradiction, testify. But the busy ways of politicians admit not of delay,—their plans are rarely regulated by those sublime rules which make the safety of the commonwealth the paramount, and anxiously sought for, object. None of that wisdom and patriotism, which sought out Timoleon, even blind and old, to gather from him his opinions, and to listen to his admonitions, presided in London at this period. Public affairs were to go on, and the progress of the state machine was more thought of than its happy arrival at some grand and desirable goal.

On the other hand, at Chiswick House, the great man, who had so often and so vainly struggled to save his country from the errors into which she had fallen, and who came too late into his Majesty's councils to be able to remedy them, was fast declining, and saw before that country a dreary prospect, and interminable war. Totally unruffled, by what the fretful possessor of power might construe into neglect, he preserved the same unabated serenity, the same magnanimity, as he had ever done. If he inwardly mourned for his distracted country, no complaints escaped him, no impatient censure of any one was heard. Nor was his pure and noble mind less distinguished at this time, by a lofty disregard of all worldly concerns. His family, every thing dear to him, stood before him, but relying on the justice of his country, and the honour of his friends, he left it to them to protect those he loved, and guard all he held dear from penury or distress. He had now acted his part in the world,—it was no longer for him to remind any man of what was due to him. Had

the ministers requested to have his last advice and commands, I am confident this great man would have summoned all his powers, and had death followed, given them the free dictates, of his exalted mind. Had he expired, pouring forth the anxious wishes of his patriotic mind for the happiness of a beloved country, I am fully convinced his last look would have been a smile, his last word a prayer.

I shortly beheld Mr. Fox in a light which fully justifies, what to some may appear the enthusiasm of affection, or the blindness of admiration. He grew daily worse,---his size became very inconvenient, and it was determined by his physicians, that he ought again to undergo the operation of tapping. The day was appointed,---the physicians arrived,—preparations were made,---Mrs. Fox, Lord Holland, every one left the room; when, through a feeling both strong and uncontrollable, I determined to remain. My anxiety and sorrow for Mr. Fox were so great, that I feared, in case of weakness, no one might watch him with sufficient

attention, in case of any tendency to fainting. What followed raised my opinion of this incomparable man, far beyond what it had yet been. When every thing was ready, Mr. Fox was led from his chamber to the outer room, and placed in a great chair. Great God! what anguish thrilled through me, when he was undressed, and the awful preparation was making to pierce his side. But he——cheerful, friendly, and benignant, was something quite above mortality, giving no trouble,—the same sweetness of temper, ---the same courage which looked down on pain,---the same philosophy which made the best of every thing, and the same wish to give his friends or attendants as little trouble as possible, shone forth this day, bright and cheering as the evening glow which rests upon a placid lake. He, who from respect to suffering humanity, might have desired to retire, or close his eyes, was soon recalled from their momentary weakness, by looking on the sublime object before him. Mr. Fox, during the whole operation, conversed with the physicians, with all his usual force, accuracy, and pleasant natural

manners; he mentioned to them his opinion, that in all difficult cases, his own, or any other, it would be advisable for each to write down his opinion, seal it up, and that it should not be examined till the deceased person had been opened, and then the erroneous conclusions drawn would appear. The physicians, astonished, looked at each other, and were at a loss how to answer. During the whole of the operation, even when faintness succeeded to pain, he was cheerful, and seemed desirous, by his own disregard of his situation, to lessen the concern of others. There was much resemblance in his manner, to that of a philosophic and accomplished Roman, described by Tacitus in his last moments.

"*Audiebatque referentes, nihil de immortalitate animæ et Sapientium placitis, sed levia carmina, et faciles versus; servorum alios largitione, quos de verberibus affecit. Iniit et vias, somno indulsit, ut quanquam coacta mors, fortuitæ similis esset.*" A similar self-possession distinguished Mr. Fox at this moment, which was of such danger,

that immediate death might have followed, and of that danger he was well aware. When the operation was concluded, his great anxiety was to send intelligence to Mrs. Fox, that he had undergone it safely; for as he had heroism enough to rise, in the most trying and agonising moments, above self, he was also ever solicitous to obviate injury to the feelings of others, by destroying doubt, and communicating what was pleasant.

As he felt much relieved, though dreadfully exhausted, the evening of this day proved a happy one; we again ventured to indulge in pleasing ideas; hope again allured us, fondly wishing that some great change might be wrought by nature, we breathed freely; trusting to providence, we looked yet to recovery as probable.

CHAPTER VI.

THE operation by no means answered the expectations so credulously and anxiously formed. Mr. Fox was relieved but for a short time; and I began, at length, to dread that the event of his dissolution was not far distant. His uneasines became very great, and it was necessary to raise him in the bed, and assist him to rise frequently. I thank God, no mercenary hand approached him. Mrs. Fox hung over him every day with vigilant and tender affection: when exhausted I took her place; and at night, as his disorder grew grievously oppressive, a confidential servant and myself shared the watching and labours between us. I took the first part, because I read to him, as well as gave him medicine or nourishment.

We continued our reading of Johnson's Lives of the Poets. How often, at midnight, has he listened with avidity, made the remarks that occurred, then apologized to me for keeping me from my rest; but still, delighted with our reading,—would say, "well, you may go on a little more;" as I assured him that I liked the reading aloud. At these times he would defend Johnson, when I blamed his severity and unwillingness to allow,—and incapacity to appreciate, poetical merit,—would refer me to his life of Savage, and plainly shewed much partiality for Johnson. Of Dryden, he was a warm, and almost enthusiastic admirer. He conversed a great deal about that great English poet; and, indeed, I never perceived, at any time, in him a stronger relish for, or admiration of the Poets than at this afflicting period. I generally read to him till three or four in the morning, and then retired for a few hours: he shewed always great uneasiness at my sitting up, but evidently was soothed and gratified by my being with him. At first he apologized for my preparing the nourishment, which required to

be warmed in the night; but seeing how sincerely I was devoted to him, he ceased to make any remark. Once he asked me, at midnight, when preparing chicken panade for him, "Does this amuse you? I hope it does." He was so far from exacting attendance, that he received every little good office, every proper and necessary attention, as a favour and kindness done him. So unvitiated by commerce with mankind, so tender, so alive to all the charms of friendship, was this excellent man's heart! His anxiety, also, lest Mrs. Fox's health should suffer, was uniformly great till the day he expired.

Lord Holland and General Fitzpatrick, as he grew worse, came and resided at Chiswick House entirely. Miss Fox also remained there. Thus he had around him, every day, all he loved most; and the overwhelming pressure of his disorder was as much as possible relieved by the converse and sight of cherished relatives and friends. Lord Holland shewed how much he valued such an uncle! He never left him;—the

hopes of power, or common allurements of ambition, had no effect upon him. His affectionate attention to Mr. Fox, and his kindness to all who assisted that great man, were endearing in a high degree. It is true, the habits of nobility, which render men less able to assist themselves or others, precluded very active co-operation in the cares necessary for Mr. Fox's repose; but he was always watchful to preclude disturbance, and always alive to every wish and look of his noble relative. Miss Fox,—calm and resigned,—grieving,—without uttering a word,—would sit at the foot of his bed,—and often reminded me of the fine heads of females, done by masterly hands, to express sorrow, dignity, and faith in God. There was no ostentation in the simple and graceful manners of Miss Fox: the affecting object of all our cares alone occupied her; and if her feelings did not appear so violent as those of others, they were more concentrated and more intense. In her serenity there was much of Fox;—and her conversation, and the candour of her soul, were grateful to him, till pain and uneasiness almost overwhelmed him.

As he grew worse, his situation became peculiarly distressing;—the orifice of the puncture did not close, and the water accumulating, obliged him frequently to rise, and allow it to discharge. His restlessness became very great, and his time was divided between his arm chair and the bed. Mrs. Fox retired early at night, to enable her to rise with the dawn, and renew her unceasing cares. The midnight reading was now affecting and awful to me.—I thought that Mr. Fox could not long survive, and I trembled, lest he might suddenly expire, while supported in my arms.

My limbs, at times, tottered under the weight I sustained; but the goodness of God, and the strength of my affection for Mr. Fox, enabled me to pass through those trying hours, without sinking under fatigue or sorrow. What a melancholy task to watch by the bed-side in the solemn hour of night of an incomparable dying friend; yet it was soothing to undergo it all,—to read, till troubled nature snatched a little repose; and to prepare the nourishment,

which was often required to sustain him. On one occasion, as the increase and renewed violence of the complaint had caused him to rise at night, whilst I assisted him, and with a napkin dried up the water from the orifice which incommoded him,—he said, in a low voice, and quite to himself, "this is true friendship."

There was now a plaintiveness in his manner very interesting, but no way derogating from his fortitude and calmness. He did not affect the stoic. He bore his pains as a christian and a man. Till the last day, however, I do not think he conceived himself in danger A few days before the termination of his mortal career, he said to me at night, "Holland thinks me worse than I am;" and, in fact, the appearances were singularly delusive, not a week before he expired. In the day he arose, and walked a little, and his looks were not ghastly or alarming by any means. Often did he latterly walk to his window to gaze on the berries of the mountain ash, which hung clustering on a young tree at Chiswick

House: every morning he returned to look at it; he would praise it, as the morning breeze rustling shook the berries and leaves; but then the golden sun, which played upon them, and the fresh air which comes with the dawn, were to me almost heart-sickening; though once so delightful: he, whom I so much cherished and esteemed, whose kindness had been ever unremitting and unostentatious,—he whose society was to me happiness and peace, was not long to enjoy this sun and morning air.—His last look on that mountain ash was his farewell to nature!

I continued to read aloud every night, and as he occasionally dropt asleep, I was then left to the awful meditations incident to such a situation; no person was awake besides myself; the lofty rooms and hall of Chiswick House were silent, and the world reposed. In one of those melancholy pauses, I walked about for a few minutes, and found myself involuntarily and accidentally in the late Duchess of Devonshire's dressing room,—every thing was as that amiable and

accomplished lady had left it. The musick book still open;—the books not restored to their places,—a chair, as if she had but just left it, and every mark of a recent inhabitant in this elegant apartment.—The Duchess had died in May, and Mr. Fox had very severely felt her loss. Half opened notes lay scattered about. The night was solemn and still; and at that moment, had some floating sound of music vibrated through the air, I cannot tell to what my feelings would have been wrought. Never had I experienced so strong a sensation of the transitory nature of life, of the vanity of a fleeting world. I stood scarce breathing,—heard nothing,—listened,—death and disease in all their terrific forms marshalled themselves before me;—the tomb yawned,—and, oh, God! what a pang was it, that it was opening for him whom I had hoped to see enjoying many happy years, and declining in the fulness of his glory into the vale of years. Scarcely knowing how I left the dressing room I returned;—all was still.—Mr. Fox slept quietly. I was deluded into a tranquil joy, to find him still alive, and

breathing without difficulty. His countenance was always serene in sleep; no troubled dreams ever agitated or distorted it,—it was the transcript of his guiltless mind.

During the whole time of my attendance at night on Mr. Fox, not one impatient word escaped him, not one expression of regret or remorse wandered from his lips. Mr. Addison's words, "See! how a christian can die," might have been throughout more happily applied at Chiswick House, by adding a little to them,—"Behold how a patriot and christian can meet his last hour!" Could the youth of Britain but have seen the great friend to liberty, and the advocate of peace, in his latter days, what a lesson would not his calm and dignified deportment have afforded. It is not the minister who carries on the public affairs for a series of years, with little benefit, or perhaps serious detriment to his country, who can, in the close of his days, look around, and say, "I have injured no one;—I have laboured for the happiness of millions;—I have

never allowed anger, or pride, or the spirit of domination, to make me forget the interests and feelings of others; I have not professed myself a christian, and embroiled the human race;"—but it is the dying patriot, who can loudly proclaim, that he has done all the good to his country and mankind that was possible; and, in the retrospect of a life dedicated to the defence of the rights of mankind, he finds no groans come across his ears from incarcerated victims,—no shades of oppressed and murdered citizens rise in his dim and feeble view, to chase repose from his couch, and tell him that though despotic, he was not happy, —though descending into the tomb, he could not escape the cries of the injured, or the stings of conscience.

CHAPTER VII.

AS Mr. Fox's situation, though not threatening immediate danger, in the opinion of his physicians, was, however, hopeless, as to ultimate cure, and very distressing to himself, a consultation was held, as to the propriety of recurring to some strong remedy, which might afford the best chance of effecting a favourable alteration in the patient. It was finally decided, and I understood with Lord Holland's concurrence, that an attempt should be made to counteract the violence of the disorder, through the medium of the most powerful medicine, which science and experience sanctioned as most efficacious in desperate cases. It was decided that this (which I concluded was *digitalis*, or Foxglove, prepared in a liquid state) should be administered to Mr. Fox. I heard of this determination with a dissatisfaction and

sorrow I could not well account for. Those who know what it is to linger round a departing friend, whether it be that he undertakes a long journey, or goes on some perilous service, or secludes himself in distant retirement from the world, may conceive the painful and confused state of my mind at this time. My ideas were not well developed, even to myself. I wished life to be preserved as long as possible—that gratitude and friendship should have watched for years, (if a few could yet be gained,) round the couch of the great man whose domestic virtues had all shone brighter through the clouds of pain and anguish, and the most harassing suffering. I thought that alleviation of his disease, rather than an impracticable attempt to cope with the tremendous enemy which had seized upon him, was more desirable. Mrs. Fox and myself were so much exhausted and worn out with constant cares, that we scarcely knew the nature of the decision. We heard a change of medicine was resolved on, but did not then know its powerful and extraordinary effects. It is true only a few

months might have been gained, perhaps six or eight; perhaps less. But I always wished that he should be removed to St. Anne's Hill, and in this idea Mr. and Mrs. Fox both concurred. I do not think his own opinion was taken, but it was a case upon which he could not well form one. Lord Holland, too, suffered so much at this period, that he himself could not decide with the calmness requisite for so very difficult and painful a question.

In retiring to St. Anne's Hill a good deal might have been accomplished: the history, whose scattered leaves lay uncorrected, and unregulated by their author, might have received a final revision, and his own directions have been taken respecting it. In the intervals of temporary ease, his great and prophetic mind might have dictated a political testament; and as the negotiation was subsequently soon terminated, his view of future continental operations might have been obtained, and have proved of incalculable value, and this, to the existing ministry, would have been no inconsiderable

bequest. What more important than his instructions for Ireland? His opinion upon Reform, under new circumstances? Upon a paper money spreading through, and illusively strengthening the means of the country?

The Physicians having decided upon the point of administering a strong remedy; I received instructions at what time in the morning to give it, and at what intervals. The humanity and feeling evinced by all the physicians, and peculiarly by Dr. Pitcairn and Sir Henry Halford, (then Dr. Vaughan) left no room to imagine but that they had considered the case, not only with judgment, but great tenderness for their patient. I incline to the opinion, however, that the strong political and moral, as well as medical view was not taken, and that the importance of Mr. Fox's existence to the utmost length which nature would permit, was not weighed with the anxiety and veneration it merited by the Cabinet itself. Lord Fitzwilliam, who was most likely to have appreciated the last sentiments of the illustrious person concerned, in the light

which friendship and value for his political character demanded, was in the country. The other ministers, who were his friends, and had been carried into power by his weight, seemed unequal to the perplexing difficulties of acting with Lord Grenville, and consulting the last wishes and sentiments of Mr. Fox, as the rule for their conduct, in all future emergencies of home, or foreign politics. Doubtless, his councils might have led to their loss of office; but, had it been so, they would have lost their situations with infinitely greater credit with the public, and satisfaction to themselves.

The night preceding the taking of the fatal medicine, I sat up with him, and read as usual through the chief part of it: he was cheerful and easy, and I felt an extraordinary degree of pleasure from his conversation. We seemed in this intercourse at Chiswick, to have lived years together,—the distance between us had vanished,—I had become the friend upon whom at night, he could rest his head, and feel his pangs diminished.—I had been his reader, and as

the sound of my voice was agreeable to him, and often lulled him to rest, when the prose and poetry I read did not catch his attention. His generous and feeling heart had beat with grateful throbs on finding himself attended by no mercenary hand, and his gratitude to me was increased, as he knew that Mrs. Fox could repose securely upon me, and gain a little rest, so much required in the midst of her heart-breaking cares, whilst I watched round the bed of her afflicted husband. When fond hope would whisper of recovery, I used to think how pleasant our future society would be at St. Anne's Hill; that there, withdrawn from the harassment of politics, and the drudgery of office, a happier time might await him; and that we who had laboured round his pillow would feel so proud and gratified by his restoration to tolerable health, that nothing higher of reward could be desired, — that friendship would say, we have preserved him, —what further can we wish? The rapid glance of fancy painted to my mind the small circle at St. Anne's, cemented by gratitude, affection, and every tie of friendship.

Why do I write thus? Hope had raised the cup but to dash it to the ground! On this memorable night, I read Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and Mr. Fox listened with his usual relish, and made those natural and pleasant remarks he was wont to do; and, as usual, he received from me the nourishment prepared, with his friendly, and sometimes jocose manner. As the morning dawned, I looked out; the hour had arrived for administering the medicine,—an unwillingness of an unaccountable nature held my hand,—I looked out at the reviving face of the country,—the peeping sun sent forth the first beams of day, brightening the grounds and gardens of Chiswick House with his coming glory,—the morning was lovely, but to me most melancholy.—Mr. Fox slept,—I took advantage of the incident for delay,—his sleep how calm and undisturbed;—the golden light spread a glow upon his face,—a tranquil majesty sat on his brow,—the innocence of youth played upon his cheek,—no trace of worldly care was seen. I would not disturb such moments,—I could not force myself to break his slum-

bers. When he awoke, I still lingered; nor till Mrs. Fox arose, and three or four hours had passed beyond the appointed time, did I administer the medicine.

For the first time since his illness had commenced, Mr. and Mrs. Fox appeared to think me neglectful. Alas! I trembled with the apprehension that we should soon lose him for ever: I dreaded, with strange forbodings, the termination of all our cares, in the dissolution of the painful, yet pleasing, state of society, in which, if there was labour, anxiety, and sorrow, yet Mr. Fox was there, and sensible of, and alive to the attentions of friendship.

After receiving the medicine several times, he grew alarmingly worse; he was, however, composed, and did not complain. Mrs. Fox was now truly an object of commiseration;—her anguish was so great, that I felt the miseries of the moment increased, by witnessing her sorrows. The distresses of General Fitzpatrick, Lord Holland, and Miss Fox, were silent, deep, and affecting. For

myself, the world seemed blackening before me,—the dreary path was long and lonely, —what were ministers and courts, and palaces, if Fox ceased to live?—the empty gratifications they could confer,—what, compared to the intercourse of friendship with such a man? It was evident that nature was overwhelmed, and that the remaining struggle could not be long. Mr. Bouverie, a young clergyman, then in the house, was brought in. Prayers were read. Mr. Fox was quiet and resigned, but evidently disliked speaking.

A solemn and awful silence prevailed. He now rapidly grew worse. The night which succeeded was one of horror. The worst every moment expected, but an invincible degree of fortitude and resignation manifested by Mr. Fox: no murmurs, no impatience, at his sufferings, but an anxiety for Mrs. Fox's health was predominant over every thing. She had nobly endured the long and distressing fatigues of this melancholy time: he was sensible of the exertions she had made; he knew they were beyond her strength; and, in pitying her he

forgot all the agonies, all the misery, of his bodily state. Late at night he sent for Lord Holland, and asked, "if there was any hope." Lord Holland did not flatter him with any, and his answer was received with all that quiet magnanimity which distinguished Mr. Fox's character, and had pervaded his whole life. Towards morning, his breathing was visibly affected. All hope was at an end. Nothing remained, but to wait the event. Nature did not struggle much. Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox, Surgeon Hawkins, myself, and one domestic, were alone present.

The scene which followed was worthy of the illustrious name of Fox.—As his breathing became painfully difficult, he no longer spoke, but his looks—his countenance, gradually assumed a sublime, yet tender, air. He seemed to regret leaving Mrs. Fox solitary and friendless; and as he fixed his eyes repeatedly upon her, threw into them such an expression of consolation as looked supernatural: there was, also, in it a tender gratitude, which breathed "un-

utterable things," and to the last, the disinterested and affectionate, the dying husband, mourned for another's sufferings, and strove to make his own appear light.—There was the pious resignation of the christian, who fearlessly abandons his fleeting spirit to a merciful Deity, visible throughout the day: the unbeliever who "came so scoff," must have remained to pray. It was now Mr. Fox gathered the fruits of his glorious life; his departure was unruffled by remorse, he had sacrificed every thing that was personal to his country's good, and found his last moments blest by the reflection, that his last effort had been conformable to the divine religion he professed, to give peace to an afflicted world. The hovering angel, who waited to receive his spirit, saw that he had tarried long enough upon earth: the evening advanced, and sinking nature announced that his end approached. "*I die happy,*" said he, fixing, again and again, his eyes upon Mrs. Fox.

He endeavoured to speak further—but we could not understand his words—he re-

peated the attempt — I affected to understand him, in order to relieve his anxiety;— "*Trotter will tell you,*" turning to Mrs. Fox, were his last words! His countenance grew serene and elevated. His arms were a little raised to meet Mrs. Fox's embrace. His eyes, full of a celestial lustre, continued bright and unclosed;—and, as the setting sun withdrew, without distortion or struggle, but with the same unchanged looks of benignity, resignation, and love, which animated his face throughout this mournful day, he expired, leaving our sorrow almost obliterated by admiration at his exemplary and happy end!

MISCELLANEOUS

FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS.

MR. Fox expired between five and six in the afternoon of the 13th of September, 1806. The Tower guns were firing for the capture of Buenos Ayres, as he was breathing his last. The evening was serene, and of that interesting kind which distinguishes the beginning of Autumn. It seemed as if circumstances and nature had combined to render the moment peculiarly solemn and affecting: fresh victories were announcing, as this great Statesman was departing, and the mild beams of the declining sun illuminated his chamber with a softened glow. What a void, when I beheld the body inanimate and cold!—The countenance remained serene, and full of a sublime and tender expression. It is remarkable, too, that

it continued so for nearly a week, till it became necessary to put the body into a shell. As it was suggested to me, two or three days after his death, that a cast might still be taken from the face, a messenger was dispatched to Mr. Nollekens, and the attempt was made: it, however, failed, the features had changed, and fallen in a considerable degree, and the plan was thus defeated. I understood the result was unfavourable, but could not prevail upon myself to look at the mask. During the week that the corpse remained at Chiswick, I every day frequently contemplated the countenance of the illustrious departed.

The same serenity, magnanimity, and feeling, which distinguished him alive, were, if possible, more forcibly pourtrayed than ever upon his countenance: there was also an air of indescribable grandeur spread over it. I felt a strange sensation when alone in the apartment with the mortal remains of Charles James Fox.

Perhaps there was more of the moral

sublime in this than falls commonly to the lot of man to witness and experience. The melancholy and solitary feelings I then endured, those who have lost beloved friends and relatives, will be well able to appreciate: besides, the departure of so towering a genius imparted various, solemn, and awful reflections.

I then faintly conceived the idea,—and I have since frequently wished, that the art of embalming had been employed to preserve so very grand a subject for the contemplation of the present race, and of the future generation. This great and patriotic minister might thus have inspired virtue in the young patriot, or controlled the profligate betrayer of his country, by his looks:—all who viewed his noble countenance, might have drawn lessons of benevolence, and disinterestedness from thence, and in departing, would have carried away an impression, favorable to humanity, justice, and liberty.

A recent work on Education contains this

question : " Has not Parr been condemned for praising the virtues and talents of Fox, because in revealing the whole man, he stated that Fox disbelieved the miracles and mysteries of Religion ?" I have not seen, nor am I now able to procure any work of Dr. Parr's relating to Mr. Fox, but I am prepared to say that any assertion of his upon so important and delicate a question, does not at all coincide with my opinion on this head, if he attempted to state, in an unqualified manner, Mr. Fox's disbelief of miracles. That great man was too just a reasoner, and too great an enemy to dogmatic assertion, to reject the powerful testimony by which miracles are supported. A casual expression is never to be taken for a fixed and serious opinion, without subsequent and considerable corroboration. I recollect being present at a conversation in Stable Yard, when Mr. Robertson and, I think, Lord Grey were in the room, when the immortality of the soul was touched upon. Mr. Fox, then very ill, spoke upon it with that seriousness, and earnestness for demonstration, which marked him on all weighty sub-

jects. I perceived no disposition to express any arrogant doubts, but, on the contrary, that humble and modest tone, which, upon so awful a topic, becomes all men.

Resignation to Providence was a very marked feature in Mr. Fox's character. He never meddled with abstruse and mysterious points in religion; in death, he resigned himself to his Creator, with unparalleled calmness and magnanimity. Such a man was very little likely to express disbelief on a subject vitally connected with Christianity. I had the satisfaction and happiness of enjoying his most intimate society for a great part of the last eight years of his life, and I never heard an expression—I never observed the slightest inclination tending to such doubt or disbelief. On the contrary, it will be found that as all his political conduct was consonant to the purest and most benevolent conception of Christianity, so, even in death, he maintained the same tenour and tone of mind.

Mrs. Fox, I am satisfied, is quite competent

to corroborate every word I have written, and I much regret that indiscreet, and injudicious friendship should have disturbed his ashes, by bringing forward a vague opinion, which, if even once entertained, I can testify, was not latterly adhered to. I have, however, given strong grounds for drawing deductions quite contradictory to those of Dr. Parr. Mr. Fox, in his whole manners, conduct, and last moments, gave me the clearest, and most pleasing idea of a sincere and true Christian, that I had ever imbibed.

It is but little known that Mr. Fox's body was opened after his death. The result was, that the liver was found greatly diseased, and what is termed scirrhous: all other vital and noble parts, I was informed by Surgeon Hawkins, were sound and unimpaired, so as to have ensured a long and vigorous old age. It will be recollected that Mr. Fox himself suggested to the physicians, the plan of writing and sealing up medical opinions, and opening them after the [illegible]se and inspection of the subject upon

which they had been pronounced. This suggestion was not followed, in his own case, and I regret that it was not: it evinced as much wisdom and penetration as it did magnanimity and love for his fellow creatures: he seemed desirous that science might be improved by correcting uncertainty as much as possible, and seemed to offer himself as a subject to begin with, for the general good. Why is anatomy incontestably of the utmost service to the human race? For exactly the same reason which appeared to have influenced Mr. Fox's mind, when tapped the second time at Chiswick House. His mind always sought for demonstration, and, even beyond the tomb, he seems to have pointed the way to improvements in medicine, and to physicians correcting their own errors. As his liver was found irretrievably diseased, I am inclined to think that the most violent medicine was improper; because prolongation of existence might have been attained, and perfect recovery could not. It has happened to me since, to administer a great deal of *digitalis* (under the direction of a

physician) to a young man attacked by Ague, and threatened by impending consumption. We thought him dying, but he recovered; he was, however, young, and not materially affected in any vital part. In ordinary cases, it may be right for physicians to try the most powerful medicines, if a case seem hopeless, because it may be a beneficial experiment, and be little prejudicial to any one,—but in this instance of Mr. Fox, the prolongation of his invaluable existence, was so incalculably important, that the welfare of the community, in a political view, should have superseded medical experiments and their chances.

As the facts ascertained, by opening the body, proved that a radical cure was quite hopeless, I request that I may not be considered as unnecessarily stirring this topic. I write for mankind and posterity. Other great characters may be similarly circumstanced with Mr. Fox: a moral and medical view of circumstances may clash. Let physicians, therefore, remember the statesman, and prefer the greater to the

smaller object. As Mr. Fox's age was not more than fifty-seven, and his constitution a very vigorous one, there is some reason to think he might have enjoyed a meliorated, and not very distressing, state of health for a considerable time, if the palliative, rather than experimental course, had been pursued. The question certainly admits of doubt, but, in my view, I am sure the friend or the statesman would prefer the former.

I cannot be presumed to know the quantity of *digitalis* administered, nor is it at all necessary to state it. That powerful medicine is given usually, I believe, in drops proportioned to the strength, age, and state, of the patient. Mr. Fox's disorder had made its first appearance about three years before his death, or between two and three years, as I am well informed. That was the time to have applied powerful remedies with good hopes of ultimate success; but he himself was not then (or any of his family, or friends) aware of his situation. When the disorder finally

forced him to notice it, by the pain and uneasy sensations attending its latter stages, it came like a deluge upon him. I apprehend it had proceeded too far, and that his period of life was too advanced to admit of radical cure. It is surprizing that he had not himself consulted some physician of eminence on the slightest symptom of so alarming a disorder, as that which carried him to the grave; but he was nothing timorous, nothing selfish, and disregarded what would have alarmed others.

For persons who were eye witnesses of the last melancholy ceremonies bestowed on the mortal remains of Mr. Fox, little is necessary to be recorded:—but for those who live in the distant parts of the empire, and those who may hereafter peruse with interest every thing relative to that great man, some information may be desirable. I have, therefore, thought it not right to omit particulars which, though peculiarly painful to myself to revive, must be matter of natural curiosity and enquiry, now and hereafter. I am quite convinced

that the last words, or I may say, efforts, of Mr. Fox, were directed to the object of depositing his remains at Chertsey. He would, from his character, and from his peculiar way of thinking on those subjects, I am certain, have desired, in his own instance, to have avoided all ostentation and pomp as to a funeral or burying place. The vicinity of Chertsey to his beloved St. Anne's Hill, and the fond wish that Mrs. Fox's remains might one day be laid beside his, would have been strong motives with him for expressing a wish to be interred at Chertsey. I know of no other idea that he would have been so likely to cherish in his departing moments. His earnestness, and expressive manner, have left a lasting impression upon me, but I was too agitated and oppressed with sorrow to reflect sufficiently upon what were, most probably, his thoughts at such an awful moment.

He addressed himself exclusively to Mrs. Fox, and his countenance evidently spoke something tender and domestic; something connected with his awful and

melancholy state, and with her future gratification. I dread even now distressing the feelings of his relict, but every thing which throws light on a character so noble as that of Mr. Fox, is too valuable and interesting to be withheld. There is no circumstance which pourtrays the simplicity and amiable cast of it more than this;—that, at the last hour, he should desire his remains to be withdrawn from the pomp and crowds of the metropolis,—from the reverential honours of a great nation,—and wish them to be conducted with silence and modesty, to those rural abodes he had so long and so warmly admired; to be placed near St. Anne's Hill, and in imagination to watch over the cares and sorrows of her he had truly adored,—to wait with fond impatience till the remains of both were united in the grave. Here was Mr. Fox's genuine character eminently displayed—and at the very moment preceding his last sigh.

If the beautiful scripture expression —"Lord, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," was

ever more strongly exemplified in one instance than in another, it was in the last moments of Mr. Fox; resignation, magnanimity, and faithful conjugal affection, marked them in so happily, and beautifully blended combination, that I can imagine no finer subject for the painter and the poet, than a just delineation of that affecting hour, when Mr. Fox took his farewell of this earthly scene; the dying look which turned towards home, and all its past endearments, and which said, "lay me near our dear and long-cherished retreat," is beyond the power of ordinary words, or even of the magic sister arts to convey! * * *
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As it was decided by Mr. Fox's friends, and was the general wish that his funeral should be a public one, and as his own wishes were not, or could not be known respecting it, interment in Westminster Abbey was determined upon. The body was removed to the house recently occupied by him in Stable Yard, and since the residence of the Duke of York and the

Prince Regent, and it remained there three weeks, until all due preparations had been made, under the direction of Mr. Sheridan, for the funeral. This gloomy and cheerless period was less distressing than the final parting with all that remained, of what I had cherished and revered in life; above all things, I had a melancholy gratification in having my bed in the adjoining room, and in eating my meals in it. The sound of carriages rolling to cabinet dinners, was often a subject for contemplation in this period, and I was often induced to remark how soon the great and good are forgotten by man, when power deserts them, or life is extinct. Lord Holland, by calling frequently, manifested an affectionate disposition towards his revered uncle, and due regard to his memory, as well as gratitude to those attached to him.

The morning of the funeral brought crowds, so alarming in points of numbers, that we feared the gardens and the house might be suddenly filled. Every precaution was taken to prevent this, and with complete success.

I received a melancholy satisfaction from beholding the assemblage, which filled every apartment of the house, the court-yard, and the garden. The nobles of the land,—distinguished commoners,—men of genius and talent from all quarters,—great landed proprietors,—all the genuine lovers of liberty,—all the friends to science,—and vast numbers of individuals, of the most respectable situations, were gathered together, to pay the last tribute of veneration and affection to the illustrious deceased.

Sorrow sat on every countenance,—silence and order reigned every where; and no regulation was wanting for men, who, in walking, almost dreaded to create noise. Friendship, genuine friendship, poured her unaffected tears over the mighty dead; never was a scene more solemn and more affecting! It was understood, that the heir apparent to the throne, faithful in his friendship to the latest hour, and filled with the deepest sorrow, would have attended the bier to the grave, would indispensable etiquette have allowed him. As the body was raised upon

the lofty car, almost awful from its size and simplicity, the sorrowing multitude received it with affection and grief united; but the language of the heart was all that was spoken.

The followers of Fox to the grave were the collected and unbought men of rank, genius, and virtue, from all parts of the empire: England was foremost; she estimated him truly, but too late for her own happiness; Scotland gave her tribute of respect:—and Ireland, unhappy Ireland, sent her drooping sons to mourn around, to follow the bier of the great English patriot,—the magnanimous champion of civil and religious liberty.

Slowly the vast procession passed; the streets, the windows, the tops of the houses, the avenues, were crowded with sympathizing spectators. Three nations mourned with sincere sorrow, for the great minister and statesman who was borne along. Not a word was heard,—persons of rank and fortune walked in the procession,—peers and commoners, and relatives of the deceased, alone went in carriages. All was decorous;

and one sentiment governed, pervaded, and softened this immense multitude. Fox was lost, and mankind mourned. Never was the solemn march of a vast concourse of people more sublime and interesting.

As the great bell of the Abbey tolled, the procession entered the yard; it moved softly up the aisle;—the grave appeared!—Oh! best and most valuable of men, what was the anguish of sincere and grieving friendship at that sight! All suspense was now at an end; the last link was to be broken; the earth was to hide from the view the remains which every relative and friend still fondly hung over! The service, solemn and impressive, gave a short delay; all the amiable, and the admirable qualities of the departed rushed upon every mind: youth had viewed him as a father and a friend,—adult and mature age, as a guide, protector, and instructor;—liberty sighed over his grave, and religion bent over the ashes of HIM who had ever revered her truths, had never infringed her sacred rights, or trampled on her usages and laws.

The grave closed, the crumbling earth hid from anxious eyes the remains of Fox! An exhausted, and languid concourse returned to their homes, pondering on the melancholy void left in the world; and feeling, that every one had lost, in this great man, a guardian and a friend. * * *

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PART III.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER I.

My Dear Sir,

I do assure you, your letter of the 28th ultimo, gave both Mrs. F. and myself the highest satisfaction, as it was a long time since we had heard from you, and had learned from Bob that you had been very ill. He is not now here, but the next time I see him, I will tell him how shabby it is of him not to write to you.

I am sorry to hear your account of the people of the North, and I think they are bad politicians not to see that the support of the Anti-unionists would infallibly lead to the procuring of the substance, instead of the name, of a parliament. The Anti-unionists must feel (and this was my opinion before their defeat on Lord Corry's motion) that they are far too weak to struggle against our minister, without the assistance of the people; and, consequently, they must accede to reform of parliament, catholic emancipation, and, in one word, to a real and substantial representation of the people, which must produce a government as

popular and democratic, as any government ought to be. As things are, I am afraid they will fail for want of support, and that even the union itself may be forced upon you; and then the consequences, either way, will be dreadful indeed.

We are very glad you think of being in England in April, when I hope you will come and hear our nightingales. We have had a great deal of bad weather, but it is growing better, and the crocuses, snow-drops, &c. are giving us, every day, beautiful indications of approaching spring. Mrs. F. desires to be kindly remembered to you.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill,
21st Feb. 99.

John B. Trotter, Esq. Vianstown,
near Downpatrick, Ireland.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

I received by Tuesday's coach your Pamphlet upon the Union, and your verses, for which Mrs. F. particularly desires me to thank you; we both like them very much. I think you put your objections to the Union entirely upon the right grounds; whether there is spirit in Ireland to act up to your principles, is another question. I do not know whether you ever heard that it is a common observation, that Irish orators are generally too figurative in their language for the English taste; perhaps I think parts of your Pamphlet no exception to this observation; but this is a fault (if it be a fault) easily mended.

As to Italian, I am sure, from what you said, that you are quite far advanced enough, to make a master an unnecessary trouble and expense; and therefore it is no excuse for your not coming, especially as it is a study in which I can give you, and would certainly give you with pleasure, any assistance you could wish. In German, the case

is, to be sure, quite different, as I do not know a word of it, nor have any German books; of Italian, you know we have plenty.

I am sure I need not tell you, that whenever you do come, you will be welcome.

Your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill,
Thursday.

LETTER III.

I know of no better, nor, indeed, scarce of any other life of Cicero, than Middleton's. He is certainly very partial to him, but, upon the whole, I think Cicero was a good man. The salutary effect of the burning of his houses, which you mention, is, indeed, too evident; I do not think quite so ill of his poem upon Cæsar as you do; because I presume he only flattered him upon the points where he really deserved praise;—and as to his flatteries of him after he was dictator, in his speeches for Ligarius and Marcellus, I not only excuse, but justify, and even commend them, as they were employed for the best of purposes, in favour of old friends, both to himself and to the republic. Nay, I even think that his manner of recommending to Cæsar (in the pro Marcello) the restoration of the republic, is even bold and spirited.—After all, he certainly was a man liable to be warped from what was right, either by fear or vanity: but his faults seem so clearly to have been infirmities, rather than bad principles, or bad

passions, that I cannot but like him, and, in a great measure, esteem him too.—The openness with which, in his private letters, he confesses himself to be ashamed of part of his conduct, has been taken great advantage of by detractors, as an aggravation, whereas I think it a great extenuation of his faults.—I ought to caution against trusting to the translations in Middleton; they are all vile, and many of them unfaithful.

If your sister does not understand Latin, you should translate them for her yourself. I do assure you, my dear Sir, it always gives Mrs. F. and me great pleasure to hear from you, and especially when it is to inform us that you are well and happy.

Your's ever,

C. J. F.

LETTER IV.

I was much gratified, my dear Sir, with your letter, as your taste seems so exactly to agree with mine; and I am very glad, for your sake, that you have taken to Greek, as it will now be very easy to you, and if I may judge from myself, will be one of the greatest sources of amusement to you.—Homer and Ariosto have always been my favourites: there is something so delightful in their wonderful facility, and the apparent absence of all study, in their expression, which is almost peculiar to them. I think you must be very partial, however, to find but two faults in the twelve books of the Iliad. The passage in the 9th book, about Ατη, appears to me, as it does to you, both poor and forced; but I have no great objection to that about the wall in the 12th, though, to be sure, it is not very necessary. The tenth book has always been a particular favourite

with me, not so much on account of Diomede's and Ulysses's exploits, (though that part is excellent too) as on account of the beginning, which describes so forcibly the anxious state of the generals, with an enemy so near, and having had rather the worst of the former day. I do not know any description any where that sets the thing so clearly before one; and then the brotherly feelings of Agamenmon towards Menelaus, and the modesty and amiableness of Menelaus's character (whom Homer, by the way, seems to be particularly fond of) are very affecting. Ariosto has certainly taken his night-expedition either from Homer's or from Virgil's Nisus and Euryalus. I scarcely know which I prefer of the three; I rather think Virgil's; but Ariosto has one merit beyond the others, from the important consequences which arise from it to the story. Tasso (for he, too, must have whatever is in the Iliad or Æneid) is a very poor imitation, as far as I recollect.

I suppose, as soon as you have done the Iliad, you will read the Odyssey; which, though certainly not so fine a poem, is, to my taste, still pleasanter to read. Pray let me know what parts of it strike you most, and believe me you cannot oblige me more than by corresponding

on such subjects. Of the other Greek poets, Hesiod, Pindar, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Apollonius Rhodius, and Theocritus, are the most worth reading. Of the tragedians, I like Euripides the best: but Sophocles is, I believe, more generally preferred, and is certainly more finished, and has fewer gross faults. Theocritus, in his way, is perfect;—the two first Idylls, particularly, are excellent. I suppose the ode you like is Αδωνις ἀ Κυθηρη, which is pretty enough, but not such as to give you any adequate idea of Theocritus. There is an elegy upon Adonis, by Bion, which is in parts very beautiful, and, some lines of it upon the common-place of Death, which have been imitated over and over again, but have never been equalled. In Hesiod, the account of Pandora, of the Golden Age, &c. and some other parts, are very good; but there is much that is tiresome. Perhaps the work, which is most generally considered as not his, I mean the Ασπις, is the one that has most poetry in it. It is very good, and to say that it is inferior to Homer's and Virgil's shields, is not saying much against it. Pindar is too often obscure, and sometimes much more spun out and wordy than suits my taste; but there are passages in him quite divine. I have not read above half his works. Apollonius Rhodius is, I think, very

well worth reading. The beginning of Medea's love is, I believe, original, and though often copied since, never equalled. There are many other fine parts in his poem, besides some of which Virgil has improved, others scarce equalled. There is, however, in the greater part of the poem an appearance of labour, and a hardness, that makes it tiresome. He seems to me to be an author of about the same degree of genius with Tasso; and if there is more in the latter to be liked, there is nothing, I think, to be liked in him so well as the parts of Apollonius to which I have alluded. I have said nothing of Aristophanes, because I never read him. Callimachus and Moschus are worth reading; but there is little of them. By the way, I now recollect that the passage about death, which I said was in Bion's elegy upon Adonis, is in Moschus's upon Bion. Now you have all my knowledge about Greek poetry. I am quite pleased at your liking Ariosto so much; though indeed I foresaw you would, from the great delight you expressed at Spenser, who is certainly inferior to him, though very excellent too.—Tasso, I think below both of them, but many count him the first among those three; and even Metastasio, who ought to be a better judge of Italian poetry than you or I,

gives him upon the whole the preference to Ariosto.

You will, of course, have been rejoiced at the peace, as we all are. Mrs. F. desires to be remembered to you kindly. She is very busy just now, but will write to you soon. I think this place has looked more beautiful than ever this year, both in Spring and Summer, and so it does now in Autumn. I have been very idle about my History, but I will make up for it by and bye; though I believe I must go to Paris, to look at some papers there, before I can finish the first volume. I think in the last half of the Iliad you will admire the 16th, 20th, 22d, and 24th, books particularly. I believe the general opinion is, that Homer did write near the shore, and he certainly does, as you observe, particularly delight in illustrations taken from the sea, waves, &c. Perhaps a *lion* is rather too frequent a simile with him. I dare say you were delighted with Helen and Priam on the walls in the 3d book; and I suspect you will be proportionably disgusted with Tasso's servile and ill-placed imitation of it. Do not imagine, however, that I am not sensible to many beauties in Tasso, especially the parts imitated by

Spenser, Erminia's flight and adventure, the description of the pestilence, and many others.

I am, dear Sir,

Most truly,

Your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill,
Monday.

(Post Mark, Oct. 20, 1811.)

LETTER V.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM quite scandalized at having so long delayed answering your letters, but I put it off, as I am apt to do every thing, from day to day, till Christmas; and on that day, Mrs. F. was taken very seriously ill with a fever, and sore throat of the inflammatory kind.—The violence of the disorder was over this day se'nnight, but though she has been mending ever since, she is still weak. However, she may now be called, comparatively speaking, quite well; and I did not like to write till I could tell you that she was so. I hope you go on with your Greek, and long to know whether you are as fond of the Odyssey as I am, as also what progress you have made in the other poets. The *Plutarchus*, whom you ask after, is, I believe, the same Plutarch who wrote the lives, and who certainly was of Chæronea. At least, I never

heard of any other author of that name, and he wrote many philosophical works. I think when you say you *despise* Tasso, you go further than I can do,—and though there is servility in his *manner* of imitation, which is disgusting, yet it is hardly fair to be angry with him for translating a simile of Homer's, a plunder, if it be one, of which nearly every poet has been guilty. If there be one who has not, I suspect it is he whom you say you are going to read, I mean Dante. I have only read part of Dante, and admire him very much. I think the brilliant passages are thicker set in his works, than in those of almost any other poet; but the want of connection and interest makes him heavy; and, besides the difficulty of his language, which I do not think much of, the obscurity of that part of history to which he refers, is much against him. His *allusions*, in which he deals not a little, are, in consequence, most of them lost.

I agree in liking Armida, but cannot help thinking Rinaldo's detention in his gardens very inferior to Ruggiero's

> Or fino agli occhi ben nuota nel golfo
> Delle delizie e delle c[illegible] belle,

may seem to some an expression rather too fami-

liar, and nearly foolish; but it is much better for describing the sort of situation in which the two heroes are supposed to be, than the *Romito Amante* of Tasso; not to mention the garden of Armida being all on the inside of the palace, and walled round by it, instead of the beautiful country described by Ariosto. Do you not think, too, that Spenser has much improved upon Tasso, by giving the song in praise of pleasure to a nymph rather than to a parrot? Pray, if you want any information about Greek poets or others, that I can give you, do not spare me, for it is a great delight to me to be employed upon such subjects, with one who has a true relish for them.

I do not wonder at your passionate admiration of the Iliad, and agree with you as to the peculiar beauty of most of the parts you mention. The interview of Priam and Achilles is, I think, the finest of all. I rather think, that in Andromache's first lamentation, she dwells too much upon her child, and too little upon Hector, but may be I am wrong. But your referring to the 4th book only for Agamemnon's brotherly kindness, I should almost suspect that you had not sufficiently noticed the extreme delicacy and kindness with which he speaks of him in the 10th, v. 120, &c.

We have not at all fixed our time for going to Paris yet. Mrs. F. desires to be most kindly remembered to you..

I am very truly,

My dear Sir, your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

P. S. I do not know which is the best translation of Don Quixote; I have only read Jarvis's, which I think very indifferent. I liked Feijoo very much when I read him, but I have not his works.

LETTER VI.

My Dear Sir,

You made Mrs. F. and me very happy by letting us know you had had so pleasant a tour, and that your sister and yourself were so well after your fatigues; though we both think your walks on some days must have been too long. I am not sorry that Mrs. F. who is very busy to-day, has commissioned me to answer your letter for her, as it gives me an opportunity of mentioning something to you which I have had in my head some time. We are, as you know, going abroad soon, chiefly on account of some state papers which are at Paris, and which it is necessary for me, with a view to my History, to inspect carefully; but we also think of taking in our way a tour through Flanders to Spa. It has sometimes occurred to me, that this would not be a bad opportunity for you to gratify a curiosity which you can scarcely be

without, of seeing something on the continent, and Paris particularly. We have a place in our carriage, and of course you would be our guest when at Paris, Spa, &c. I am sure it will be an additional motive with you to know that, besides the pleasure of your company, your assistance in examining and extracting from the papers at Paris, would be materially useful to me; but I would by no means have this consideration weigh with you, unless the plan is otherwise suitable and agreeable to you. I cannot yet determine our precise time of setting out, as it depends upon some business, not altogether in my own power; but I should think, not sooner than the 15th, nor later than the 30th of next month, and I hope to be back about Michaelmas. I need not say that, if you do not think of coming with us, with respect to a week or two we would adapt our time to your's; only it is so great an object with me to be at home very early in October, if not in September, that I cannot put off our departure long.

If I hear any thing within these few days (which is not unlikely) which may make me more able to fix what time will be most convenient to me, I will let you know without waiting for your answer. I think you were in great luck to have had fine weather on your journeys, for

we have had a great deal of bad here, though not very lately. You never told me how you liked the last half of the Odyssey; I think the simplicity of all the part with the Swine Herd, &c. is delightful, though some persons account it too low.—Did you observe in one passage, that the Suiters have exactly the *Scotch second sight?*

Your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill,
Thursday.

(Post Mark, July 5th, 1802.)

LETTER VII.

My Dear Sir,

I received yesterday your letter of the 28th, which seems to have been a good while upon the road. We are very happy at the thoughts of your accompanying us, and I make no doubt but we shall have a pleasant tour. Do not by a means hurry yourself, as I think the 18th or 19th of the month will be the earliest day on which we possibly can set out, but I will write again on Tuesday (the day of my election) from London, by which time I may be able to tell you something more certain, and at any rate you will not be too late by waiting for that letter. Mrs. F. desires to be kindly remembered.

Your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

LETTER VIII.

My Dear Sir,

I had intended to write yesterday, thinking I should have no opposition here, and that of course I could tell you, with some certainty, the day of our setting out; but there is an opposition, which, though foolish and contemptible to the last degree, may occasion the poll to be protracted, which leaves me in great uncertainty. At all events, the 21st is the earliest day I can think of, even upon the supposition that this business is over this week; if it lasts, our journey cannot take place till the 29th or 30th; however, I will write to you again to-morrow, or next day. Write a line, directed to St. Anne's Hill; or set out, and make up your mind to the

chance of being kept some days in this vile place; at St. Anne's, I know you would not mind it.

Your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

Shakespeare Tavern,
Covent Garden, 7th July.

Numbers.	Fox,	504.
	Gardner,	401.
	Graham,	193.

LETTER IX.

Shakespeare,
Covent Garden, 9th July.

My Dear Sir,

Though this vile election is not over, nor will be, I believe, for some time, yet I can now fix the time of our departure, with a reasonable certainty, for the 23rd or 24th of this month. I have no time to write more.

Your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

Numbers.	Fox,	1194.
	Gardner,	1081.
	Graham,	533.

I shall go to St. Anne's Hill to-morrow, and only come here occasionally, next week.

LETTER X.

Paris, October 27th.

My Dear Sir,

Mrs. Fox has had two letters from you, one from Dover, which was longer coming than any letter ever was, and one from Chester, and desires me to thank you for her, though she has no excuse, that I know of, except idleness, for not doing so herself. She has had another bad cold, with rheumatism, but is, thank God, nearly well. We do not wonder at your finding the difference between French and English manners, in casual acquaintance, very great; and I doubt much, whether we have great superiority in more intimate connections, to compensate our inferiority in this respect; you re-

member, no doubt, Cowper's character of us in the Task; it is excellent.

I do not think we have seen any thing worth mentioning since you went, or rather since Mrs. F. wrote to you after her presentation; only we were one day at Rainey, formerly the Duke of Orleans's, which, though in a state of neglect, is still very beautiful. We have seen Madame Duchesnois again, in Roxane, in Bajazet, and either the part suited her better than the others, or she is very much improved. My work is finished, and we stay now only in expectation of my brother, who writes word that he will be here the 2d of November; we shall, of course, stay some days with him, and set out, I think, the 7th. I have made visits to your friends the consuls, and dined with Le Brun; he seems heavy, but if he is the author, as they say he is, of the Chancellor Maupeoux's addresses to the parliament at the end of Louis XVIth's reign, it must be his situation that has stupified him, for they are very good indeed. As you had a curiosity about an over-turn, it is very well is was satisfied at so cheap a rate. We shall be very glad to hear that your mode of travelling has been attended with no worse consequences.

I suppose you will now go in earnest to *law*. I do not know much of the matter, but I suspect that a regular attendance (and with attention) to the courts, is still more important than any reading whatever; you, of course, read Blackstone over and over again; and if so, pray tell me whether you agree with me in thinking his style of English the very best among our modern writers; always easy and intelligible; far more correct than Hume, and less studied and made up than Robertson. It is a pity you did not see, while you were here, Villerson, the great Grecian, if it were only for the purpose of knowing how fast it is possible for the human voice to go without indistinctness. I believe he could recite the whole Iliad in four hours. He has a great deal of knowledge of all kinds, and it is well he has, for at his rate, he would run out a moderate stock in half an hour. I hope soon to hear you are got safe to Dublin; direct your next to St. Anne's Hill, were we hope to be by the 13th of next month. I find the baronet and Grattan are both in England, so I have no message to send to your country. We have just begun the Roman comique, and have already found the originals of several of Fielding's bloody noses,

&c. which made you so angry. We are just going to pay a visit to the museum.

Your affectionate friends,

C. J. FOX.

E. FOX.

Hotel de Richelieu, 28th Oct.

LETTER XIII.

My Dear Sir,

Pray do not think you trouble me, but quite the contrary, by writing to me, and especially on the subject of your poetical studies. What I do not like in your letter is, your account of yourself; and I am afraid a winter in Dublin, which may be so useful to you in other respects, may not be quite so well for your health; which, after all, is the grand article. Mrs. F. has not written lately, because you had not told her how to direct; and as she had not heard of your receiving the last letter she directed to Glasnevin, she feared that might not do. She desires me to say every thing that is kind to you,

I am very glad you prefer Euripides to Sophocles, because it is my taste; though I am not sure that it is not thought a heresy.—He (Eur.) appears to me to have much more of facility and nature in his way of writing than the other. The speech

you mention of Electra is indeed beautiful; but when you have read some more of Euripides, perhaps you will not think it quite unrivalled. Of all Sophocles's plays, I like Electra clearly the best, and I think your epithet to Oed. Tyrs. a very just one; it is really to me a *disagreeable* play; and yet there are many who not only prefer it to Electra, but reckon it the finest specimen of the Greek theatre. I like his other two plays upon the Theban story both better, i. e. the Oed. Col. and the Antigone. In the latter there is a passage in her answer to Cicero that is, perhaps, the sublimest in the world; and, in many parts of the play there is a spirit almost miraculous, if, as it is said, Sophocles was past eighty when he composed it. Cicero has made great use of the passage I allude to, in his oration for Milo. I suppose you selected Hipp. and Iph. in Aulis, on account of Racine; and I hope you have observed with what extreme judgment he has imitated them. In the character of Hipp. only, I think he has fallen short of his original. The scene of Phedra's discovery of her love to her nurse, he has imitated pretty closely, and if he has not surpassed it, it is only because that was impossible. His Clytemnestra, too, is excellent, but would have been better if he had ventured to bring on the young Orestes as Eur. does. The change which you mention in the Greek Iphigenia, I like extremely: but it is

censured by Aristotle as a change of character,—not, I think, justly. Perhaps the sudden change in Menelaus, which he also censures, is less defensible. Now, though the two plays of Eur. which you have read, are undoubtedly *among* his best, I will venture to assure you, that there are four others you will like full as well; Medea, Phœnissæ, Heraclidæ, and Alcestis; with the last of which, if I know any thing of your taste, you will be enchanted. Many faults are found with it, but those faults lead to the greatest beauties. For instance, if Hercules's levity is a little improper in a tragedy, his shame afterwards, and the immediate consequence of that shame being a more than human exertion, afford the finest picture of an heroic mind that exists. The speech beginning ω πολλα τλασα καρδια, &c. is divine. Besides the two you have read, and the four I have recommended, Hercules Furens, Iph. in Tauris, Hecuba, Bacchæ, and Troades, are all very excellent. Then come Ion, Supplices, Electra, and Helen; Orestes and Andromache are, in my judgment, the worst. I have not mentioned Rhesus and Cyclops, because the former is not thought to be really Euripides's, and the latter is entirely comic, or rather a very coarse farce; excellent, however, in its way, and the conception of the characters not unlike that of Shakespeare's Caliban. I should never finish, if I were to let myself go upon Euripides. In two

very material points, however, he is certainly far excelled by Sophocles: 1st, in the introduction of proper subjects in the songs of the chorus; and 2dly, in the management of his plot. The extreme absurdity of the chorus, in Medea suffering her to kill her children, and of that in Phædra, letting her hang herself, without the least attempt to prevent it, has been often and justly ridiculed; but what signify faults, where there are such excessive beauties? Pray write soon, and let me know, if you have read more of these plays, what you think of them.

If you do not go to Dublin before my brother returns, you had better commission somebody to call at the Royal Hospital, for some books of which Mrs. H. Fox took the charge for you, but which, as she writes, she does not know where to send. I think my brother's return a very bad symptom of the intentions of government with regard to poor Ireland; but that is a subject as fruitful, though not so pleasant, as that of Euripides.

Your's, ever most truly,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill, Friday.

P. S. When you have read the two farewell

speeches of Medea and Alcestis to their children, I do not think you will say that Electra's is quite unrivalled, though most excellent undoubtedly it is.

LETTER XIV.

My Dear Sir,

I inclose you a letter for Mr. G. Ponsonby, to whom also I mentioned you in a letter I wrote him a few days since, upon another subject. We are very happy, indeed, to hear so much better account of your health, than that which you gave in your former letters. Now that you are settled in Dublin, and *hard at it* with the law, I ought not, according to common notions, to answer your questions about Æschylus, &c. but I am of opinion, that the study of good authors, and especially poets, ought never to be intermitted by any man who is to speak or write for the public, or, indeed, who has any occasion to tax his imagination, whether it be for argument, for illustration, for ornament, for sentiment, or any other purpose. I said nothing of Æschylus, because I know but little of him; I read two of his plays, the Septem apud Thebas, and the Pro-

metheus, at Oxford; of which I do not remember much, except that I liked the last far the best. I have since read the Eumenicles, in which there are, no doubt, most sublime passages, but in general the figures are too forced and hard for my taste; and there is too much of the grand and terrific, and gigantic, without a mixture of any thing, either tender or pleasant, or elegant, which keeps the mind too much on the stretch. This never suits my taste; and I feel the same objection to most parts of the Paradise Lost, though in that poem there are most splendid exceptions, Eve, Paradise, &c. I have heard that the Agamemnon, if you can conquer its obscurity, is the finest of all Æschylus's plays, and I will attempt it when I have a little time. I quite long to hear how you are captivated with Alcestis, for captivated I am sure you will be.

Mrs. Fox desires to be remembered kindly; we have been a great deal from home these last two months, twice at Lord Robert's, and at Woburn, and Mr. Whitbread's; we are now here, as I hope, to stay with little interruption; and very happy we are to be here quietly again, though our parties were very pleasant; and I think change of air at this time of the year is always good for the colds to which Mrs. Fox is so subject.

I was just going to end without noticing *Pindar*; I dare say the obscurities are chiefly owing to our want of means of making out the allusions; his style is more full of allusions than that of any other poet, except, perhaps, Dante, who is on that account so difficult, and, as I think, on that account only. The fine passages in Pindar are equal to, if not beyond, any thing, but the want of interest in the subjects, and, if it is not blasphemy to say so, the excessive profusion of words, make him something bordering upon *tedious*. There is a fire in the celebrated passage in the 2d Olympick, which begins σοφος ὁ πολλα ειδως φυᾳ, that is quite unequalled in any poem whatever: and the sweetness in the preceding part, describing the happy islands, is in its way almost as good. Pray let us hear from you soon, that you are well, and happy: if you read the Heraclidæ of Euripides, pray tell me if you are particularly struck by one passage in Demophoon's part; if you miss it, I will point it out to you.

Your's sincerely,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill, Monday.

P. S. Woodlarks are said to be very common

in the West of England ; here we have a few and but few. The books which you left were sent by my brother, but he not being able to find your direction, brought them back.

LETTER XV.

My Dear Sir,

I heard yesterday, for the first time, a report that you had been very unwell; pray lose no time in writing me a line, either to contradict the report, or to say that you are recovered. I know you will excuse my having been so long without writing, on the score of the constant business which I had in London, and which you know me enough to know is not very agreeable to my nature.

I have now been here a little more than three weeks, and hope soon to get again to my Greek, and my History, but hitherto have had too many visitants to have much leisure. I have read Iphigenia in Aulis since I last wrote, and think much more highly of it than I did on the first reading. The scene where the quarrel and reconciliation be-

tween the brothers is, has always been blamed, on account of the too quick change of mind in Menelaus; but I like it very much, and there is something in the manner of it that puts me in mind of Brutus and Cassius, in Shakespeare. We have had no very good weather; but this place has been in great beauty, greater, if possible, than ever. Is there any chance of your coming to England? If there is, you know we expect and insist that you come directly hither. I hope that, with the exception of a few occasional visits of two or three days, I shall be here with little interruption, till the meeting of parliament. Mrs. Fox desires me to say every thing that is kind for her. She, too, says she has been too busy to write; and the truth is, that the company we have had here has entirely taken up her time. Pray lose no time in writing.

Your's, ever affectionately,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill, Tuesday.

P. S. I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear that Grattan's success in the H. of C. was complete and acknowledged, even by those who had entertained great hopes of his failure.

I do not know what interest your relations have

in the county of Downe, nor what you have with them; but if their interest could be got in favour of Mr. Meade, I should be very happy; if you should hear how the election is going on, I should be obliged to you if you would mention it.

LETTER XVI.

My Dear Sir,

It gives Mrs. F. and me great pleasure to hear that you think you are getting better, and that, too, in spite of the weather, which, if it has been with you as with us, has been by no means favourable to such a complaint as your's. The sooner you can come the better; and I cannot help hoping that this air will do you good. Parts of the 1st, and still more of the 2nd book of the Æneid, are capital indeed; the description of the night sack of a town, being a subject not touched by Homer, hinders it from having that appearance of too close imitation which Virgil's other battles have; and the details, Priam's death, Helen's appearance, Hector's in the dream, and many others, are enchanting. The Proëm, too, to Æneas's narration is perfection itself. The part about Sinon and Laocoon does not so much

please me, though I have nothing to say against it. Perhaps it is too long, but whatever be the cause, I feel it to be rather cold. As to your friend's heresy, I cannot much wonder at, or blame it, since I used to be of the same opinion myself; but I am now a convert; and my chief reason is, that, though the detached parts of the Æneid appear to me to be equal to any thing, the story and characters appear more faulty every time I read it. My chief objection (I mean that to the character of Æneas) is, of course, not so much felt in the three first books; but afterwards, he is always either insipid or odious, sometimes excites interest *against* him, and never for him.

The events of the war, too, are not striking; and Pallas and Lausus, who most interest you, are in effect exactly alike. But, in parts, I admire Virgil more and more every day, such as those I have alluded to in the 2d book; the finding of Andromache in the third, every thing relating to Dido; the 6th book; the visit to Evander, in the 8th; Nisus and Euryalus, Mezentius's death, and many others. In point of passion I think Dido equal, if not superior, to any thing in Homer, or Shakespeare, or Euripides; for me, that is saying every thing.

One thing which delights me in the Iliad and

Odyssey, and of which there is nothing in Virgil, is the picture of manners, which seem to be so truly delineated. The times in which Homer lived undoubtedly gave him a great advantage in this respect; since, from his nearness to the times of which he writes, what we always see to be invention in Virgil, appears like the plain truth in Homer. Upon this principle a friend of mine observed, that the characters in Shakespeare's historical plays always appear more real than those in his others. But, exclusive of this advantage, Homer certainly attends to *character* more than his imitator. I hope your friend, with all his partiality, will not maintain that the simile in the 1st Æneid, comparing Dido to Diana, is equal to that in the Odyssey, comparing Narcissa to her, either in propriety of application, or in beauty of description. If there is an Appollonius Rhodius where you are, pray look at Medea's speech, Lib. iv. v. 365, and you will perceive, that even in Dido's finest speech, *nec tibi diva parens, &c.* he has imitated a good deal, and especially those expressive and sudden turns, *neque te teneo, &c.*; but then he has made wonderful improvements, and, on the whole, it is, perhaps the finest thing in all poetry.

Now, if you are not tired of all this criticism,

it is not my fault. The bad weather has preserved a verdure here, which makes it more beautiful than ever; and Mrs. F. is in nice good health, and so every thing goes well with me, which I am sure you will like to hear; but I have not yet had a moment for history. I sent you, some weeks ago, though I forgot to mention it in my letter, some books you had left in England, by a gentleman whose name, I think, is Croker. It was Rolleston who undertook to give them him, directed to you in Capel-street. I added to them a duplicate I had of Miller, on the English Constitution; a book dedicated to me, and which is written on the best and soundest principles; but I fear it is more instructive than amusing, as, though a very sensible man, he was not a lively one.

Yours, very affectionately,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill, Wednesday.

P. S. Even in the 1st book, Æneas says, "*Sum pius Æneas famâ super æthera notus.*" Can you bear this?

LETTER XVII.

Paris, 21 Ventose, 12 Mars.

Assurèment, Monsieur, je ne cederai a personne, pas même a mons fils, le plaisir de répondre aux temoignages de votre interêt, qui nous sont bien precieux á tous. Il n'est que trop vrai que M. de la Fayette a éprouvé un effroyable accident: Il s'est cassé l'os que l'on appelle *l'os du femur*; fracture autrefois inguerissable. Une machine d'une admirable invention, donne depuis quelques années la certitude de n'etre pas estropiè après cette fracture, en se soumettant, d'abord à la torture de l'extension qu'elle opere, et qui cause d'inexprimables douleurs, puis à la durée d'une gêne cruelle pendant deux mois dans les entraves de cette machine, dont les points de pression cause une des ecorchures que chaque jour rend plus profondes, sans qu'il soit possible de rien deranger pour les panser.

La premiere epoque de ses supplices est

passée; nous sommes au 29eme jour de l'application de la machine, et il ne reste que des douleurs bien penibles, mais à present supportables, et qui après avoir exercé d'une manière nouvelle son courage, exercice a present sa patience: l'un et l'autre sont superieures à ses souffrances, et cette constance perseverante au milieu de ses maux soutient les forces de tout se qui l'environne, dont vous jugéz la douleur. Tous les details que je prends la liberté de vous donner, Monsieur, vous prouveront asséz quelle confiance vous nous avez inspiré dans votre intérêt pour notre cher malade. C'est avec une vive sensibilité qu'il en a reçû l'expression que contient votre bonne et amiable lettre; nous conservons tous le souvenir, et un souvenir bien reconnoissante des momens que vous nous avez donnè à La Grange; nous desirons bien de vous y revoir; tous nos enfans reunis auprès de leur pere s'unissent à nos vœux comme à tous les sentimens que vous avéz droit d'inspirer, et avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et obeissante servante,

NOAILLES LA FAYETTE.

Paris, 9, Rue Verte, No. 109.

La santé de notre cher malade ne nous a donné l'inquiétude d'aucune danger en son etat,

donc nous avons la confiance bien fondée qu'il ne resultera aucune suite funeste; après 70 jours environ il doit essayer de marcher, mais il faudra au moins 4 ou 5 mois pour etre ferme sur ses jambes.

Mr. Trotter,
Ireland.

LETTER XVIII.

La Grange, 15 Vendemiaire, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

I affectionately thank you for your kind letter, and the opportunity you give me to express how happy I have been in the pleasure of your company at La Grange. I hope our acquaintance has been productive of mutual lasting friendship; and I wish it too much, not to have been sensible of the reciprocity of your sentiments in my behalf.

Your correspondence, my dear Sir, will be particularly agreeable. My wife and family request their acknowledgments, and best compliments, to be presented to you. We shall ever be anxious to hear of your welfare, and much gratified by the expectation to receive you before long in those rural retirements, to which you have been pleased to feel a partiality.

I am, with the truest sentiments of esteem and affection, my dear Sir,

Your's,

LA FAYETTE.

Mr. Trotter.

LETTER XIX.

La Grange, 1 Prairial, An. 10.

GENERAL,

Lorsq'un homme penetré de la reconnoissance qu'il vous doit, et trop sensible á la gloire pour ne pas aimer la votre, a mis des restrictions á son suffrage, elles sont d'autant moins suspectes que personne ne jouira plus que lui de vous voir premier magistrat a vie d'une republique libre. Le 18 Brumaire a sauvé la France, et je me sentis rappellé par les professions liberales auxquelles vous avez attaché votre honneur; on vit dans le pouvoir consulaire cette dictature reparatrice, qui sous les auspices de votre genie a fait de si grandes choses; moins grandes, cependant, que sera la restauration de la liberté. Il est impossible que vous, General, le premier dans cette ordre d'hommes, qui pour se comparer et se placer embrassent tous les siecles, vouliez qu'une telle revolution,

tant de victoires, et de sang; de douleur et de prodiges, n'aient pour le monde, et pour vous d'autre resultat, q'un regime arbitraire. Le Peuple Francois a trop connu ses droits pour les avoir oubliés sans retour, mais peutêtre est il plus en etat aujourd'hui, que dans son effervescence, de les recouvrir utilement; et vous par la force de votre caractere, et de la confiance publique, par la superiorité de vos talens, de votre existence, de votre fortune, pouvez en retablissant la liberté maitriser tous les dangers, rassurer toutes les inquiétudes. Je n'ai donc que des motifs patriotiques, pour vous souhaiter, dans ce compliment personel, faire etabler a votre gloire une magistrature permanente. Mais il convient aux principes, aux engagements, aux actions de ma vie entiere d'attendre pour lui donner ma voix, qu'elle ait été fondée sur des bases dignes de la nation et de vous.

J'espére que vous reconnoitrez ici, General, comme vous l'avez déja fait, qu'a la perseverance de mes opinions politiques se joignent des vœux sincéres pour votre personne, et un sentiment profond de mes obligations envers vous.

Salut et respect,

LA FAYETTE.

N. B. Sera t'il Consul a vie? Je ne puis voter une telle magistrature, jusqu'a ce que la liberté politique soit suffisament garantie: Alors je donne ma voix pour N. B.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

NEW EDITION.

THE insinuations which some of the public prints have made, not absolutely against the motives, but the tendency of this work, call for a few remarks from me, which I trust the public will consider as flowing, not from self-love, but from a desire to vindicate and establish the cause of truth. I have been accused of representing the coalition of Mr. Fox with Lord Grenville as injurious to the former. I certainly think it was, and eventually so to the public: all subsequent

events have proved this. It is well known that Mr. Fox's ministry was clogged and impeded by an alliance with Lord Grenville's party, who were inclined to recognize no head but the cousin and friend of Mr. Pitt. It is monstrous that a ministry, or a nation, where there is a monarchical constitution, should for a moment have two heads.

Mr. Fox sacrificed health, life, and a portion of his fame, by having acceded to, and condescended partially to direct, a cumbrous and crazy machine, which, like the famed tower of old, presumptuously rearing its head as a perfect structure, comprehending all the skill of the nation, fell very speedily, when a confusion of tongues, and a jarring of conflicting plans, threw the constructors into confusion. For Mr. Fox himself, it would have been difficult, I believe impossible, to have long guided and held together such a machine; great and unbounded as was the

influence of his name and character, he would have felt the growing discontent too powerful to be resisted, and too great to be satisfied with a Fox and Grenville ministry.

Ireland, left by Mr. Pitt in a state of confusion, which has every day been since developing itself, must alone have occasioned the total overthrow, or the total disgrace, of such a ministry. We can easily imagine which would have been Mr. Fox's choice! If it has been manifest that the present opposition party have diverged from the principles (with several bright exceptions, no doubt,) and political views of Mr. Fox, am I, who have ventured to write the truth, or they, to be blamed? Amongst them are many excellent and able characters,—men fit to adorn any situation,—highly endowed with every quality of politicians, scholars, and even statesmen;—men, many of whom I cherish and venerate, not merely as friends of Mr. Fox, but for their own intrinsic

worth,' and admirable talents: but when I am forced to consider the party, I feel no regret at what I have written, but am compelled to corroborate, rather than retract. As much of the cause of blame thrown upon me turns upon Irish affairs, let all be pardoned in adverting to some public characters of that country. It is true I have stated that no terms were made for Ireland, by the Whig-leaders of that unhappy island, and I believe that I cannot be contradicted. Had such a line been adopted, and a salutary arrangement taken place, with Fox presiding, much good might have been effected, or such a difference excited in the cabinet as would have brought Lord Grenville and his friends to the test, and either left Mr. Fox sole minister, or restored him to the happy retirement of St. Anne's Hill. Here was a moment for investigating Catholic Emancipation, and other questions touching Ireland: and, if Messrs. Grattan and Ponsonby did not avail themselves of it, am I to be represented as maligning their

conduct, or unnecessarily and wantonly placing some characters of the opposition in an unfavourable point of view? Either they might have made terms for Ireland, or they might not. If the former, why did they not do it? If the latter—oh, Ireland, was your happiness and independence brought so little into the account, that the Irish Whig-leaders were not permitted to mention your name? No! in the cabinet of which Mr. Fox was a member, that never could be; and by his conduct, on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Bill in Ireland, he had shewn the reverse. As to the former part of the dilemma, I was previously so unwilling to advance any thing, that, before this work received its last corrections, I wrote to Mr. Grattan, soliciting explanation, and informing him that he was mentioned in it; and whilst I still held my opinion, as to the unfortunate part he had taken in supporting an Insurrection Bill which abrogates the trial by jury, and nullifies Magna Charta in Ireland, I was so

unwilling to wound or hurt any person connected with the opposition, or who had enjoyed Mr. Fox's friendship, that I wrote with the affectionate zeal of one who still esteemed Mr. Grattan, and wished to extenuate, rather than set down "aught in malice," or exaggerate. Mr. Grattan might have communicated with Mr. Ponsonby, and things have been explained away, *if it could be so.* To this letter I never received an answer!

The singular circumstance of Mr. George Ponsonby, an Irish Barrister, having become the leader of the opposition troops, in the room of Charles James Fox, has undoubtedly given a weight to some of my remarks, which, in the present state of Ireland, is very obvious, and which, on first sitting down to write, I did not altogether calculate upon. That gentleman I have always considered as possessing respectable talents: cool and argumentative, he never offends by any of those ebullitions of fancy and genius,

so much the characteristic of his countrymen: his manner, if not pleasing, is never disagreeable; he speaks classically, rather than powerfully; above par in the Commons, and a respectable Chancellor in Ireland. But the gleams of genius—the strokes of the statesman—the flights of the true orator, will never be his: in a word, Mr. Ponsonby is, and always was, a *Party Man*. It is also very true, and cannot be refuted, that Mr. Curran, the present Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was cruelly neglected, at the commencement of the new ministry, in February, 1806. As I wrote from positive knowledge of the feelings of that gentleman, as well as of the neglect he experienced, it is extremely hard that I should be attacked for simply stating facts and the truth, in a work which may assist the historian, when myself shall be mouldering in the earth, and the clamour of party be no more. Mr. Curran has lately allowed his case to appear in the Irish prints, from his own eloquent pen. It is an undeniable

fact, that he was ill-treated, in being allowed to remain so long unnoticed, while Mr. Ponsonby's appointment to the Chancellorship of Ireland was not made a matter of suspense for a moment. As I have the honour to enjoy the friendship of one so long the brilliant and unrivalled ornament of the Irish bar, I could not submit to merge, in ignominious silence, his wrongs, or his endurance of unmerited neglect. If this sort of thing attaches, in a singular and peculiar degree, to the present leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, it may doubtless be unlucky for that party, but it can give me no manner of concern, who think party to be the bane of our public councils, and but too often a tremendous engine for inflaming the minds of the people.

Mr. Fox's acquaintance with Mr. G. Ponsonby was, however, recent, and no particular intimacy existed: and yet every political leader of opposition is to be held forth as "the friend of

Mr. Fox." What magic is in the name? or what heaven-descended mantle does every one catch at? Is not all to be discovered in the genuine love of liberty, and zeal for humanity, which made Fox so pre-eminent? Let the sacred principles of such noble passions be followed, and boldly carried into practice, by the political characters, who acted with Mr. Fox, and we shall then acknowledge them all to be his friends, the friends of Great Britain, and of the world.

The conduct of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby, in voting for the Insurrection Bill for Ireland, appeared to me not less reprehensible than their subsequent mode of supporting Catholic claims has seemed to me, too vague and general, as well as their censures on his Majesty's government in Ireland, were precipitate and imprudent. Due authority must be maintained, and in the present critical state of Ireland, gentlemen going down to the House of

Commons," should have, previously, deeply and calmly considered what effects their speeches would have in Ireland, where the minds of men were warm, and an invasion was no unlikely event. I do not enter into the unhappy difference which has arisen between his Majesty's Irish government and the Catholic body, because it is yet, perhaps, too soon, or may be now unavailing to investigate it calmly: but I am quite convinced that, to the imprudence of some leading persons in the opposition, both Lords and Commons, as well as to the mass of government, we owe a great deal of the agitated state of Ireland. In stating facts, I have certainly not consulted the views of party. All those relating to Mr. Fox's latter days can neither be denied nor repelled. The papers of the day, and some publications, were full of falsehoods, regarding his illness and death; and one of my strongest reasons for submitting this work to the public, was, that in case of my own death,

which delicate and variable health rendered no way improbable, a certain degree of knowledge, and of a peculiar kind, regarding the great statesman whom England must ever lament, would be for ever lost, and recorded falsehood be read by posterity as authentic documents. In relating the fact, respecting Mr. Sheridan, I avoided all comment. Lord Gray, however, can prove how very reluctant Mr. Fox was to admit of any interview, and that he requested his Lordship to be present, in order to obviate much particular conversation. Every one must admire the luminous oratory of Sheridan, and that delightful wit, which fascinates every indecisive heart, and warms while it illumines; but the Historian or Biographer is not to suppress facts because his imagination has been pleased, or his ears charmed. It was thought that Mr. Sheridan did not seem to come forward with all the energy that was desirable in the aid of all measures of the new ministry. To Mr. Fox's noble

and ingenuous nature this could not be quite pleasing. He had sacrificed much; he was exposed to obloquy; the generous feelings he possessed, entitled him to reciprocity of sacrifice. In this case, it might have been said by him of every associate who appeared not sufficiently energetic and active,

> " But yet I would your father had been here,
> The quality and air of our attempt
> Brooks no division: it will be thought
> By some, that know not why he is away,
> That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
> Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence;
> And think how such an apprehension
> May turn the tide of fearful faction,
> And breed a kind of question in our cause;
> For well you know, we, of the offending side,
> Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
> And stop all sight holes, every loop, from
> Whence the eye of reason may pry in upon us.
> This absence of your father, draws a curtain,
> That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
> Before not dreamt of."

I am very little reluctant to advance, that the

indiscriminate claim to Mr. Fox's friendship, made, on the part of writers and editors, for many public characters, is one of the errors of the day which I have thought necessary to correct. That great man might have had intimates in his more impetuous days, who are not entitled to be ranked with a Fitzpatrick, a Fitzwilliam, or a Fayette; and it is better to let each public character stand on its own merits, without allying it, more peculiarly than it is entitled, to the name of Fox; because the selfish views of party are of all things least likely to accord with historic truth. From the time I became acquainted with Mr. Fox, in 1798, I rarely heard Mr. Sheridan's name mentioned at St. Anne's Hill; he did not come there at all; and I had no reason at any time to consider him as any peculiar object of that great statesman's regard. During the short lived ministry, terminated by Mr. Fox's decease, there was little intercourse between him and Mr. Sheridan; and the

fact of the last interview which I have stated, and which must ever remain uncontroverted, and unimpeachable, will aid posterity in forming their judgment, and the present generation of politicians, in exercising a clear and dispassionate use of their reason. Those who fought the political battle along with Mr. Fox, had their own objects and motives;—it is ridiculous to ascribe all their conduct to friendship, or to suppose all friendship to be immutable. To the charge of ignorance in regard to Mr. Pitt, I shall cheerfully plead guilty, when argument and proof satisfy my mind, that that celebrated, but unfortunate, minister was a wise and great statesman. To me it appears almost impossible, that, attaining the high situation he did at so early an age, he could have had time for that mature reflection, and that acquisition of knowledge of mankind, necessary for a statesman. I think many of his errors may be imputed to a too early introduction to office, and many of

his fatal plans, to want of good information from the continent, and to that servile acquiescence, under a minister's opinion, which sometimes marked diplomatic writings in his time. That Mr. Pitt had great and eminent qualities, no one can justly deny; and if travelling, and a mature age, had fostered and ripened his talents, he might have proved an able, though I can never think him a great and superior, minister. In one of the main qualities of the consummate or perfect statesman,—sensibility, tempered with sagacity,—he was wanting; which, although on the other hand it may produce, at times, somewhat of concession to private friendship and private feelings, injurious to a great public cause, yet is, nevertheless, the best source of just conceptions. It must be granted by every unprejudiced person, that he was a sincere and warm friend,—that in private life he was amiable, unaffected, and even, I believe, unassuming. Thirst for power was his ruling, and, indeed, only passion; and there

can be no doubt that his extraordinary exertions and anxiety, in urging forward the last and fatal coalition, which, contrary to the better judgment of the courts of St. Petersburgh and Vienna, (but particularly the latter) he so pertinaciously and blindly hurried on, cost him his life. His last moments were worthy of his elevated character; and though I cannot go so far as some of Mr. Fox's friends and associates did after his death, and eulogize Mr. Pitt, I am very willing to admit that, in other times, his career might have been more happy, and less liable to political censure.

Wicklow,
October 12, 1811.

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